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Poetry.

DIGNIFIED COURTSHIP.

A pretty Boston schoolma'am
And a youth of mien sedate,
Were parting in the evening
Beside the garden gate.

His hand and heart he'd offered
In a grave and sober way,
And she with quiet dignity,
Had named the happy day.

He lingered at the gate with her
And said in accents low:
"There is a little favor
I would ask before I go.

A favor never asked before,
Sweet maiden, it is this:
A lover's privilege, that is all,
A sweet betrothal kiss."

"If you wait," the maiden whispered,
With her color rising high,
"Till I remove my spectacles
I'll willingly comply."

—*Boston Courier.*

LA SCIENCE.

"*A little learning is a dangerous thing.*"

'Twas Betty taught me how to love
For pastime on a summer's day—
A blooming pedant o'er whose cheek
The very breezes like to stray;
As sitting at her feet I learned
Such frowns and kisses, smiles and sighs,
Such piquant red-lipped sophistries,
That, faith, I thought myself most wise.

But ere the last pale rose had dropped
Wind shaken from the August spray,
Gamaliel left me in the lurch
And flushed with laughter, ran away;
While I poor scholar, ponder still
Upon the cruel task she set,
With only half my lesson said—
Will no one teach me to forget?

—*Life.*

Our Story Teller.

KERRY'S NEW CASE.

BY MARGARET MUHLENBRUCH.

"I'm glad to see you, deacon. None o' the folks is to hum; and 'tis lonesome work, settin' and thinkin'."

"No, I'm not any better, deacon I'm kind o' gev out now; me days is numbered, although I've had the best o' keer. Kerry, me sister-in-law, (ye often see her to your meetin') has been sister and mother to us all this many a year; sence me wife, that's her sister Kezia, died; and a better sister to a dyin' man, nor a better mother to a dead sister's children, don't live."

Here Mr. Dobbs shed a tender tear for Kezia.

"You are blessed of heaven in having such a sister, Mr. Dobbs," said the "deacon," who was the Episcopal minister, and had been just six months at Greenhill Center. "I can feel with you in your sorrow," he said, honestly, "I too, have lost a dear wife," and, perceiving the tear, he pressed the farmer's hand.

Mr. Dobbs was touched. It did his heart good to have, even once in a great while, a polite, interested listener; one who was, or who tried to be, interested in his affairs; his "fambly," his "rheumatiz," in fact everything that was "his'n."

"I kinder tho't, deacon," said he, warming, "that I'd let you know how the land lays here-abouts;" and naturally regarding his own bit of the "land" the most interesting, Mr. Dobbs proceeded to tell his family history from the beginning of things in this "section," that is, from the "settlin' o' Gran'ther Dobbs, now on 90 year ago," to the present moment, when he rejoiced in two as good children as ever lived, "a darter, Lottie, who was to be married at Christmas an' live to hum, and a son doin' well, a noble boy—both of 'em brung up, as they orter be, by their Aunt Kerry. Yes, sir, by Keren-happuch Johns. None better."

"Keren-happuch, Kezia, Scripture names," said the minister politely.

"Yes, deacon; their father he tuck names fur his three gals out o' Job, fur he was al'us a readin' Scripture. Their mother was giddy, and gev to readin' stories; so she was all fur fancy names, like 'Amadella' and 'Belle Luella.' Their father up and, says he: 'I'm master here, and wot's good enough fur the darters o' Job is good enough fur mine.' That's how it kem about."

"Why does Miss Johns shorten, or rather change, her name, to Kerry? 'Kerry' is in no wise Scriptural, Mr. Dobbs," said the minister, "and really not at all suggestive of Job."

"Well, deacon, Kerry, she said many a day in fun even to her pa, who wanted the hull name, every time, that she hadn't got no time fur such a hard and long name. Onst she wus knowed to say in airnest that it wus no name fur a christan gal and wanted the patience o' Job hisself to stan it."

"One day, will ye believe it, she felt so riled over it that she broke a sarcer deliberate. Her pious pa was awful cut up. 'Keren—happuch!' says he, and ef there wus another syllable, he'd a added it to her, then; he was that strict deacon." 'Keren—happuch Johns!' says he, like thunder, 'Pick up them pieces o' chaney direckly,' an' then he sot and wrastled with her nigh an hour, on her 'onrighteous spunk,' he called it.

"But Kerry never gev in, sir. She is good enough for wings, deacon; but she is awful sot in her way. I think it is the pa; an' so she culled herself Kerry and stuck to it."

Mr. Downs began to feel interested; and he gently drew Mr. Dobbs on, using the name as his string.

"O, yes, deacon, sence the father's dead she's got a bit reconciled to it, fur his memory's sake—Ye'll see in all her books, 'Keren H. Johns.'"

"Instead o' buyin veils, she got a shelf full o' books; she's fur stories too, like her ma, and scriptur and hard readin' like the pa: but not so deep in Job, I'm thinkin.

"She is reglar queer about them books, she is; kind o' notional. I see she don't want no other kind o' presents from us, but jest books; and still she don't want none o' our choosin. I foun' that out when I gev her the 'Golden Keepsake' and 'Beauty's Basket' to Chrissemas, with gilt leaves and green and blue bindins. I see she was kind o' disappointed with 'em, although she tried hard to hide it, and I told her she could change em at the store of the bindins didn't suit.

"She did, deacon, and kem home happy, with two o' the dangdest hard books I ever spelled into. One o' them was wrote by a Mr. Carlyle, and the other was wus, with 'Browning' on the kiver. Not an idee nor a picter between 'em, and no bindin' to boast on. But Kerry was al'us queer."

Mr. Downs felt himself growing more and more interested in Miss Johns. His acquaintance with her was slight; she was hard-working in the temperance cause, he knew; but hitherto he had seen no indication either of her wings or "onrighteous spunk."

He arose slowly, saying it was time to go, and leaving his respects for the ladies.

Poor stiff Mr. Dobbs said while trying to rise: "Me j'ints don't leave manners enough to see ye out; but ye'll forgive a man that's near his end. I wish Kerry would come. She is as limber as an eel. O, I see her, wait a minute, deacon."

"Kerry," said her brother-in-law, as she entered, "Deacon Downs has kindly ben a settin' an hour with me cheerin' o' me up; but, at this rate, 'twill take me nigh on five year to git him to the door."

"Why need you get him to the door, at all," said Kerry, smiling. "Stay to tea, Mr. Downs, do. It will please us all very much and will do us all a very great deal of good, I know. I have not seen him look so well this long time."

Another hospitable "do" from Mr. Dobbs and a proud "Ye'll see me darter Lottie; she'll jine us to supper," settled the matter.

When "jined to supper" by pretty Lottie, Mr. Downs mentally congratulated the man that was to be made happy next Christmas.

Mr. Downs left the impression upon the mind of Mr. Dobbs that he was the most entertaining clergyman he had ever met, and "cackle-lated to cheer the most miserable."

Mr. Downs, who could indeed talk cheerfully and well, too, when he had the chance, had that rarer gift of listening cheerfully and well. This gift he very generously employed for the benefit of poor Mr. Dobbs during the tea; leaving upon his own mind the pleasant feeling of a small duty done in gratifying Mr. Dobbs, and upon the mind of Mr. Dobbs evidently the equally pleasant feeling that the "deacon" was a "delightful companion"—when he had really not spoken ten words.

When Asher Dobbs went to bed that night he lay awake thinking. An idea struck him. Ideas seldom struck Mr. Dobbs; they came gently, and timidly, when they did come, and soon silently stole away, as a general thing. This idea, however, remained; it struck him hard; it impressed him, haunted him, caused him to toss. He would have left his bed and walked the floor but for his "jints."

"I wonder," said Mr. Dobbs, "ef nuther of 'em never thot of it? Born for one another!" And he straightway forgot his rheumatism, and put his mind on match making; a proceeding as foregn to his habit as waltzing.

"Kerry," said Mr. Dobbs on the day after the visit, as they sat on the verandah, "bring yer knittin' here, nigh me. I want to talk a bit; fur I'm thinkin' that me time is short, and I want to say a partin' word."

As Mr. Dobbs had been saying "partin' words" at intervals these ten years there was no reason why Kerry should start or drop a stitch now. She went on knitting and counting until the row was finished, smiling respectfully at her brother-in-law meanwhile. She then moved her chair quickly near him and waited.

A long pause on his part.

At last, "How is Palmyree Pierce?"

"Palmyra is well, Asher; why do you ask?" and Kerry looked up from her knitting to see what Palmyra P. could possibly have to do with Mr. Dobbs's last words.

"I'm thinking, Kerry, she'd make a good wife fur Mr. Downs, *would* Palmyree *sure*."

This clever stroke was intended by the wily Asher to startle Kerry, and cause her to betray herself by an exclamation or a blush, which would serve to throw a much desired light upon the state of her feelings toward the "deacon."

As Kerry neither blushed nor exclaimed, very little light was thrown, indeed none until she said quite naturally, laying out her knitting and smoothing it, "Likely she would. Palmyra Pierce is a sensible pretty and truly pious girl, and faithful to the temperance cause, too. I should be glad to know there was such fortune in store for Mr. Downs"

In this rather unpleasant "light" Mr. Dobbs sat awhile silent.

"Kerry," said he at last, "'tis time fur ye to be settlin'."

"Settling what, Asher?"

"Yerself; gettin' a good husband to bless and a good home o' your own to shine in. I say, Kerry, a woman like you has no right, no right, I say, to go single forever. Ye must be gittin' nigh 35 now."

"I am past 41, Asher," said Kerry, counting off four stitches.

"G'long," said Mr. Dobbs.

"Yes, indeed, so you see that it will not take me long to go single forever."

"Ye have hed offers an offers, Kerry; but ye hev refused em; every one, fur this 'ere fambly's sake."

"Not altogether for the family's sake, Asher," said she seriously; "not altogether, 'Mr. Right' was not among them, you know; and how often have I told you that I never could marry any one but 'Mr. Right.'"

"Durn 'Mr. Right,'" said the man who was saying his parting words. "Kerry, yer awful trying with that nonsense about 'Mr. Right.'"

"Well," said she, laughing and beginning another row, "Well, he has never come for me and that is why I shall have 'to go single forever.'"

"But suppose he's a coming' now, hey?"

"Well," said Kerry, smiling at the dying watch-maker's face. "Tell him, for I shall not see him; tell Mr. Right that he is too late; that her face is wrinkled now and her heart is dried up, that she regrets, with tears, the accident that delayed him; but that her mind is made up to go single forever."

"Stuff," said Mr. Dobbs.

Asher Dobbs returned to his reflections. "Yes," he said to himself, "she'll set there knitin' and see Palmyree Pierce walk off with that fine fellow. Kerry got temperince on the brain; 'tis a temperince handkercher she's knittin now, and lettin her hopes in life go pop. Her affections and tho'ts seems all gone to that 'ere anti-bottle business and helpin' to reform Jack Tams and Jim Hawes, soaked scallywags."

"I expect the deacon is in love with Kerry this minute. How can he help it? Me time is near come and I'd go more contented ef I saw Kerry settled. She needn't o' waited till she was forty-one ef she hadn't a ben so everlastin' queer in her notions about 'Mr. Right.'

"Now Kezia was different. No talk there, sir, about 'Mr. Right.' She didn't keer the snap of her fing—" here Mr. Downs, finding his reflections growing uncomplimentary to himself and Kezia, changed them somewhat.

"Yes, they are born for one another. Kerry growed up a Methodist; but she al'us felt a leanin' to the other church on the hill I, myself, never had no fancy fur the Episcopalian religion at all—no sooner sot than ruz again. Me jints gev out fust I'm sure, that day I went to Episcopalian meetin' to please Kerry, ten years ago, or more. Mr. Downs is the best o' men raisin' or setun; I don't keer. I wish he would see for 'hisself.'

It came to pass that before many months had gone by, in work among the lowly and inebriate; with honest, earnest Kerry for his helper, the Rev. David Downs saw for 'hisself.'

About this time Kerry began to be restless and uncomfortable. For some reason, best known to herself, she proposed resigning the presidency of the "Abstinence Society" in favor of Palmyra Pierce. She was evidently not well; feverish, entertaining a wild desire to be wafted off to seas unknown, all by herself—yes to desert her post—and leave Jack Tams and Jim Hawes to continue their uphill work without her sisterly aid.

One day, when she was returning from her work, Mr Downs joined her. The "seas unknown" were in her mind and Kerry was deciding for herself with firmness and vigor. At the sound of his voice, the juvenile hop that her middle-aged heart gave, and its unseemingly endeavor to get into her throat filled her soul with shame and confusion, which caused her to draw abruptly over her glowing face a mask of almost sternness.

Mr. Downs, finding her countenance grim and her manner stiff (an unusual state of things), felt sure that Miss Johns had something unpleasant on her mind, and that she would prefer being alone.

He had many plans of a public, and one or two of a private character, to lay before her; but the present moment was inopportune, he saw. There was nothing, evidently, for him to do now but to conceal his disappointment, raise his hat and depart.

A determination seized David Downs then and there. "I shall know before I am one day older whether she will marry me or not!"

"May I call to-morrow at 3 o'clock," said the reverend David; "I want your advice upon a pressing, vital matter, concerning a poor man."

He looked so honestly into Kerry's eyes that she said, warmly: "I shall help you all I can; a new case of drunkenness? O, dear!"

"Something like it," he said, and was gone.

Kerry, on reaching home, went at once to her room, and sitting on the side of her bed saluted herself with: "At your age too! Better go away, be a milkmaid, a nurse, a cook, a missionary—anything but a fool, choking on the open street at forty-two. I shall go away."

"I wonder who the new case is? John Larkins, likely. O, this wretched, wretched drinking! To-morrow at three. Stop!" This to her heart, which gave a bound for just nothing at all. "Stop, I say!" said Kerry. "Stop prancing!"

If she could only go away, without seeing Mr. Downs; but that would be too cowardly, suspicious even—weak, too. No, she would be brave, would see him at 3 o'clock on the next day, discuss the new case with him, and then say good bye, as cool as a cucumber.

With this resolve she hustled her things into her trunk for a six months' visit to one of her relations—"to any, to all of them—no matter." She had to unpack again and again, having forgotten the most important things, and having laid her traveling dress and purse at the very bottom—in short she conducted herself more like a woman in a fever, than like the orderly, systematic Kerry.

When her intention of going away was made known to the family, poor Mr. Dobbs took out his "handkercher" and said "the end was not fur."

Three o'clock on the next day found Kerry dressed with care. She acknowledged to herself that she wished of all things to be cool and collected; but she did not acknowledge that she was nervously desirous of appearing at her best before this man. If she had acknowledged it she would have attired herself in the plainest gown, with a checkered apron, as an extra discipline.

A little gloss on the tip of her nose disturbed her as it had never before done before. This feature of Kerry's was small and pretty, but full of character. It seemed determined now to defy her efforts and shine on. She rubbed and rubbed, growing red and agitated again and almost angry. Then she quickly made a little paste of chalk and laid it on and around the spot most carefully and thoroughly, intending to rub it off in a few minutes, when dry.

While waiting for the plaster to dry, she fell into a reverie.

Rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat, at the old-fashioned knocker.

Kerry started. "Fool," she said to herself, as the blood dashed into her cheeks, and her heart performed more juvenile capers. There was no one to open the door, but herself. "I never can see him," she gasped; then, feeling that to hesitate would be to be lost, she walked across the hall, assuming that same serious, almost stern expression, which now went oddly enough with her flushed cheeks, and the little white tip to her nose.

Mr. Downs had been many weeks resolving to know his fate. He was a modest man, though not without a rather correct measure of himself, which he carried about him: unostentatiously, it is true. His modesty hinted at failure. All Green Center agreed that Kerry would never marry. "Her ideas was so high." His measure, which he so quietly carried, hinted at success. "I can but fail," said the Reverend David Downs.

Thus, hoping and despairing, this good man reached the knocker. When the door was opened by Miss Johns, hope and despair alike banished from his face; amazement alone was there and he gave his hand with the air of one that desired information.

Kerry was herself in an instant. She remembered the unfortunate finishing touch; and much mortified, she faced abruptly about, heartily wishing her nose in the earth.

Brushing off the chalk hastily and imperfectly, she turned a somewhat sterner face, and redder cheeks upon the bewildered man; but suddenly perceiving what she considered "the hopeless idiocy" of the whole proceeding, she burst into the most musical laugh. "I laid it on," she said incoherently, but honestly, "to take it off—not my nose, Mr. Downs; I mean a slight shine. I must have looked eccentric, at least, if not intemperate, when I greeted you. I beg your pardon for frightening you."

Blushing, laughing, amused, embarrassed, mortified; but altogether honest and natural, this comely elderly woman stood defying hysterics, in the presence of the minister of the parish.

If the "seas unknown" had swallowed Kerry then and there, she would have considered it restful to go to the bottom.

The "minister of the parish," a man of thought and of varied experience, rejoiced in his heart over this foolish little mishap and over the other signs of agitation which he, measure in hand, took clearly to be signs in his favor. Particular importance did he attach to the circumstance of her having forgotten that "last look in the glass."

No laggard, no dastard in anything, was David Downs. "To think, to dare, to do," was the rule of his life. Marching up to the guns, he said bravely:

"May I take a few minutes of your time for the new case, Miss Johns?"

"Certainly," said Kerry, with bright eyes and with a warm sympathy in her voice. "I shall be glad to do anything. Who is the poor creature, Mr. Downs?"

"I am, Miss Johns," said the minister, simply and seriously, "I love you: I want you to marry me Keren—advise me—now and during the rest of my life."

An attempt of the middle-aged heart to fly.

An hour later Mr. Downs was walking home with a contented expression of countenance and a very slight suspicion of French chalk on his shoulder.

Eagle Eye's Romance.

The talk of Paris just now is a romance in real life, of which the heroine is a young Englishwoman, and the hero no less a person than "Eagle Eye," one of the "braves" of Mexican Joe. Joe and his redskins have come over to the big annual fair of Neuilly, outside Paris, where they daily and nightly amaze and amuse Parisians by their diabolical yells, their horsemanship, and their prairie pranks generally. It appears that during one of the representations given by the troupe in England, a young lady who was present became enamored of "Eagle Eye." She shortly afterward disappeared from her home, and her parents learned on inquiry that she had gone away to France with the Indian troupe.

A detective was sent to Paris, and he, accompanied by the commissary of police of the Neuilly District, went to the camp of the red skins at the Port-Maillot, where the young lady was discovered in the tent of "Eagle Eye." M. Martin, the commissary, and the English detective had much trouble with the savage, who assumed a threatening aspect, and would have shown fight but for the intervention of Mexican Joe himself. "Eagle Eye" was almost foaming at the mouth, and threatened to kill the commissary if he led the young lady away. The detective, however, taking advantage of the general confusion, quickly seized the girl in his arms, ran with her to a vehicle, and was speedily driven off, leaving M. Martin to deal with the redskin as best he could.—*Paris dispatch to London Telegraph.*

An Atlanta Husband.

It is said that a coolness now exists between a prominent banker of this city and his charming wife. Under the circumstances it is natural. Yesterday the banker's wife was sitting with her pretty five-months-old baby boy in her carriage in front of the bank, when a friend came up and stopped for a moment's chat. The gentleman, after paying his respects to the baby, carried the youngster into the bank.

"Thought I'd bring my little girl in to see you," he said to the banker, "and, by the way, don't you think she looks very much like your boy? They are both the same age, I believe." "The resemblance is remarkable," replied the other, as he patted the pink and white cheeks of the laughing infant. Calling to his cashier he said:

"Come here and see this handsome baby and the striking resemblance to my boy. Think I'll have to tell my wife about it. Your little girl is almost the image of my boy." The gentleman, who was unable to keep a straight face any longer, took the baby back to the carriage and told the mother all about his interview. "It isn't possible!" the lady exclaimed.

"Do you mean to say that my husband didn't know his own child? I'll go in and see about it."

"I guess I'll go," said the party who had been getting all the fun out of the joke, and he lost no time in turning a corner.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Should Cut His Hair.

Robert Louis Stevenson might wisely have followed in the footsteps of a far greater writer, George Eliot, in the matter of keeping his face from the public. George Eliot, it will be remembered, refused to allow any painter or photographer to take her portrait until she was quite an old woman, and even then the photographs were given only to those of her friends who could be trusted to preserve them in privacy. She knew she was no beauty.

But Mr. Stevenson seems to have no scruples about sitting for his portrait. Yet his is not a pleasant nor an intelligent face. The features are fairly regular, but they cannot contend against the effeminacy of the expression to redeem the face from positive and distressing ugliness.

One thing is certain. Mr. Stevenson ought to get his hair cut before he writes any more. Such abundant locks are likely to drain Mr. Stevenson's strength. And if his latest stories form any criterion he needs all the strength he has.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

What a Linguist is Good For.

Prince Bismarck maintains that the acquirements of languages does not imply talent. He thinks the ear rather than the mind is cultivated by a linguist. A consul recently appointed to Berlin pestered his minister to present him to Bismarck. At length an interview was granted, and, throwing etiquette aside, brought his son with him. Bismarck looked annoyed, but the consul boldly presented his heir, with the remark:

"A most remarkable young man, your highness—he speaks several languages."

"What a fine waiter the fellow would make," said Bismarck coldly to the minister at his side.—*Berlin Letter.*

ORDINANCE OF 1787.

The Important Document Now the Subject of so Much Interest.

The most serious question brought before the Continental Congress after the close of the Revolution—second to the ever insoluble one of how the public debt was to be paid—was that concerning the disposition of the vast extent of unoccupied lands at the West. The charters of the large states on the Atlantic coast extended their territory westward to the "South Sea," and over this they claimed to exercise full jurisdiction. In 1780 New York offered to cede part of its western territory for the formation of new states, and two years later Virginia made a similar concession. In 1784 an ordinance for the temporary government of the northwest territory was passed by Congress. This ordinance was drawn up by a committee of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman, and is known to have been mainly the work of the fruitful brain that devised the Declaration of Independence. It recommended that all the western territory ceded or to be ceded, be formed into nine states, each extending over two degrees of latitude, the said states to be named: Chersonesus, Sylvania, Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Polypotamia, Pellisipia, Saratoga, Washington, Michigania, and Illinoia. It further provided that, after the year 1800, slavery should be prohibited in all these states. The anti-slavery clause was lost, and some other changes were made in the act before it was finally adopted. It was not, however, wholly satisfactory, and further legislation was attempted. In 1787 Nathan Dane, as chairman of a second committee on the Territories, reported an ordinance, which was adopted. This provided for the organization of the Northwest territory, and concluded with six unalterable articles of perpetual compact. The first provided for entire religious freedom; the second secured to all the inhabitants trial by jury the writ of habeas corpus, and the political rights and privileges enumerated in the "Bill of Rights;" the third provided for the encouragement of schools, and for good faith, justice, and humanity toward the Indians; and the sixth provided that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." The opposition that had previously overthrown this anti-slavery provision was placated by the following stipulation: "Provided always, that any person escaping into the same from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original states, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor or service aforesaid." This was the original fugitive slave law, and its passage represents the concession made by the anti-slavery men to secure the consent of their opponents to the ordinance of 1787. Another important clause in the ordinance was one providing "that the navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the carrying places between the same, should be common highways free to the citizens of the United States." The authorship of this important ordinance has been usually ascribed to Mr. Dane, but it has been lately asserted, from the evidence of letters, that its principal author was a Massachusetts clergyman, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, who had just purchased, as the agent of a colonization company of his state and other parties, 1,900,000 acres in Ohio, and who was in New York, at this meeting of the last Congress of the Confederation, endeavoring to aid legislation concerning the new territory which he wished to colonize, and to shape the laws, as far as he could, to his liking.

A Deer Park in the Adirondacks.

Townsend Cox of the New York State Forest commission has recently been inspecting the wild forest preserve of the state in Ulster county with a view to beginning the establishment, under a law of last session, of an extensive park for the breeding and culture of the wild deer, and reports his success in the most glowing colors. From Kingston he went to the station called "Big Injin," and from there he proceeded by wagon to the foot of Slide Mountain, a mile and a quarter away, and here, amid a forest primeval, with mountain, valleys, trout streams and pure and gushing springs, he fixed the site of the first experimental deer farm. It is known as lot 67 of the forest preserve, of which there are 43,000 contiguous acres about it. The lot has 193 acres, of which 50, or possibly 100, will be devoted to this first trial. It will be fenced off, a lodge of logs built for the keepers, with sheds for the protection of the deer in heavy storms, and the Neversink will be dammed up in order to fitly irrigate the park where needed, as well as two other parks or farms which will soon follow. The Neversink is a great trout stream. Other streams, among them the Big Indian, emptying into the famous Esopus creek, are in the preserve and are all famous fishing grounds. In all the 43,000 acres there is no hamlet or village, only very infrequently a rude clearing of a mountaineer, used for grass, a few potatoes and sometimes buckwheat. It is the commissioner's idea also to attempt the breeding of the large hare, such as are so common in Pennsylvania, and also wild turkey and the guinea fowl; while means will be taken to secure better protection for ruffed grouse and partridge, of which there are immense numbers in the woods. In the Adirondack regions next fall the commission propose to establish a park similar to this for the propagation of the moose.

Lemuel's Conundrum.

"Lulu," he queried facetiously in the parlor Sunday evening, as he turned the light down to a mere shadow of its former self, "why am I like a newspaper?"

"I don't know," hazarded Lulu, hesitatingly, "unless it's because you try to make so many poor jokes."

"That's not it," he answered with a tinge of coldness.

"Why, then?"

"Because I am just going to press;" and everything being justified and made up, the forms were locked and the first impression registered from Lulu's left eye about sou'-by-sou'-east, one point below her nose.—*Drake's Magazine.*

The Pigs Would Squeeze Through.

In Providence the other day they were setting some very tall poles for the telephone wires—seventy footers. A countryman came along and asked the foreman what his men were doing. Now the foreman of that particular gang was a mild-mannered citizen, and means to be patient and forbearing, but he is worried a good deal with questions, and gets tired of answering them. In this particular case he told the countryman he was building a wire fence. "Is that so?" asked the farmer, looking aloft, and then added: "Well, I guess you've got it bull high, but I don't believe you can make it pig tight." That foreman has been very shy of Rhode Island farmers ever since.—*Boston Globe.*

An Historic Gun.

There has just been placed on exhibition at Windsor Castle a gun with this inscription on a tablet on its mahogany mounting: "This gun formed part of the armament of His Majesty's ship Lutine, totally lost off the coast of Holland on the 9th of October, 1799. On the conclusion of peace, the wreck, which contained a large treasure, was handed over by the Dutch government to the corporation of Lloyd's, where the treasure had been insured. The wreck was imbedded in sand in nine fathoms of water. In 1886 this gun was saved, having been nearly 100 years below the sea, and was presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who was graciously pleased to accept it from the corporation."

Glasgow University Clock.

The new clock just placed in the tower of the Glasgow University is a tremendous affair. The main wheels of the striking and quarter trains are 20 inches in diameter. The weight of the hammer that strikes the hours is 120 pounds, and it is lifted 10 inches. There is an automatic apparatus attached to the clock which stops the quarter peals at night and starts them in the morning. The pendulum is of zinc and iron, to counteract influences of temperature. The bob of the pendulum is cylindrical, and weighs 300 pounds, and the beat is 1½ seconds.

A Sharp One.

Maude (before the laughing hyena's cage) —How mean! Here we've been twenty minutes and the hyena hasn't laughed once.

Ella—Strange, and he's been eyeing your new hat, too!—*Times.*

MANY MOUTHS FED BY BASE BALL.

The Making of Bats and Balls a Big Industry—A Chance for a Fortune Let Slip.

The national game of base ball has taken so deep a hold upon the youth of this generation that to keep pace with the demand for balls and bats big factories have sprung up in many localities, and hundreds of working men and women gain a livelihood turning the bats over their lathes or sewing the covers by hand over the inner core of the sphere, which is now made by machinery. Bats are shipped to this city by the carload from Michigan and West Virginia, and it is estimated that 50,000 cords of ash and willow wood were thus used last winter for this summer's trade. The bulk of the bats are used by amateur players, of course. The professional players lead the game in the public eye and serve to keep up the enthusiasm and give the sport a national character, but after all the game has made the professionals and not the professionals the game, and if it were not for the amateur followers of the sport the volume of trade in this class of sporting goods would bear correspondingly small proportions to its present dimensions.

Willow is the favorite material for the popular bat, as its lightness is combined with a sufficient amount of strength for youthful players, and West Virginia turns out the best grade of this variety. The superior toughness of ash makes it indispensible for the great strain which a professional player subjects it to, and Michigan's forests furnish an inexhaustible supply of this tough wood. The manufacture of balls demands more care. The better class of balls, those of regulation size and weight, as prescribed by the professional rules, are covered with horse hide, stretched with double linen thread, well waxed and smoothed by machinery. The inner core is of rubber carefully wound about with yarn by hand until the correct size is obtained.

The practice ball, or boys' ball, is covered with sheepskin, and is more cheaply and roughly made. The core is usually composed of leather scraps, which is pressed into a spherial shape by machinery and have no more yarn wound around them than is necessary to hold the scraps together until the cover is put on. The design of cover now in universal use differs widely from the old "star" pattern. It consists of two stips of leather cut something like the figure 8, or even like the heelless sole of a baby's shoe. These, when laid over the sphere, exactly covers it and are more easily sewn together than any other pattern, and if the man who invented it had only patented his idea he might have been reaping a fortune for his pains.—*New York Tribune*

SLANG WORDS.

The Two Sources From which the Present Supply is Derived.

The slang words that have lately become more than usually popular in literature and the press are of two kinds. The first is derived from the workshop, the servants' hall, the kitchen and the stable; second from the usage of the careless and semi-educated writers of the inferior English and American press and of the local legislators of the several states of the Union, whose English ancestors two or three centuries ago took with them many old words in common use among the multitude that afterward became all but obsolete in their original home, but survived in America, and are now coming back to us in their second childhood. Among the first may be cited such words as "cove," "bloke" and others. Among the second are "boss," "bogus," "rile," "cuss," "skedaddle," "muss," "platform," "tote up," "balance," etc., and such shallow semblances of the broader oaths of a bygone age as "darn" for "damn," "so help me Scott" for "so help me God," and "blooming" for "bloody."

The last mentioned word—which is much more common in England than it is in America, and which is seldom long absent from the conversation of the vilest classes of low Englishmen—is not really synonymous with "sanguinary" in its etymological origin, though it is usually held to be so, but proceeds from a British root of quite a different and altogether inoffensive meaning—from bloidhe, "rather," as when Dean Swift wrote to a friend in England that it was "bloody hot in Dublin," he simply Irish-Gaelic phrase that it was rather hot. But the English lower classes, who employ the word so frequently, though they sometimes substitute "blooming," would not perhaps interlard their talk with it so persistently and offensively if they knew that no greater force attached to it than the very meek and colorless sense of "rather," which etymologically belongs to it.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Rowed to His Death.

The coolest and most determined suicide this city can remember, was that of Walter P. Hamberry's by drowning. Some few minutes past 8 o'clock on a recent evening the visitors to Prospect Park saw a boat apparently floating toward the dam. A closer look revealed the fact that a man was in it. It was also evident that he was much cooler than any of the spectators as he rowed a full regular sweeping stroke which sent the skiff through the calm waters as cleanly as if cut with a knife. His last stroke was taken almost on the brink of the dam; the force of it sent the bow of his boat a couple of feet over the edge, where it seemed to poise for a second, and then glided gracefully into the seething, foaming surf, beneath where its occupant found a rest from the cares and troubles of the world which had not many pleasures for him.

The spectators of the ghastly scene, made still more terrible both by the coolness of the man and their utter helplessness to avert his awful doom, gave a sigh of mingled horror and relief when the dread event was over and watched eagerly for any trace of him, but nothing was again seen. The boat was tossed about like a feather, and appeared to be badly wrecked, but the rapidly approaching darkness soon hid even this reminder of the death scene from sight.—*Holyoke (Mass.) Democrat.*

GERMANY'S NEW EMPRESS.

A Commonplace, Placid Housewife Proud of Continuous Maternity.

It is a singular fact, and one worthy of remark, that there exist now in Germany three empresses; namely, the aged widow of the Emperor William the Empress Victoria, and the wife of the present Emperor, who blends the names of her two predecessors on the throne matrimonial of the empire, being called Augusta Victoria. Probably no woman who, of late years, has been summoned to share a matrimonial crown in Europe has ever been less regal, or a more total nonentity, both socially and mentally.

Proud of her continuous maternity, she loves to show herself in public at the epoch when she is obliged to abandon corsets. She is neither pretty, graceful, nor charming, but her countenance has the placidity of a good German housewife. She neglects totally the arts of the toilets, wearing only German stuffs, patronizing German dressmakers, and twisting up her hair very simply with a shell comb. She is devoted to her husband and never murmurs or rebels, even against his notorious and frequent acts of infidelity. She is precisely the type of woman that the average German considers the perfection of a wife, silent and submissive, unintelligent and prolific, fond of baby-nursing and of household cares. Her favorite occupation is knitting, a style of work in which she has become very expert.—*Lucy Hooper's Paris Letter.*

In the Street.

A polite man to an individual of doubtful reputation whom he has always known:

"You do not salute me?" he says to him in a surprised way.

"It seems to me that you should salute first."

"Why?"

"Because you are certain that I would return your salute, while I am not so sure that you would return mine!"

Cruel.

Mrs. Chilsley—I see statistics show that seventy-five per cent. of male criminals are unmarried.

Mr. Chilsley—Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony.

And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsley could hear herself reflect.—*Midsummer Puck.*

Need a Bill of Fare.

Young Wife—"Now tell me candidly, hubby, don't my cooking taste as good as the stuff you get at a restaurant?"

Hubby—"Y-e-s, but you see, dearie, at the restaurant I can look at the bill of fare and find out what I'm eating."—*Texas Siftings.*

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Col. Ditmar found himself in a peculiarly unfortunate position in San Francisco. The affair in the Lick House had put him into Coventry, and his subsequent effort to reinstate himself in the good opinion of his fellows had not resulted so brilliantly as he had anticipated. He had not recovered by murder the ground he had lost by slander; and the terror to him was, the result of his second effort was well known. The policemen who had parted the two men, recognized them, and as the Lick House affair, from its peculiarity, had been town talk ever since its occurrence, he lost no time in spreading his version of it.

"The young feller, Lord, was under first, but he's a gamy one. He flopped the Cunnel in less than a minit, and if I hedn't interfered, he'd got away with him. He's as plucky a man as you ever see, and as withy as hemp.

"I never'd done it," said another guardian of the peace. "If them men ever come together on my beat, and Lord has the best of it, I shall be deaf as a post and as dumb as an oyster. I was in the Lick House just after that affair happened, and every man in the room said the Colonel only got what he deserved. I never'd parted 'em in the world."

And once in possession of the police, it worked its way out through other channels and in a day or two it was in the very set which the Colonel aspired to, with such embellishments as a story of the kind gets in its passing through a city. The boy's snowball doesn't gather as rapidly as a bit of gossip. The colonel found himself confronted with the fact that he had assaulted Lord on the street, and that Lord had nearly killed him, and only let him go upon the Colonel's making a most abject apology. This was improved upon in an hour. The Colonel had said something concerning the lady whose name had been used in the Lick House, and young Lord had forced an encounter and nearly killed him. Then it passed from one to another, that Lord had made the first assault, and that the Colonel had run from him. And so it went. Every time it was repeated, the Colonel's reputation suffering.

He could not enter a place of resort, without having some friend condole with him on the unfortunate affray.

"He must have struck you from behind, Colonel, to have got away with you so easily. The chap doesn't look to be such a fire eater."

"Were you very much hurt, Colonel? Who would have supposed that that milkfaced young feller had so much fight in him. He's a plucky man."

"Why didn't you draw on him, Colonel? I wouldn't let a man pound me that way, to avoid killing him."

It was in vain the Colonel asserted that he would have killed him, had he not been interfered with, and taken away by the policeman—in vain he asserted that he had not been hurt at all and that the settlement of the matter was only postponed. No one believed him—partly because they much preferred that he had been soundly punished, and partly because it was the easiest way to take the common version, without getting at the niceties of the facts.

"Why don't you go for him at once?" was the question of one after hearing his explanation of the affair.

"He left the city the next morning," replied the Colonel significantly, as though Jarvas Lord had gone to avoid a meeting.

"Oh no he didn't. I saw him here three days after the little affair. He has been in here. He was at the club, and I met him in several places. But probably, you were not in shape to come out after the affair till he had gone. No, I don't believe that Lord would shirk. Whatever else may be said about him, he's game."

"All of this was gall and wormwood to the Colonel, for he could see that under the assumed sympathy for him, was concealed the bitterest irony, and that every man who mentioned the matter to him did it to wound him. He was not the man to suffer this way for any longer time than possible.

He took measures to ascertain the whereabouts of Miss Winter, and was delighted beyond measure to find that she was in Altamont, and that Lord had gone there also.

"He has followed her," thought the Colonel. "I shall kill two birds with one stone. He will find me something different this time from the two others."

It would be difficult to determine which he hated most, Lord or the woman he had wronged.

* * * * * *

One beautiful night—all nights are beautiful in California—as Jarvas Lord and Marian Winter were leaving the hotel for their regular long stroll in the moonlight, they met a man coming up the steps as they were going down. The blood rushed to Jarvas' heart, while Marian shrank—but only for a moment—in terror. Both recovered their serenity in an instant, and passed by Col. Ditmar with steady looks, as though they had never seen him.

He smiled sardonically as they passed him, but he gave no token of recognition.

"That man is here for no good purpose," said Marian.

"It matters very little what he is here for," was Lord's answer. "He won't fare as well here as he did in San Francisco. Have no fears, I am prepared to take care of myself and you. He will not annoy you."

It is not for myself that I feel uneasiness. He cannot injure me, unless he can make you believe that I am what he has tried to have his associates think me in San Francisco. It is for no good I fear. He is vindictive and not a coward. Jarvas, he will never forgive you for having worsted him twice. His idea of what men call honor would not let him. He is here for no good to you. I know the man, and I know the look he gave us."

Marian Winter was right.

Whatever may have been Col. Ditmar's purpose, he did not immediately show it. He took up his abode at the same hotel with the two happy people, and sat at the same table with them. The officious lady of the house was charmed with him. He put on no airs, he was not above talking with her, and he was such a favorite with the two young ladies, as she designated her two girls, who were Marian's pupils.

From the hotel his acquaintance widened rapidly. It was not often that Altamont was favored with the presence of such a finished gentleman as Col. Ditmar, and in a week he was firmly established in every family that had given Miss Winter a recognition. He was much more popular than Jarvas Lord, for that gentleman was so absorbed in his own peculiar happiness that he cared for no one else. The bootblacks and waiters reaped a rich harvest from him, as they always do from men who are very much in love, and upon whose love the fates smile propitious. They live happy themselves; they like to see everybody else happy, but he came in contact with but few others.

Col. Ditmar made it a point to win golden opinions from all sorts of people. Had he been a candidate for Congress from that district, he could not have been more affable, or more observant of the nice points in popularity seeking. Then he came with such undoubted testimonials as to character and standing, that the society of the town opened its arms to him at once and he was the theme of favorable talk from the beginning.

He came, he said, originally, for the benefit of the air and the scenery, but he was so delighted with the situation, and the opportunities for business, that he had made up his mind to stay, and make his residence permanent. He went so far as to select a place for a residence, and he talked with the resident architect, of an establisment only less gorgeous in extent and magnificence, than that of Ralston at Belmont, all of which having been imparted in the strictest possible confidence, was known to every man and woman in the town in less than 24 hours, the architect being a married man.

Mrs. Wilfer, the landlady, doted on Col Ditmar almost as much as she did on Miss Winter, and the good soul, intent on making her guests happy, took early occasion to ask Col. Ditmar if he wouldn't like an introduction to Miss Winter.

"We are all one family, colonel, and we ought to know each other. I want everybody about me to be sociable."

To her astonishment, Col. Ditmar declined the proffered honor.

"I know the lady," he remarked significantly.

"Know her!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilfer. "Know her, and don't associate with her. Why you haven't spoken to her or recognized her since you have been here."

"No, nor do I wish to. I knew her in New York—she was the soprano in a church that my people attended. She left there."

"She left New York—left the choir of her church and came to San Francisco!" exclaimed the good lady, as though that was anything singular. "Col. Ditmar, there is more behind this. That girl is in my family—she has the charge of my daughters. It is your duty to tell me all you know."

"I have said all I shall say. If the lady is trying to do well, it is not for me—"

"Stuff and nonsense, Colonel—a woman who has lost cast once, never can do well. I insist upon knowing all about her."

"I have said nothing against her. Nor shall I. Nor should you take the fact that I knew the lady in New York, and don't choose to associate with her here, as meaning anything to her detriment. We have our tastes, our likes and dislikes, and there may be reasons which a man may decide best not to enter into, that may have no bearing on the lady at all. You may do her a grievous wrong."

"All this is very well, Col. Ditmar, and your reserve does you credit; but there is something behind it all. You are fond of the society of ladies—here is the handsomest woman I ever saw, and one of the most accomplished and most brilliant. She is just the kind of a woman that men go crazy over."

Ditmar thought of the time he was gone crazy over her, and also, did he not hate her, how easy it would be for him to go crazy for her again.

"Just the kind of a woman men go crazy over," continued Mrs. Wilfer, "and you never even look at her, to say nothing of speaking to her Young Lord has more appreciation, Colonel. There must be some reason for this insensibility to the sweetest woman that my eyes ever rested upon, and I am going to find out what it is."

"You will never find it out from me," was Ditmar's answer, as he departed, "for I am not a talker. I don't say there is anything wrong with her—I have said nothing of the kind. Good morning."

As he walked away he laughed a little, but a very malicious laugh. "I have done for this party in this village," he thought. "That old gossip will have it all over town in less than an hour, that she was guilty of enough to send her to the penitentiary. It takes very little to do it, and there is more in what you do not say than what you do."

Mrs. Wilfer sat in speechless indignation after Ditmar took his departure.

"That cunning minx!" was her thought, "to come here among respectable people, and hold her head so high. And that young Brooks——, why now, that I think of it, he never knew anything about her, until a month or so ago, and, for that matter, what do we know of him? He was endorsed by some San Francisco people, but that was in a business way. Anybody can get that."

She did not stop to think that she knew just as little of Ditmar, but he was not a woman. And besides, he was engaged in ruining a woman, and consequently, could get the ear of every woman.

Marian discovered a marked change in the demeanor of her hostess the next morning. There was no mistaking the cool, frigid, forced politeness, that was in such startling contrast with the cordial effusiveness of the day before. The poor girl knew exactly what it meant, for she had been through the same fire before, and there was no mistaking it.

As she arose from the table and joined Lord in the parlor, she simply said:

"Ditmar has done his work and may as well leave Altamont."

"What has he done?" asked Lord, anxiously.

"He has spread the same poison here that he did in San Francisco, and the effect has been the same. I cannot contradict it, I cannot defend myself, for unfortunately there is in what he has said, or intimated, too much color of truth. Fool that I was, to so trust him as to give him this power to blast me."

"There is one way to stop it," said Jarvas "and that way I will take. He will never slander you again."

The young man left her and walked to the office of the hotel.

"Is Col. Ditmar in his room?"

"Col. Ditmar left early this morning on a hunting excursion."

"When will he return?"

"He intended to be gone three weeks."

Jarvas turned away disappointed.

"I will wait for his return," he said to himself. "He has followed that woman just as far as I shall permit it. It is my duty, as well as pleasure, to protect her now."

And without saying any word to Marian of his purpose, he sat and waited for his return.

Harry Brooks in the meantime, knowing nothing of these matters, was busy making arrangements for his return to his fortune. He bought everything that his knowledge of camp life taught him they would need in their isolation, and included many other things which a man like his partner would laugh at. Finally, when he had his arrangements all made, he went to the hotel, to bid good-bye to his friends, intending to start on his return that afternoon.

He was met at the door of Marian's room by Lord, who received him kindly, but with a very grave face.

"What is the matter?" he asked, noticing in an instant that something had happened.

Without saying a word, Jarvas handed him an envelope. It was a telegraphic dispatch, dated New York, and was very brief. It contained simply these words:

"The house made an assignment this afternoon. Liabilities over $1,000,000—assets $2,000,000, but not one-third good for anything. Resumption hopeless. Settle everything for assignees.

SAMUEL LORD.

It told the whole story. The old house, with ample credit, with an established business, and capital abundant for ordinary times, had gone down before the frightful depreciation in goods, the failures of those to whom they had given credit, and the horrors upon horrors that have accumulated upon the heads of business men since the turn that followed the war. And Jarvas knew perfectly well, just as though a ream of paper had been used in the telling of it, that the words, "resumption is hopeless," meant just what they implied. There is a cruel brevity in business. In such cases words have a final meaning that leave no hope behind.

He was then a poor man. Young, ambitious, framed in the routine of one especial business, done in one especial way, he was fit for nothing but Lord & Sons, and in the way that Lord & Sons did business, and now that Lord & Sons were gone, there was nothing left in their place.

"I am worse off Harry, than you were when you struck the coast, for while you had nothing, you were unmade, and could be adapted to anything—even to handling hides. I know nothing of business, except the business I was born to, and now that that is gone, I am in a bad case. Well, I have my life to commence over again.

Marian looked at him with a not unpleased face. Her expression was of mingled sadness and gladness. She regretted his misfortune, but it put them more upon nearly equal terms, and besides, she felt she could help him rebuild his broken fortunes. Jarvas Lord, penniless, was dearer to her than Jarvas Lord the rich merchant for it brought him closer to her.

"Jarvas," said Brooks, without a moment's hesitation, "you are not so badly off as you think. It is a terrible thing for an old house like yours to go down, but as far as you are concerned, it isn't worth thinking about. You shall make up your losses and, if I and Taggart are not mistaken, you shall be a richer man than you were and not a dollar of it inherited. You did good thing for yourself when you showed me some kindness in San Francisco. Come with me to the mine. Taggart, I don't doubt, will agree to make one third—if not, you shall have a half of my half, and that will be enough for both of us. It is a wonderfully rich claim, and was panning out thousands a day when I left. It is yours as much as mine."

Jarvas laughed in spite of his trouble. "Harry, you are too good and too confiding. Your offer is a good and generous one, but I don't feel like accepting it, till you know the facts. It was not I who got you the place at Altamont, which led you to your good fortune, or rather, it was not I who thought of it."

"Who then, was it?"

"Marian. She insisted that it was a great shame that you should be handling hides on the dock, and she worried and badgered Hegemann and myself till I did what she proposed and urged. You owe it to her. Perhaps you had better withdraw the proposition you made to me, and give it to her."

"As near as I can judge, it would amount to about the same thing," was Harry's laughing reply. "I can't see as it would make much difference whose name I put into the firm. But no matter for that. Whoever did it, did a very good thing for me, and I am not ungrateful. Besides, it isn't so generous a thing after all, and you need have no scruples about accepting it. The place is too big for two men, and old Taggart has an aversion to hiring help to work it. There is enough for three of us, and it will make three very rich I am convinced. Say no more, but accept."

"Of course I accept," was Jarvas' reply, "and you may consider me a miner from this time out. I accept thankfully. If our little help to you was good and kind, what shall I say of this generosity of yours? It is noble."

"We won't say much about that. But to business. Pack your little valise—your smallest—I will go and add to my supplies enough for you, and to-morrow morning we start. Marian will stay here where she will be comfortable till you return, and all will be well again. We have no time to lose. Before this old Taggart is looking for me."

The proposition to leave Marian in Altamont did not strike Lord favorably at all. How could he leave her, exposed to the malignity of Ditmar, and he away and unable to protect her? And then, how could he leave her at all? He had experience in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and as strong as he was, and as dire as his necessities, he did not feel equal to parting from her again; and besides, he had the business of Lord & Sons to settle before he could go to the mines and enter upon his new life.

"I cannot go so soon, Harry," said Lord. "I have the business of the firm to settle on the coast, and must wait till I get advices and instructions from home. You go back. I will bring my matters to a close as soon as possible, and then go with you to the mines. I will not come alone. Marian, could you live in the wilderness for a short time?"

"Could I? Nothing would please me so much. And I would not be a useless encumber of your ground. I could do the work of the camp, and give you all the time to dig and delve. Of course I will go."

It was all arranged in a few minutes. Harry started in the afternoon as he had originally proposed, and Lord and Marian made arrangements to return to San Francisco as soon as possible.

Before Harry went, Jarvas told him the reason why he did not desire to leave Marian alone. He told him of Ditmar, of his appearance at Altamont, and what had resulted from his coming. Harry agreed with him that it was better that she should accompany them.

"It will be better for her, and for us. It will be curious experience for her, but will only be for a time, and it will lighten the monotony of our stay wonderfully. Old Taggart is a delightful old fellow, but his talk does get monotonous, when he talks at all. He doesn't talk much, though. The old man has had trouble, and is moody and silent for days together. It will be quite another thing with you and Marian there."

CHAPTER XIV.

Harry Brooks found his way back to the mines, and saw that his partner had fulfilled his promises not to be idle during his absence. He had taken out an immense amount of dust, and evidently labored day and night.

He hailed Harry's coming with a wild delight, for in such work, two men do more than twice as much as one, besides, the consideration of safety. As for the comfort of having society, the old man seemed to care very little for it. He had lived in the mountains so long alone that he seemed rather to shun the society of his fellows than court it.

"I'm glad yer here agin," was his greeting. "There is enuff for a dozen men to do here, and it's a thunderation sight bigger than ever I hed any idee of, and I've done a great deal of prospectin and workin. We shel both go to work and work till the claim peters out, and there'll be stuff enuff in it for forty men. But we ain't got any time to lose. When you are taking it out by the shovelful, time is money. Look at this!"

The old man held up a mass of gold, almost virgin pure, that was worth several hundred dollars.

"I've got more'n a dozen like it. I found a pocket of 'em, and there is any quantity more like it. And there ain't no trouble about water, and all we hev to do is to go right along and take out as much as we want."

His eagerness became more and more marked as he talked, till, before he concluded he insisted upon renewing work, notwithstanding it was almost night, and Harry had been in the saddle all day.

Harry was puzzled to know how his proposition to take a third man on, would strike his partner. He seemed so eager to make money, so crazed with his good luck, that Harry feared that he might have trouble to carry out his generous offer to Lord.

He commenced a long way off, so as to awaken a little interest in the old man's mind, before he came directly at him with his proposition. He told him how delightful Miss Winter had seemed to him on the trip over, and how kind she was to him after his arrival in San Francisco.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HANDSOME FEET.

Proper Shoes and Care All that Are Necessary to Produce Artistic Feet.

"Aristocratic feet may be cultivated," remarked a fashionable shoe dealer the other day.

"You take the grandchildren of such plebeians as Jay Gould and old Commodore Vanderbilt, and they all have beautiful feet," he continued. "It's all a matter of shoes, bathing, stockings and care of the feet."

"How so? Well, take one of the Vanderbilt grandchildren or George Gould's baby, for instance. The child's feet from its birth, are carefully attended, bathed daily, and only the best kind of shoes and the best kind of stockings put on it.

"Then for children just walking we make a shoe with an instep improver—that is, the outer sole and heel are made a trifle higher than at the inside of the foot. This tends to cultivate a high and curved instep."

"But isn't such a shoe uncomfortable?" was asked.

"Not in the least. We have ladies near middle age who come in here and get fitted for such shoes. Of course when the bones are hardened it is not so easy a matter to cultivate a high instep, but most children's feet may be trained so that even the flattest instep will become improved.

"The difficulty with many parents is in selecting shoes that are just the length of their children's feet," continued the learned shoe dealer. "Now, there is nothing more injurious to the shape of the foot than a short shoe. People of wealth soon learn this, and while the narrowest possible width is chosen, the shoe is always an inch longer than the foot.

"Children who are permitted to walk or run about much need not have large feet. The secret is to bathe the feet each night in warm water and each morning in cold water and a little salt, rubbing vigorously. Then, if fine, dainty stockings are worn, and shoes that fit snugly without being tight, a beautiful foot is sure to be the result.

"Old shoes, shoes of different makers, and shoes of various sizes are more trying to the beauty of feet than tight or narrow ones."—*Baltimore News.*

She Corrected the Error.

"Americans, I presume?" said the London hotel proprietor, as the party engaged rooms.

"Bostonians," corrected Mrs. Charles Rivers Massey.—*Midsummer Puck.*

Recent Literature.

CHAT ABOUT THE NEW ISSUES

Of American Publishing Houses—Volumes for the Library, and Those Merely to While Away an Idle Hour.

To the series, "Twelve English Statesmen," in course of publication by MacMillan & Co., London and New York, Frederic Harrison contributes a sketch of the life, and eminent services of Oliver Cromwell. About the history of the great Protector of England both popularity and prejudice have woven a tissue of fable and exaggeration, in some features extolling him too highly; and, in many instances, time alone has been able to fitly measure his merits and his deeds. It has been the aim of Mr. Harrison to justly estimate Cromwell's character; and, without deifying him, to place him in that niche of fame to which he belongs. He appears more the reformer than the patriot, and more arrayed against Episcopacy than Kingcraft. Especially as a soldier, the man who, by the death of Hampden, was made a necessity for the time, was Cromwell distinguished, and in administering the affairs of the army was first developed the executive ability he displayed when he became the head of the Commonwealth for life. The style of this life of Cromwell is easy and familiar and it makes a most readable book.

Van Buren Denslow, LL. D., has published, through Cassell & Company, New York, his work on the "Principles of the Economic Philosophy of Society, Government, and Industry," an exhaustive "repository of accessible facts, avoiding dogma and abstraction, but allowing human experience and history to convey their own lesson." The declaration of intention here conveyed has been conscientiously and intelligently carried out in the volume of nearly 800 pages, which Dr. Denslow has contributed to the literature of Political Economy. The methods adopted in reducing the science to general comprehension are those of the journalist who has "discovered that the people couldn't find in the books of current discussion of economic theories any answers whatever to the practical questions on which they sought light. Or if the questions were answered it was easy to perceive that the answer in many cases was false, partial, or obscure." The author holds that society contains no fact or feature which may not be readily understood if the story be told clearly and simply, and has made his work conform to his idea. Economic expedients are considered in relation to antecedents, present conditions and surroundings; and the possibility of discussing ordinary questions therein as of universal application is scouted. Policies pursued by one governing power would be suicidal if tried by another, for so apparently simple a thing as tradition affects even principles favorably or unfavorably, and Dr. Denslow makes shrewd application of that truth to American politics and sociology. It is a valuable work for old and young, and makes what is generally considered "a dismal science fascinating in all its parts to all who master in any degree the clues to its right apprehension."

"A Bachelor's Wedding Trip," by Himself (the volume, not the trip), is a sort of modified guide-book, a mild hotel and route advertisement, between Philadelphia and Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, yet why such an agreeable journey should be so disguised as though it were to be considered sugar-coated calomel, it is difficult to imagine. To be sure the book offers variety by introducing essays and poems, some dismal and some erotic, some didactic and some Charles Lambish, and not a few passages of love intended to be playful and realistic, but which are the boshiest of the boshy, as witness: "John," said Jemima, "John, I sometimes wonder if I am I, and I pinch myself to see—and all the pinches cry 'John!' Then they say, astonished like, 'Oh, my!' Then I pinch them all again to see why they cry 'John;' and they shout 'Love!' Then I put two and two together, and I read, 'John, oh my Love.' Then I know that I am I—for I love you." And a good deal more interspersed to the same purpose. But the title is a misnomer, for John and Jemima are married before they pull out of the Philadelphia depot, and the narrator is not even a bachelor in his mind. The mingling of the æsthetic and practical is very commendable; "from the window of the sleeper, on the 6 p. m. train for Montreal—distance, 206 miles, schedule time, 12 hours and 15 minutes—we watch the beautiful New Hampshire scenery—beautiful from a romantic, but not from an utilitarian view," and may serve as a model for future guidebooks in mufti. Philadelphia: The Pen Publishing Company.

Another contribution from the charming authoress, Jane Andrews, to the swelling catalogue of the juvenile library is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It is "Only a Year, and What it Brought," and tells the story of the life of the Traftons in a New England town. It is an average New England family in comfortable circumstances and its motive is expressed by the motto it bears on its title page—"A light of duty shines on every day for all"—Wadsworth.

Ivison, Blakeman & Co., New York and Chicago, are publishing a series of books on "Manual Training," the most recent of which is, "First Lessons in Wood Working," by Alfred G. Compton, profusely illustrated and minutely explained. It is a work of practical value, and nothing more lucid and useful has been issued as a manual for beginners in the pleasant pursuit of wood working.

"At Home and in War," by Alexander Vasilyevitch Verestchagin, is another voice from Russia, the literature of which country is making a masterful step from the stagnation of ages to an astonishing vitality. Few countries in the world furnish more or better subjects for authorship than Russia and its dependencies, for its fact, in a great measure, transcends the most ingenious fiction of another land. This new candidate for literary honors, Verestchagin, tells his story in an open-hearted and unstudied manner, though it is probably modified by the channel through which it comes to us from the Russian, the translator being a woman, Isabel F. Hapgood. In that portion of the book which deals with home life the translator's affinities are probably advantageous, but it must be confessed that it is a disadvantage for a woman to have to deal with camp life and the stern alarms of war. No doubt both accuracy and idiom are fairly observed, but the spirit and emotions of a soldier cannot be expressed by other than a man, and that, too, by one who has seen service. This is very apparent around the details of the campaign about Plevna in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, which, while interesting as a narrative, lacks the fervor of battle. At the dawn of the day on which the first fight of Plevna occurred, July 18, 1877, Skobeleff, "the greatest of living generals," is represented as greeting his troops: "Good morning, brothers! I congratulate you on the battle! Remember that there will be no signal of retreat! And I request you, my good fellows, not to take the enemy prisoners." Then he dashes on. But the Turks were masters of the day—"There it was, our victorious army!" "'Has it traversed so many thousand versts,' I said to myself, 'in order to flee now in so disgraceful a manner?'" There may be truth in this, but it lacks nerve and enthusiasm. The expedition against the Tekke Turkomans in 1879-80 was also a part of Verestchagin's military experience and his narrative of the various stormings of the fortress of Geok-Tepe, is one of the most striking and picturesque features of the work. The volume is embellished with 23 reproductions of photographic portraits of members of the author's family and distinguished officers of the army corps to which he was attached. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Cookery for Beginners"—A series of familiar lessons for young housekeepers, "with blank pages for new receipts"—by Marion Harland, is issued from the press of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Whatever comes from the brain and pen of Marion Harland, in the line of domesticity, is above carping at. Her name, like the red thread in the national paper money, is a certificate of genuineness that makes it current at sight.

"The question is often asked, 'What is the most important branch of culinary knowledge? What the chief requisite in supplying the table well and healthfully?' The experienced housewife cannot hesitate as to the reply. Beyond doubt, the ability to make *good* bread. No one need rise hungry from a table on which is plenty of light, sweet bread, white or brown, and good butter."

Thus for a beginning. Four chapters are devoted to breads; and then ten other chapters to eggs, meat, vegetables, cake-making, jellies, creams and other fancy dishes—in fact, a handy little volume of 143 pages, from which the most experienced housewife might draw some information, notwithstanding the announcement in the title that it is "for beginners." Marion Harland is a pleasant writer, possessed of the faculty of investing her essays with interest aside from anticipations of feast and health. This last hand-book for kitchen and dining-room is strictly in the line of her former books, and adds one more paragraph to the chapter of her literary and economic renown.

The "Narrative and Critical History of America," edited by Justin Winsor and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, is certainly one of the most complete, incisive and altogether estimable compilations in the whole catalogue of history. It is but natural it should be so. Prof. Justin Winsor, whose name appears on the title page as "editor," is really the projector of the work, and only freedom from expression of opinion has led Prof. Winsor to claim the modest credit of editing instead of authorship. As librarian of Harvard University he has had the advantage of exceptional opportunity for the prosecution of his labor, for the library under his charge is a vast storehouse of books and documents from which to draw the facts so admirably compiled. He is a profound scholar and a graceful writer, and the personal interest and pride he has felt in giving to the world a model history is apparent on every page. The archives of every nation that ever had or is supposed to have had, communication with this hemisphere have been drawn upon, and everything authentic epitomized and presented in the most perfect manner. Except the purely chimerical and absolutely fabulous, no statement or conjecture regarding America and its relations with Aryan discovery and civilization has been neglected.

The second volume is divided into nine chapters. The introduction and first chapter are written by Prof. Winsor, and relate to Columbus and his discoveries, covering the whole of the life of the famous navigator and illustrated with 99 engravings, portraits, maps, fac similes of ancient pictures and autographs, and reproductions of book-pages and manuscripts. The second chapter is made up of 44 pages devoted to Amerigo Vespucci, by Sidney Howard Gay, and 27 pages of Notes on Vespucius and the Naming of America, and the Bibliography of Pomponius Mela, Solinus, Vadianus, and Apianus, by Prof. Winsor. The preparation of the succeeding parts on The Companions of Columbus, The Early Cartography of the Gulf of Mexico and Adjacent Parts, Ancient Florida, Las Casas, and the Relations of the Spaniards to the Indians, Cortez and his Companions, Discoveries on the Pacific Coast of North America, Early explorations of New Mexico, Pizarro and the Conquest and Settlement of Peru and Chili, The Amazon and Eldorado, and Magellan's Discovery, is by Edward Channing, Judge John G. Shea, George E. Ellis, Henry W. Haynes, Clements R. Markham, Edward E. Hale and Prof. Winsor, the chief part being by the latter. The illustrations in these chapters are as profuse as in the first, and all in the highest style of art. The work of publishing is no less admirable than the literary. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., has become celebrated, both at home and abroad, for its achievements in typography.

Impressed on heavy calandered paper, with the classic broad margin, affected by genuine bibliophile, the blank verse of Edward King's "A Venetian Lover" comes from Kegar, Paul, French & Co., of London. One hundred and fifty-seven pages, with an average of sixteen lines to the page, are devoted to a theme and variations whose import is set forth in the title. The poem abounds in smoothly flowing passages, and not a few striking expressions, apparently the result of straining for effect. Who but he would ever have thought of "Oh, the midnight *sweet with moon!*" or of this couplet:

Sweet Venice seemed to swoon in bliss
Of sensuous summer sunset *drowned in waves.*

Where but in Venice could one find "Blonde maids with chestnut eyes and russet hair?" Or hear of human love that would spurn Heaven for earth's indulgence? Here is a strain that instinctively calls up Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"Had he but known the infinite delight
Of Love, poor youth, he would have caught at life
As drowners pluck at air that gurgles up
Before their dying eyes:
would not have cared
For Paradise, without his twin soul there
Beside him; would have come down from the stars
And starved in hovels to be near his love.
He would have bartered all Eternity
For one brief walk within some spicy wood
In fragrant twilight, hand in hand with her.
He would have spurned the rapt archangel's flight
Thro' spaceless regions of infinity,
Past whelm of worlds, beyond the planet's ken.
He would have set his footsteps on hoar earth,
And joyed in taking on humanity
Once more with all its dangers and its pains
To taste anew the sweetness of love's kiss."

It is peculiarly a poem for sweethearts to read in the day, or to repeat from in the gloaming, and while not aiming to be Platonic, by any means, is yet a celebration of the higher, purer, better forms of human affection.

"The Study of Politics" is An Introductory Lecture, by William P. Atkinson, Professor of English and History in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is intended to induce the good citizen to take a more intimate part in the affairs of state, while not neglecting his business or his social duties; pp. 63; Boston: Roberts Brothers; 1888.

"Laconisms, the Wisdom of Many in the Words of One," by J. M. P. Otts, (how odd that third full stop looks) D. D., LL. D., is somewhat after the order of C. C. Colton's "Lacon, or Many things in Few Words," though brighter and more in the line of modern philosophy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; 1888.

"The Church and the Civil Law," by Charles B. Howell, LL. B., Detroit, is a handbook of Ecclesiastical Law, with an Appendix of Forms, confined to the Michigan Statutes and the attitude of the state to the church in that portion of the country. It is brief, but as far as it goes a very useful manual.

A new, cheap and popular work of reference now being issued is Alden's "Manifold Cyclopedia," which undertakes to combine in the most convenient and concise (and yet full) and economical form possible, the results of the scholarship of the world up to the time of its publication. Editorial talent second to none in America, in experience and skill, is engaged in the conduct of the work; the publisher's past experience in cyclopedia-making, is good basis for the prediction that "The Manifold" will be inferior to no other cyclopedia in any of the important qualities of a popular guide to knowledge. New York: John B. Alden, publisher, 393 Pearl street.

"The National Sin of Literary Piracy," is a strong plea for international copyright, in the shape of a sermon preached by Rev. Henry VanDyke, D. D., pastor of the Brick Church in New York, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It is well worth reading and ought to touch the public conscience and have its effect on public opinion.

A Halt Called on Blackmailers.

Three weeks ago a rebellion occurred in the household of Joaquin Sauchez, the superintendent of the New York Life Insurance company, and six servants were discharged. Two of them, Josephine and Celeste Bernard, French chambermaids and sisters, refused to go, claiming that Senor Sauchez owed them $200, though they had been only about four weeks in his employ. They were arrested for trespassing and disturbance. A few days later the case was heard before the local Justice on Staten Island. Both sisters alleged that Senor Sauchez had betrayed the younger girl, Josephine, who is 20 years old and very pretty, and that he had sworn "on the ashes of his mother and the heads of his children" to make it all right by paying them $200. The Justice paroled the girls, and Senor Sauchez thought he had heard the last of the matter. But he had not. Yesterday he got a letter from Josephine, in which she addressed him as "My Dear Lover," and demanded the $200 in very emphatic terms. The letter was signed, "Your Mistress, Josephine." Senor Sauchez gave the letter to Inspector Byrnes, and now both girls are in custody on a charge of blackmail.

Cruel Treatment.

"George treated me very coldly last night, mother," said Ethel, waving her fan at a vagrant fly.

"Why, Ethel, I'm sorry to hear that. In what manner was his treatment cold?"

"Ice cream."—*Bazaar.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

MANY people have been puzzled to understand why many diamonds worn in ear-rings nowadays maintain such a ceaseless, quivering motion. It makes no difference that the head of the wearer is in perfect repose, and that she is even speechless, and, therefore, exerting no muscle of face or feature—the ceaseless twinkling of the diamond goes on, enhancing greatly the flashing beauty of the gem. The secret is in the setting of the diamond. The stone is set in the usual manner, except that a band like the handle of a diminutive basket is attached to the framework. On the under side of this band is a cup-like cavity. On the lower part of the hoop is a projecting pin pointed with rhodium, a metal which never wears out—something like the iridium with which gold pens are tipped. Now, when the diamonds are put in position on the hoop, the rhodium point projects into the cup. The result is what scientists would call a condition of unstable equilibrium, and the diamond is constantly in motion—a very slight movement only being needed to produce the twinkling effect.

AMONG girls of all nationalities, the American girl is surely the most pleasure-loving. She is genuine, warm-hearted, witty, and has a perfect genius for enjoyment; she loves fun, she loves flirtation (innocent withal); she loves dress and fashion; she loves dancing and the theatre; she loves moonlight sleigh-rides and tobogganing; but most of all she loves a "german." I do not mean one of the large army of Teutons who have found their way across the Atlantic and built up fortunes and happiness in the home of their adoption. No, a "german," in this sense, is the cotillion Americanized. There seems to be a glamour surrounding it that places it far ahead of the most brilliant ball. To be able to "lead" a german well is an accomplishment few possess, and one greatly coveted by all aspiring youths who long for society to smile all them. "Oh, do you know Mr. So-and-So? He is a splendid fellow. He leads the german beautifully," is high praise when bestowed by a society girl on the idol of the hour.

THE highest education of woman should consist in a thorough, practical knowledge of all domestic duties—a knowledge that makes a woman entirely independent of circumstances, or rather, mistress of them. A woman who cannot cook a dinner as well as eat it, make a dress as well as wear it—a woman who cannot turn her hand to anything when occasion requires, who is not able to train her servants practically, and teach them the value of economy of time as well as of money—is not educated at all, though she may be very much cultivated, have been to college and taken a degree.

AS A mother of the writer's acquaintance recently said, it is much more difficult to find a good domestic servant than a good governess. The demand for good governesses is very limited, and, judging by the advertisements, the supply is greatly in excess of the demand. Highly educated and accomplished women remain out of situations for months, and then accept lower salaries than the cook or lady's maid, have to work harder, and have far less comfort and independence.

HOW does a flannel shirt strike you—not on yourself, but on some other fellow? They are beginning to be worn very generally—not only in the country, but in the cities. They are gotten up in handsome style, and when worn with a natty summer suit are quite as fetching as could be desired. Comfortable! We should say so. They do away with the pasteboard front and iron-bound collar of the white article, and, although we are not supposed to know that—the affectionately clinging undershirt as well. A man is really as cool as a cucumber in the soft and silky flannel garment now pushing its way into prominence.

WITH us here in cool Toledo, there is not the same call for the flannel shirt, though on many a day it would be a welcome substitute for the city man's torment. If it has the single disadvantage of showing too plainly a long, clinging blonde or brown hair, it gets away ahead of everything else on the rumpling business. The bosom of a flannel shirt doesn't begin to tell the tales spread broadcast by its laundried rival.

CRITICISM is to point out the good, not to find fault, nor to be satisfied with what is bad. This slip-slop kindliness nurses confidence into egotism, deceives readers who are ignorant, and disgusts others who happen to know the facts. Especially is the tendency to be deprecated of exaggerating grossly on the good or bad, in writing of persons. Quite as much harm is done them by foolish praise—more, indeed—than by indiscriminate censure.

DID it ever occur to you that a woman's life is a series of waitings? When she is a girl, she waits impatiently to get on long dresses and to enter society. Then she waits—sometimes, oh! so long—for the right man to ask her to marry him. Then, after marriage, the waiting process is intensified by the common failing of the human male not to bear a moment's waiting for her. Let a wife keep the average husband waiting for five minutes, and she will never hear the last of it. Never? Well—hardly ever! But she has to wait for him—to come home to his meals, to get ready for church, and on a thousand other occasions; and sometimes, perchance, she has to wait for him to come home at night. Waiting gradually becomes second nature to a woman.

BUFFALO talks of calling her great new hotel the "Iroquois." It is a relief, in these days of Anglomania, to find people taking a purely American name for a hotel. One gets sick of the pretentious aristocratic English names which have been in such high favor with hotel men for a few years past. The romantic and melodious Indian names that still linger about the localities, once the home of the red men, afford a terminology that has not been properly utilized in the past. All honor to the man who hit upon the idea of calling Buffalo's coming hotel by the collective name of the great Indian confederacy, the Five Nations, who had their seat in Central and Western New York.—Now, don't interject the impertinent remark that the word "Iroquois" is French, not Indian, for the information is "piper's news." The name was given by the French to the confederated tribes over two centuries ago; but that fact does not impair its native flavor, only adding to its historic interest.

HARRISON'S KIND HEART.

An Old Soldier Tells a Story About the General in War Times.

General Harrison is, of course, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Loyal Legion. There are hundreds of old soldiers in Indianapolis and scattered through the state who fought in his brigade and who remember well his bravery, his care for his men and his unselfish patriotism. If one meets a one armed veteran in the street here the simplest questions will call out a eulogy of Harrison. The old soldiers remember him vividly for his tenacious care for their rights. When he was a colonel he saw to it that his regiment received all the allowances of every kind to which it was entitled, and when he led a brigade every individual soldier felt that he had a friend in his commander, strict disciplinarian though he was.

An old soldier whom I met quite by accident in a hotel here told me this anecdote: "In the battle of Peach Tree Creek, one of the fights before Atlanta, the surgeon of Harrison's brigade was lost. No one knew where he was, but he had disappeared. My recollection is that in the rapidly changing movements the surgeon and his assistants had become tangled with another brigade, and were so overwhelmed with duty that they couldn't get back to their own command. However that may be, when the fight was over our field hospital was full of wounded, and there was no one to attend them.

"The general threw off his coat, tore his own tent into strips, and went about bandaging wounds. He even tore his shirt off his back and used it up in bandaging the boys' wounds. When surgical help arrived I remember what a sight the general was. Both his arms were bare, and they were covered with blood from shoulders to finger tips."

"The men most fond of the general are the men who know him best." That is the pithy sentence in which one of his oldest friends here sums up his opinion of General Harrison's personal character.—*Philadelphia Press.*

An Appropriate Gift.

Brown—"That is a handsome umbrella you've got, Robinson. Was it a birthday present?"

Robinson—"Yes; one I gave to my wife."—*Life.*

—IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

MAKING HOOKS AND POLES.

How and Where Fishermen's Equipments are Manufactured.

These are the palmy days for anglers and for the men who sell tackle to the hunters of fish. American angling improves every year, and the yearly sale of fishing tackle grows bigger, until to-day thousands of hands are employed and a great amount of capital used in the manufacture of the equipments of the piscatorial sportsman.

The grade of American fishing tackle advances steadily, and so does the cost in many cases, but there was a little comment when a well-known politician, who used to angle for minnows in his childhood with a bent pin, sugar cord and the branch of a tree, paid $180 for a fishing rod the other day that a firm at Sixth and Market streets had made for him. It was one of the best split bamboo poles that was ever made in this city.

Few people know the time and trouble it takes to make a good bamboo fishing rod. The bamboo is imported in big cargoes from Calcutta, India. The wood has to be well seasoned, and for two weeks the bamboo is dried by steam. The rod is then split into six lengths and cut into three sections, and again dried for two weeks. The spliced pieces are glued together, and it stays in the glue for a month, and is then wrapped with silk.

It is afterward joined with ferules. Then it goes through the varnishing process, and receives four coats, each coat of varnish being given a week to dry. The pole is afterward given a butt or handle of ash, celluloid or pearl, and at the end of about three months, and when the pole has gone through the hands of six workmen, it is finished. The rod must be pliant as a coach whip, bending from butt to tip. Many poles are ruined in the process of manufacture. The price of split bamboo poles run from $6 to $60, but poles have been known to cost almost $200 where the ferules and mounting were silver.

The next best rod to the bamboo is made of lancewood. The wood, which is very heavy, is brought from South America in spars. The rod-maker has the spar sawed up. Lancewood must have good seasoning, and frequently half of it is a dead loss. When the rod has been trimmed and turned by machinery it is sand-papered and cut into three or four sections and joined; then it is feruled, wrapped with silk or linen thread and varnished three times. The lancewood rods cost from $4 to $10. The cheap rods are made of ash and other common woods with three joints, brass ferules, and can be bought as low as $1 a dozen.

Almost all the hooks used in this country come from England, although a factory at New Haven, Conn., is turning out a big amount of hooks. But they can not compare with the English hook. That the English fish-hook is the best is due to the finely tempered steel from which it is made. The English hook won't snap off like the American hook. There is no steel equal to it made in this country, and it costs too much to import the English steel and make the hooks here for the American market.

All the English hooks are made in Redditch, a dirty looking little town in Worcestershire, just over the county border from Birmingham. There is no hotel in the town, which is almost hidden in day by the smoke from the seven fish hook factories of the place. Over 900 people of little Redditch are every day kept busy making fish hooks and needles. The finely tempered is run out into long wire. Different machinery cuts and turns the wire into fish hooks of all sizes, and 1,000 hooks are turned out every working hour.

Limerick hooks used to be popular with fishermen, but the old town on Ireland's west coast is now making but few fish hooks for the world. The price of some fish hooks is but 25c per 1,000, while $25 has been paid for 1,000 superb English hooks.

The manufacture of fishing lines is no small industry in this country. The best line is made of silk, oil and wrapped linen line come next, and there are a hundred different grades of both the silk and linen lines. Many of the reels are costly, but a reel can be bought for any price between 25c and $50.

All the silk-worm gut used in making leaders is imported from Sweden, and the cork floats are sent here from England. The wooden floats are made in this country and cost about half as much as cork floats. The United States manufactures all its own fishing flies, which are made from feathers, silk and wool, and are shaped and hued to represent all kinds of flying insects, and there are a dozen other things used by anglers that keep many hands busy making.

More fishing tackle is sold in the United States than in any other country, and Philadelphia ranks with New York in the making of the nation's fish rods, fish lines and fish flies.—*Philadelphia Times.*

HARRISON'S CHINESE RECORD.

Some Sample Opinions From Newspapers on the Pacific Slope.

The record of Gen. Harrison, the nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency, is identical with that of every anti-Chinese citizen of California.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

If the Chinese bill which Mr. Harrison reported had been enacted it would have kept thousands of Chinese out who will come in under the new treaty.—*San Francisco Call (Ind.)*

The voters will have no difficulty in deciding which party favors Chinese exclusion. The interests of the coast will be far safer in the hands of Mr. Harrison, who insisted on framing an exclusion, than in the hands of Mr. Cleveland, who killed it.—*San Francisco Post.*

He reported and voted for anti-Chinese legislation as soon as treaty contracts admitted it, and he stands pledged upon a platform clear and satisfactory upon the question discussed. He is disclosed in strongly favorable contrast to his opponent, who but a few short weeks ago was anxiously inquiring of Californians if it was not possible to Christianize the Chinese and bring them into harmony with our system of civilization—thus displaying a surprising degree of ignorance upon the subject.—*Sacramento Record Union.*

There are no weak points in Harrison's record. The attempt to create a prejudice against him on this coast on the Chinese question will not cost a vote. Harrison stood in 1878 where Eastern men generally stood. He did not comprehend the magnitude of the question nor the urgent need of legislation. The Burlingame treaty was then in force, which provided for the immigration of Chinese. On this coast we regarded the need of legislation as so urgent that we asked Congress to prohibit Chinese immigration without regard to the treaty. Gen. Harrison, with many others, thought better to wait until a treaty was obtained as a basis of the legislation proposed. The Angell-Swift treaty was formed two years later, and Senator Harrison has since placed himself on record as an opponent of Chinese immigration.—*San Francisco Call (Ind.)*

Mr. Harrison never did vote to enfranchise Chinamen, never did vote against the Chinese treaty, never did advocate the admission of the Chinese, but did in fact advocate their total exclusion. He did insist, however, that this exclusion should be accomplished under and not by violating treaty stipulations. He did, therefore, oppose a senate bill which aimed at the exclusion of the Chinese, not because it so aimed, but because as a sound constitutional lawyer he opposed such a violation of the high respect due to treaties, and an abrogation of a treaty which were they with a nation of equal power would amount to a declaration of war. In short, Mr. Harrison did at that time just what the Democratic house did in the last session of congress, when it refused to pass any further exclusion acts because of the deliberations pending upon Cleveland's new and important treaty.—*Oakland Times.*

At Night in Camp.

The surgeon who tosses in his tent, kept awake by the persistent coughing of the sentinel.

"Soldier!" he cries to him finally through the door, "you must take some medicine."

"But, major——!"

"Enough! I wish it!" and the surgeon gives him a horrible dose.

The soldier gulps it down with an indignation and disgust badly concealed.

"You see that you are cured," said the surgeon to him the next morning, "you do not cough any more."

"But I never coughed!" replied the soldier, "I replaced the sentinel while you were mixing your potion!"

In Trinity Steeple.

"You should be a base ball player," said the beetle to the spider.

"Why so?" inquired the latter.

"You're so good at catching flies."

"True, but I'd fall a victim to the fowls."

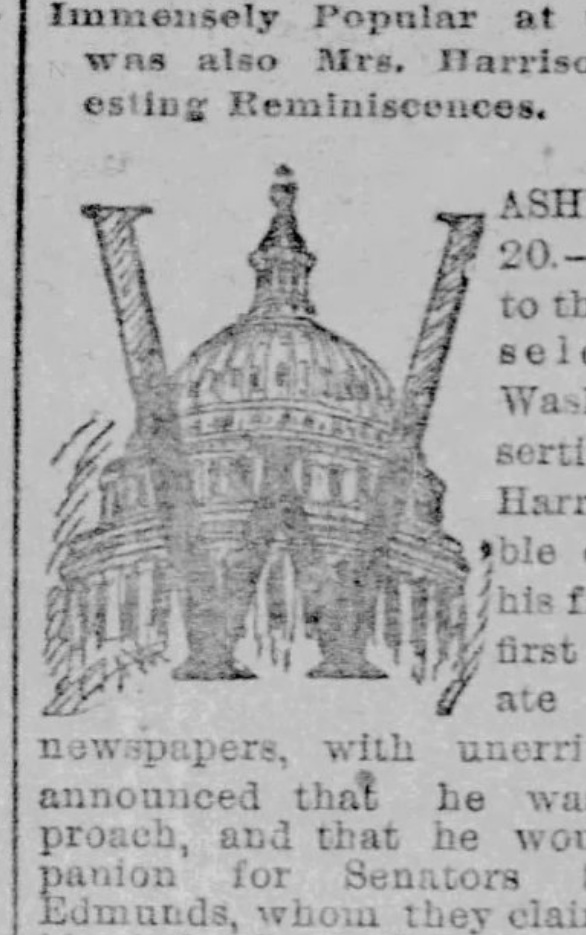
And he went behind the bat.—*Life.*

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge, old fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

GEN. HARRISON IN WASHINGTON.

Immensely Popular at the Capital, as was also Mrs. Harrison—Some Interesting Reminiscences.



WASHINGTON, July 20.—(Special letter to the BLADE.)—One seldom hears in Washington the assertion that General Harrison is unsociable or formal with his friends. When he first came to the Senate in 1881 the newspapers, with unerring inaccuracy, announced that he was hard to approach, and that he would be a companion for Senators Sherman and Edmunds, whom they claimed to be cold-blooded. General Harrison is well known in Washington among public men, and not one who has ever met him in his individual capacity will say that he has any traits of unsociability. The correspondent was talking to a Senator who served three or four years on a committee with General Harrison, and he said:

"Why, if I had not seen in the newspapers statements to the effect that Gen. Harrison was hard to approach, I never would have suspected such a thing. He is methodical and retiring in his disposition. He never pushes himself forward in public matters, and never goes out of his way to make professions of friendship. That is why a very few people who have met him refer to him as being hard to approach. When you are introduced to Gen. Harrison he never thinks of taking you by the arm and patting you on the back, and telling you he is nearly tickled to death to meet you, and, before he knows what you want, exclaim that he wants to do something for you; and he never indulges in promises until he knows what he can do. If you will study these traits of character you will see that they are those which grow on a man, and which make a higher rank of manhood than we find in the effervescent character.

"During his career in the Senate," continued the Senator, "General Harrison always took lunch about half-past 1 o'clock, and he never failed to go down to his committee room and smoke after eating. It was then that he ran over the columns of the newspapers and indulged in sociabilities. He used to often meet me about the Senate restaurant at lunch time and ask me to eat with him, and then invite me around to his committee room, where we sat and smoked and recited reminiscences of the war and the practice of the law. It was on such occasions as these that he used to stretch himself and say that he was glad to get an opportunity to discharge his mind of Senatorial and other duties; that he never felt like giving up his time to social conversation until after he had done all of his work.

HIS SOCIABILITY.

"I was a member of the committee on Territories for a time during the period Gen. Harrison was chairman, and I don't believe any committee in Congress was more thoroughly congenial. We used to have the most social sessions possible. Gen. Harrison always kept a drawer full of cigars about his cabinet, and he used to open it frequently and invite the members to enjoy a social season with him. At such times we dismissed our work, put our heels upon backs of chairs, and amid the clouds of smoke relate anecdotes and tell stories. Gen. Harrison was proverbial for the steadfastness of his friendship. When he came to have confidence in a man he would trust him to the farthest extreme.

"When a member of his committee made statements of facts in drawing up reports on bills, Gen. Harrison, as chairman of the committee, never questioned anything. It was enough for him to have confidence in the member, and his wide range of knowledge and his keen perspicacity enabled him to instantly detect the right from the wrong, and separate exaggeration from fact. Some of the tersest and most convincing briefs I have ever seen written were prepared by him on bills from the committee on Territories and Military Affairs. His knowledge on matters military was so thorough, and his ideas of justice so perfect, that whatever he did as a member of Gen. Logan's committee was never questioned but heartily endorsed.

"I remember one day, a short time before Senator Harrison's term expired, that he gave a lunch in his committee room. He invited the members of the committee and their wives, and a few of his personal friends on the outside. Mrs. Harrison was there, and, I tell you, the general and his wife acquitted themselves in a manner which completely captivated every one present. There was that *finesse* in the courtesy extended that brought out the admiration of all. They are a handsome, brainy and graceful pair. They are so throughly in love with each other, and so thoroughly in sympathy, that they have come to look considerably alike. They are both inclined to be stout, and have many traits of character that are remarkably similar.

NOT SOCIETY PEOPLE.

"The White House would be presided over in an admirable manner by Gen. Harrison and his lovely wife. Mrs. Harrison captivated my wife and all of the Senatorial ladies who met her. The General and his wife lived in an unpretentious style. They did not go into the swim of society, like many people in public life, because, I presume, that their inclinations, in the first place, did not lead them in that direction; and, secondly, because they were financially not able to entertain like the millionaires about them. They are sensitive, and I fancy they did not desire to accept so many courtesies from their acquaintances without extending something in return, and that a sense of respectability and propriety dictated to them the course they pursued."

METHODICAL HABITS.

"General Harrison," said another Senator, "had an arrangement in his committee-room and about his desk on the floor of the chamber which indicated that he was a student of the first water. I have often noticed that the newspaper clippings he preserved, and the leaflets and committee reports always bore upon strong points in law, and had connection with the highest order of principles; something that he could use to advantage in his work. He never tried to load his memory with the stuff which floats around among men who throw away their time and keep their minds swimming in the riffraff of the day. I used to go over to his desk and ask him where I could get information on subjects in preparing reports or making speeches, and he was one of the best informed men that I ever met. He could instantly tell me the book and page where I could find the information I wanted; he would call the committee report where the precedent was established, and he could give me the briefest and best analysis of a constitutional point that I could find anywhere about the Senate.

"He grasped the idea with both hands, as it were, and he never had any trouble to explain it in a simple way. It showed that he was the strong man who was used to making mental diagrams and explaining them to people dealing in simplicity. In private conversations he always gave kind attention, and never insisted upon forcing his opinions or views to the exclusion of others. I have great anxiety to see his letter of acceptance. It will be a marvelously strong document. He will write an inaugural address that will fill the hearts of the American people with patriotism and enthusiasm. Talk about your Jeffersonian simplicity at the White House, I venture the assertion that Gen. Harrison will set an example that subsequent presidents will be compelled to follow, on account of its universal popularity."

An Honest Man.

Pastor—Well, Brother Johnson, have you been fishing again?

Johnson—Yes, sir, and had good luck, as usual.

Pastor—I'm glad to hear that, Brother Johnson. I hope you havn't acquired the one bad habit of fishermen.

Johnson—You mean lying? No, no, Mr. Goody. You see, Mr. Goody, I'm so busy pulling in six and eight pounders that really I don't have time to think up a lie that I would be caught in as soon as I told it.—*Critic.*

How He Suppressed a Book Agent.

"You might as well have treated that woman civilly, Jodkins. You can't suppress a book agent, and there is no use trying."

"I did suppress a book agent, Billus, when I was a young man."

"How?"

"I married her."

"And that suppressed her?"

"As a book agent, Billus—as a book agent. Otherwise, Billus"—and Mr. Jodkins meekly shook his bald head, sighed deeper and was silent.—*Chicago Tribune.*

End of a Conversation.

"I was sick; then I traveled in Spain."

"And did that cure you?"

"Yes—of traveling!"

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

NOT YET A DEMOCRAT.

Therefore He Will Not Vote the Prohibition Ticket—Wise Words From an Old Comrade.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am heartily glad you did not publish my article, for I could not consent to have my friends believe that I could be any anything else than a black Republican. I could not for a moment think of voting the third party or Prohibition ticket. When I get ready to vote the Democratic ticket I will do it directly and not in that roundabout way. Is it possible, comrade, that people read the BLADE who could be made to believe that the late rebellion was crushed by Democrats and that Republicans gave fire in the rear? We have no school boys and girls that could be persuaded to believe that. Who ever heard of a Republican defying the draft or firing on the Stars and Stripes? What school child does not know that Maine, Iowa and Kansas are our strongest Republican states and foremost in their aggressive work on his satanic majesty? I have greater confidence in the Republican party than in myself, and accept the nomination of Harrison and Morton as a result of wise deliberation.

On July 5, Major J. F. Thomas was buried at Chillicothe, Ill. Ill. He died of cancer in the stomach. He was major of the 86th Illinois.

Our reunion of the 86th will occur on the 27th and 28th of August, at Peoria, Ill. We would like to meet many of the 52d Ohio or any of the 3d brigade, 2d division, 14 to A. C., at that time and place.—A. P. WEBBER, Prin. Musician 85th Ill., Camp Grove, Ill.

EX-UNION PRISONERS.

The Annual Meeting Which Will Be Held at Indianapolis—Some Points of Interest.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the National Association Union Ex-Prisoners of War will be held in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 18 and 19, 1888.

As matters of deep interest to all Union ex-prisoners of war will come before this convention, it is hoped that all Union Ex-Prisoners' associations will at once elect delegates and alternates and provide for their presence at the convention, and thus insure this being the most interesting meeting of the National association yet held.

Local associations having made a report of their conditions, and who are not in arrears for dues, are entitled to representation in the National association in the ratio of one delegate for every 25 members in good standing and one additional delegate for a final fraction of more than one-half of that number, provided, however, that each Local association, whatever its numbers, is entitled to at least one delegate. All Local association presidents for the time being, are entitled to sit as delegates, but no proxy or substitute can act for them.

Delegates must be furnished with credentials signed by the Local association presidents and secretaries, and a copy forwarded to the secretary of the National association immediately after such delegate's election.

Secretaries of Local associations should immediately forward a list of all their members, and of their delegates, and cause to be remitted to the secretary-treasurer of the National association the per capitation tax for 1888, at the rate of 25 cents for each member of their association in good standing.

As this convention occurs the week following the National Encampment of the G. A. R. at Columbus, Ohio, arrangements have been made that will enable delegates to the convention of the National association of Union Ex-Prisoners of War, attending the National Encampment, to have their tickets extended ten days, allowing ample time to attend the convention at Indianapolis, and reach their homes on these low rate tickets.

Headquarters of the National association of Union Ex-Prisoners, will be opened in the State House at Columbus, Ohio, during the National Encampment G. A. R. where delegates and other Union Ex-Prisoners of War can obtain information in regard to the association.

All Union ex-prisoners, whether delegates or not, are most cordially requested to attend the National convention, and help make it the largest and best ex-prisoners' reunion since the war.

Those arriving at Indianapolis, during the week of the convention, should report at Room 27, in the Court-house, where they can obtain information in regard to the meeting.

Until that time, for all matters relating to the National association, address Maj. L. P. Williams, secretary and treasurer, Box 227, Washington, D. C.—W. H. POWELL, President Nat. Ass'n, Union Ex-Prisoners of War.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES

By the Major of an Ohio Regiment—Caught Without Arms—Captured.

CHAPTER I.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In February, 1868, I found the wounds which I had received in one of the many battles fought in the fall of 1864, near Winchester, Va., had so far healed and recovered that I became nervous and restless with the quiet surroundings of my sister's home, and resolved to join my command, which very soon after I was wounded, encamped at the town of Martinsburg, Va., and not knowing of the military changes that were going on in that department of the Shenandoah Valley, I left my home in the town of Ohio, on November 22, 1864, and had proceeded so far on my return as Hagerstown, Md. Here I first learned that the regiment or my battalion had been ordered into Winter quarters on the head waters of the Monongahela river at a small town called B, in the department of Western Virginia. Here I found that my wound, which was in my right groin and hip, had become (from traveling by rail) irritable sore and troublesome, so that I reported to one Dr. Miller, who was then in charge of all convalescents in that military district. My rank as an officer in the army at the time was a major. The doctor insisted that I remain in his charge until my wounds were more sufficiently healed, before proceeding farther. I was of the same opinion, and so remained. I found the doctor attentive, generous, genial and companionable, and, by the way was engaged to be married to a Miss Kate ——, of the beautiful city of Hagerstown. She was handsome, and a perfect brunette. In fact, I considered them the most handsome couple I ever saw, but whether the doctor ever consummated his happy and ardent matrimonial desires, I have never learned. Here I also found my true and trusty companion and fellow, Tom ——, whom I had left in charge of my two favorite horses, in October, 1864. The latter were in most excellent shape, and Tom was as happy and glad to see me as my own brother would have been. It was on one of these horses that I was mounted when I received my wound. He received a slight wound at the same time, across the rump. On the 5th of January, 1865, I considered myself able to travel, and procured transportation for my two horses and Tom over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. We embarked at the hour of 4 o'clock, p. m., and arrived at Grafton, W. Va., on the 6th. After disembarking from the train, we remained in Grafton until the morning of the 7th. It was here I met Doctor B. Reghl, surgeon of my regiment, who was also on his way to join the command. We were all three well mounted, and made the overland trip of 90 miles in a little less than two days, arriving at B. on the evening of the 8th. I found six companies of the regiment encamped here in huts built by the men and tolerably comfortable ones too. They were commanded by the Lieutenant Colonel, to whom I reported my arrival. I found him surrounded by his family, quartered in the house of a Mr. —— in the town of B. He did not order but requested me to take quarters in the camp of the detachment. On the 9th of January I made a slight inspection of the armament, health and general condition of the detachment, which was extremely deplorable in this. Three days before a regimental order had been issued by the Lieutenant Colonel commanding, to company commanders, to turn into the regiment quartermaster all arms with which the command was armed, with the view of rearming with an improved breach loading gun, the old guns being all of the old muzzle-loading pattern, and while the change was much desired by all the company commanders, the plan was extremely unsuited for such a change. The sentence of the military court, dismissing the officer from the service, who was responsible for this criminal neglect, while it fell hard on an old soldier, was but simple justice. This was the condition I found the command in on the night of the 9th of January, 1865, when it was attacked by the confederate forces, commanded by Confederate Major General Rosser, numbering 3,500 and outnumbering us at least five to one. The detachment of the Ohio cavalry numbered 358, while a detachment of Ohio infantry numbered the same. I think it was one of the stormiest and most inclement nights I saw during the war. The rain began to fall in the morning, and by 2 p. m. the wind changed to the north, and it snowed very hard, so that when the rebels struck the left wing of our camp the snow was six or eight inches deep. The men were somewhat surprised and excited at the unearthly yells and sudden attack of the rebels. They were neither scared nor panic stricken, for well I remember that 300 of my men, who had rallied by me in an open piece of ground in the rear of our camp and on the south side of the town, when the confederate forces had by this time set fire to the men's quarters, how they called for arms, and I firmly believe with 300 serviceable guns in their hands I could have put the whole confederate force to rout and turned our defeat into victory, so much confidence had I in the resolution and standing of those men, but there was no succor or help, and I was forced to tell the men to scatter and save themselves as best they could. Having only this chance of safety or escape, we separated as much as possible, thinking that some of us might escape an unpleasant captivity. Three of us took shelter in a house near by, going through and up until we found the upper attic, behind an old dilapidated wall and chimney next to the roof. This we considered a safe retreat until the Confederate guard came to the head of the stairs, and, peering around, said to the officer: "There is no Yankee up here, for I can see everything in this loft;" and was about to return down the stairway, while we began to breathe a little. But the captain, not satisfied with the guard's report, ordered him to go back and look behind the chimney wall. This began to look dark for us. As if the plot and scheme were divulged, one of my men began to show a nervousness, and I had to threaten him with every calamity or he would have exposed our retreat; but we held out until two Colt's pistols looked us in the eyes, and two as ugly eyes as ever I saw peer out of any man's head, and we were gone. I requested him not to shoot, as we had no arms, and, of course, were his prisoners.—J. A. SAUNDERS, 8th Ohio Cav., Hillsdale, Ind.

All on the Other Side.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I should like to write something in hopes that it may meet the eyes of my comrades who served with me in the army of the Union. I know you cannot vote for that old enemy of ours. Four years of experience have shown that he hates us and has tried in every way to bring reproach and shame upon the brave defenders of our government. I do not think the rebel soldiers could like him any better for his orders to return the rebel flags as that is nearly all we have to-day, to claim as a consolation to know they are not floating in the air to disgrace our glorious banner. I have a love and respect for the rebel soldier as he fought for his principles as bravely as the Union soldiers did. He no doubt received injuries to his health in the war, and I think the seceded states should pay him a pension, because the Southern states are the states that have been benefitted by the war. And they cannot help but see it to-day, as plainly as we do, and while I say I love the rebel soldiers and believe a great portion of them next November will let Cleveland know that they do not approve of his Free Trade policy, and pauperism for the laboring class; neither do I think they will approve of his everlasting spite-work towards the Union soldiers, but when we, my comrade soldiers, come to the hard set of men that would do us injury, we find them to be the men that remained neutral in time of war, joined the kukiux, went into the brush, and murdered innocent men and burned houses, etc. These can all be counted for Cleveland next November. If I was a Democrat, Jeff Davis would be my choice for President, as he did more to build up the southern states and give prosperity and enterprise to a depressed people of the south through the aid of President Lincoln's proclamation. J. W. COOPER, Carson City, Colo.

Saved From Drowning.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—On the night of October, 1862, I, with some 60 friends, crossed Tennessee river, six miles above Harrison, a little town located near the river, on our way to Kentucky. We were compelled to swim the river. The current being very strong, and I being a man of small stature, I was almost submerged, when a comrade who was immediately in my rear, assisted me to the shore. If this should happen to catch the eye of any of those who were with me, and could give me the name and address of the person who saved me from drowning, I would be grateful. The company, composed of some 60 or more, were unconditional men who were fleeing to Kentucky from the rebels, and were commanded by J. E. Calville, who subsequently became captain of Co. L, 1st Tenn. Cav. I would like to hear from any of my comrades through the CAMP FIRE.—D. H. MURPHY, Ducktown, Tenn.

Well Pleased with the Ticket.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I wish to express myself as being well pleased with the selection of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency on the Republican ticket, and feel very confident that they will be elected. King Grover, with his British free trade policy, his broken promises, his assumption of powers not delegated to him, his vetoes, etc., will be fought by every good Democratic soldier. The record of the party of late years has been one of obstruction and of hate for the volunteers of 1861-65. Just note, for instance, the delayed pension bills in the House and that they would not even allow the friends of the soldier to have a day set for the consideration of any of the bills of that sort that are pending.—S. HALLECK, Dundas, Rice Co., Minn.

Reunion of the 20th O. V. I.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The thirteenth annual reunion of the 20th O. V. V. I. will be held at Mt. Gilead, O., on Thursday, September 6, 1888. An effort will be made to give each member a personal invitation, but as the address of some of the comrades is unknown, it is hoped that any one seeing this notice will consider himself invited, and we will guarantee him a royal welcome at Mt. Gilead, on the date given above. The date for the reunion will give all commands from a distance an opportunity to go direct from here to the national encampment at Columbus, September 10.—W. W. MCCRACKEN, Secretary, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

Splinters.

E. W. Chidester, Sterling, Kansas: Your communication comes under the head of "Information Wanted," which is published only as an advertisement in these columns.

James J. Dennin, Co. C, 96th Indiana, of Winchester, Ind., says: "Some of soldiers find fault with Cleveland. Boys, let us be charitable. The man does the best he knows how. He might make a good sheriff, but when you try to spread him out all over the United States, he is so thin, there is nothing to him."

Corn with Poppies.

The following appears in "Madge's" letters in London *Truth:* "London florists are now so artistic that they do not sell flowers without the correct accompaniments. The other day when I was buying some big, glorious, long-stalked double poppies, the man actually sold me two-pennyworth of corn to go with them! What would the farmers say at the notion of florists selling blades of corn as the correct 'sauce' for a dish of poppies?"

A Friend in Need.

Upson Downes—I find that I've got to run over to Philadelphia for a day or two, Kirby. Can you lend me twenty-five dollars?

Kirby Stone—I s'pose I'll have to, although I'm short myself. Important business over there?

Upson Downes—No; it's a little pleasure trip.—*Midsummer Puck.*

They were Old Friends.

"George, dear," said Mabel, "I thought you and papa were not very good friends."

"Well, yes, that's so to a great extent, I'm sorry to say."

"Why then, did you send him that great big handsome bull dog?"

"Why did I send him that dog?" George smiled a tender, thoughtful, far-away smile. "You see, dearest, that dog and I are old friends."—*Merchant Traveller.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ironing Revolutionized

A BONANZA FOR EVERYBODY!

HEAT UNDER PERFECT CONTROL! COST OF FUEL, 10 Hours Work, 2 Cts.

BEST SELLING NOVELTY In the WORLD!

A RARE CHANCE to CONTROL A PROFITABLE MONOPOLY in YOUR LOCALITY.

If you want to MAKE BIG MONEY QUICK, write for terms and further particulars to the

NATIONAL SELF-HEATING SAD IRON CO.

109 N. 6th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Adjustable Lacing Socket Legs

MADE BY MEN WHO WEAR THEM.

Write for Catalogue to

Artificial Limb M'f'g Co.,

909 PENN. AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

Pass the Buffoon Around.

At the Tammany celebration, Wednesday, [illegible]

Fully Insured.

"So Roddy has been drowned. [illegible]

The Law's Delays.

[illegible]

The Wrong Medicine.

[illegible]

In France.

"Is this dog yours?" [illegible]

"Yes, sir." [illegible]

Disappointment.

[illegible]

At a Girl's School.

[illegible]

Cheering News.

[illegible]

The Fitness of Things.

"Mrs. Smith has been [illegible]

A Clear Case of Self-Defense.

[illegible]

An Invaluable Husband.

[illegible]

He Went Away and Thought Over It.

[illegible]

A Sure Cure OR No Pay.

WE WILL FORFEIT $1,000

[illegible]

WE HAVE NEVER FAILED

[illegible]

MAGIC REMEDY

[illegible]

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE SYPHILIS In any Stage, Whether Contracted or Hereditary.

[illegible]

REFERENCES: R. G. Dun & Co., or Bradstreet Co., [illegible] Omaha, Nebr. [illegible]

ADDRESS

THE COOK REMEDY CO.,

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Achromatic Lenses.

A. N. C., Cadillac, Mich.:

What are achromatic lenses; why called so?

The achromatic lens is so called because it transmits light without dividing it into colors. The white ray of light is made up of a number of colored rays, which have different degrees of refrangibility. When the direct ray is refracted, it divides itself into the colored rays, which deviate in various degrees from the straight line of the simple ray, and do not all focus at the same point, thus surrounding the object viewed with a halo of various colors. It was for many years thought that this defect could not be remedied, but the necessary improvement was invented about 1750 by John Dolland. He made a double lens of flint, and crown glass. These two kinds of glass differ as to their power of dispersing colors, so by using a convex lens of crown glass, with a concave one of flint glass, a perfectly colorless image was obtained.

Buffalo Bugs.

John Graham, St. Paul, Mo.:

1. Please give the distance from New Orleans to South America, and where maps or information of Brazil can be had, and what the fare is from New Orleans to South America.
2. What are buffalo bugs and how can a person get rid of them?
3. Can a grower of tobacco sell it in any quantity he desires without paying duty on it?

1. It is necessary to know to what point in South America the question applies. The only maps of Brazil extant are in geographies. The fare from New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro is about $150. Don't go down there unless you have plenty of money and a knowledge of the Portuguese language. 2. This is a small beetle, which has been long known in the Old World, but did not make its appearance in this country until the year 1884. It was first seen in Buffalo, N. Y., whence the name Buffalo bug was given it. Since that time the insect has spread throughout the West with amazing rapidity. Its scientific name is Anthrenus Scrophulariæ. Its habits are imperfectly known, and it is somewhat uncertain in what stage of its existence it commits its ravages on carpets and woolens. But it is generally thought that this damage is done when it is in the larva form. After this it passes into the pupa state, from which it emerges after some weeks as a perfectly formed beetle. It somewhat resembles the lady-bug in form, and is a small, brown insect. These pests make their abiding place and lay their eggs along the edges of carpets. The best way of destroying them is to lay two or three thicknesses of wet cloth on the carpet, and iron with hot flat-irons. The steam thus generated will be forced down to the floor, and the insects will be killed. It has also been recommended by good authorities to brush the bare floor with a strong solution of corrosive sublimate. To make the solution, take four parts, by weight, of bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), one part chloride of ammonia (sal ammoniac), and 50 parts water. This is very poisonous, and must be handled with great care. The insects may be readily killed in upholstered furniture by the free use of gasoline—of course taking care that no fire is in the vicinity of the treated articles until the gasoline has entirely evaporated. Woolen garments may also be treated with gasoline, or they may be placed in light barrels or boxes, and have a little bisulphide of carbon poured upon them. This substance is very explosive, and ignites readily, so it must be used very carefully. 3. No. The law provides that "farmers and producers of tobacco may sell at the place of production tobacco of their own growth and raising at retail directly to consumers, to an amount not exceeding $100 annually." If they sell more they must take out licenses as retail dealers. A bill reported by the Mills committee repealing all internal taxes on tobacco is now pending in Congress.

Emin Bey.

Will the Question Bureau enlighten its readers about Emin Bey; who is he, and where is he?

Emin Bey, or Emin Pasha, is one of the grandest and most remarkable men living. He is an Austrian by birth, his real name being Schintzer, and was born in Oppeln in 1840. In 1868, having taken a medical degree, he was appointed a surgeon in the Turkish army, and is said to have embraced Mohammedanism. He was sent to Egypt, and was appointed by Gen. Gordon surgeon general of his army. In 1878 he was appointed governor general of the equatorial provinces, with the title of bey, being afterward promoted to pasha. These provinces embraced a vast area, containing 6,000,000 inhabitants. They had for years been overrun with slave traders who did an enormous business in kidnaping or buying the natives, and taking them to the nearest slave market. Within three years after Emin Pasha assumed the government he had driven the slave traders out of these provinces, and by economy, good government, the suppression of abuses and the instruction of the natives in agriculture and handicrafts, had made the provinces a source of revenue to the Cairo government, instead of a heavy charge upon it, as they had been for years. He studied the language and customs of the natives and acquired a wonderful control over them. Then he turned his attention to the surrounding country, which was still in its original condition of barbarity, and under the sway of the slave traders. He succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the kings of Uganda and Unjoro, and the latter still remained faithful to him at the last authentic advices. But in Uganda a new king succeeded to the throne, who was under the control of the slave traders, and he was able, with the assistance of native tribes in various directions, to imprison Emin in his own territory, where from 1882 to 1886 he was completely cut off from communication with the outside world. In October of the latter year he succeeded in getting letters through in the hands of negro runners which described his situation. He could have escaped on his own account by taking picked men and cutting his way through had he been willing to leave the women and children to their fate, and the natives to the mercy of the slave-drivers; but this idea seems never to have occurred to him, and in the last letter received from him he made no appeal for assistance, but simply said that if a relief force could be sent to him it would save his life and prevent his provinces from relapsing into barbarism. On January 1, 1886, Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, left Emin Bey, and after encountering many dangers reached Europe. It was his account that called the attention of the world to Emin's perilous position. A relief expedition was organized, Mr. McKennon of Glasgow and some other Scotchmen contributing $100,000 for that purpose. King Leopold of Belgium and the khedive of Egypt also lent their assistance. Stanley, who was lecturing in the United States at the time, was placed in charge of the expedition, which sailed from Zanzibar Feb. 23, 1887, for the mouth of the Congo by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. The progress of this expedition has been watched with intense interest by the entire civilized world. If it should fail the result would be to hand over to the slave traders a population of 6,000,000 and a province nearly as large as Europe. The province is in Central Africa, west of Lake Albert Nyanza, but its boundaries are very imperfectly defined.

Wade-Davis Manifesto.

R. C. N., Sharpsville, Ind.:

1. What was the Wade-Davis Manifesto against President Lincoln? 2. Please tell something about the international association, having for its object the exploration and settlement of the Congo states.

1. In May, 1864, a bill was introduced in Congress by Henry Winter Davis providing for a reconstruction of the states in rebellion. This bill passed both Houses and one hour before the adjournment of Congress was presented to the President who refused to sign it, thus preventing it from becoming a law. On July 8, the President issued a proclamation, having attached to it a copy of the bill, in which he cited the facts above stated, and while declaring that he was not prepared to commit himself to any one plan of reconstruction, nor to set aside the new governments of Louisiana and Arkansas, nor "to declare a constitutional competency in Congress to abolish slavery in states," (though hoping for its abolition by a constitutional amendment), he yet was satisfied with the plan of the bill "as one very proper plan for the loyal people of any state choosing to adopt it," and to such he promised all aid in carrying it out. Thereupon Davis and Benjamin F. Wade (who had aided in preparing the bill) issued a manifesto impugning President Lincoln's motives, which they declared to be a desire to aid his own re-election by means of the votes of Louisiana and Arkansas, asserting that the substance of the bill had been before the country a year, and that he was therefore familiar with it, but that he himself had schemed to delay it, that "he discards the authority of the Supreme court and strides headlong toward the anarchy" he has inaugurated. The influence of the manifesto in the election was small. The bill was reintroduced at the next session, but was laid on the table. 2. The International African association was first formed in 1876 at the suggestion of King Leopold, who contributed funds to sustain its efforts, and who became its first president. It was composed of scientists, and its object was to stimulate the exploration of "the dark continent." The attention of the association was drawn especially to the territory of the Congo by the return of Henry M. Stanley from that country in 1879. Up to 1877, when that explorer had made his way from the sources of the Nile westward to the Livingstone river, and on to the Atlantic, no white man had ever penetrated to the country of the Upper Congo River. The mouth of this stream had been discovered in 1486, its banks had been colonized for 115 miles from the coast, but there the efforts of explorers were checked by the 250 miles of cataracts. Stanley, however, reported that above the falls, for over 1,000 miles, the river was a broad, deep stream, easily navigable, along whose banks was a country abounding in tropical productions and thickly settled with native tribes. The International association, therefore, engaged Stanley to complete the explorations of the river, and at his suggestion the expedition was made a commercial as well as a scientific enterprise. It was found that steamers built in sections could be readily transported around the cataracts, put together, and launched on the upper river. By the beginning of the year 1883, Stanley had under his command, 2,000 natives, and seventy-five Europeans, had twelve boats making regular trips up and down the river, and directed the affairs at seventeen stations. About that time the French claim to this territory began to threaten trouble. From their settlements on the Gaboon River, 300 miles north of the mouth of the Congo, M. de Brazza, a French explorer, had penetrated through the intervening territory to the Congo, and claimed to have made treaties with native chiefs, giving his country first right to the country from Stanley Pool northward to the equator. A third claimant was Portugal, who, having established colonies on the south bank of the lower river, claimed the country on both sides as far as the cataracts. In October, 1883, the Portuguese Government addressed a note to the European powers, setting forth its claim, and this claim the British Ministry promptly recognized, actuated, it is thought, by jealousy of French pretensions. When Stanley returned in 1884, he suggested the formation of a "Free State" from the newly discovered territory, and an appeal was made by the International Association to the powers of the world for its recognition. The United States promptly responded, and other powers soon followed our example, France consenting to do so on receiving a promise that should the International Association ever wish to sell out its rights as protector of the State she might have the refusal of their purchase. An international conference was now summoned by Bismarck to meet at Berlin, Nov. 15, 1884, to settle the boundaries of the Congo Free State and adopt laws to govern its trade. At this conference the Congo basin forming that state was defined as comprising all the territory drained by this river and its branches, and the West African coast from the river Loge on the south to the river Sette on the north. Portugal resigned her claim to the territory of the river, excepting a short section of the coast, and was confirmed in her protectorate over the country on the south. In like manner France, by yielding her claims to the east bank of the Congo at Stanley Pool, received in return part of the association's territory north of the Chileango river. Within the bounds of the Free State the conference guaranteed perfectly free trade should be granted to all nations. No duty is to be levied on importations or exportations, except such as may seem necessary in the interest of general trade, and all monopolies and favors are strictly prohibited. All necessary measures are to be taken to suppress slavery, and Christian missions are to be encouraged. The government of the state is in the hands of the association, which control all official appointments made therein. Col. Strauch, a German, is president of the association now, but it is still regarded as under the especial patronage of its first friend and founder, King Leopold. Stanley has just been appointed as the first governor of the state.

Miscellaneous.

C. M., Lima, O.: We have no means of answering your question.

Lola Buch, Genoa, Ill.:
You have not made yourself clear in your question.

First Voter, Toledo: You will have to sign your name to your question before the BLADE can pay any attention to it.

Mrs. I. S. C.;
Was General Sheridan married more than once?
No.

J. M., Witchita: The BUREAU can not answer questions regarding the liabilities of firms. It is so stated in the rules at the head of this department, so please do not ask.

Subscriber, Sigousney, Ia.:
To whom should a person apply to get a play put on the stage in Chicago?
Any of the theater managers.

C. C. C., Indianapolis: We can not advertise your goods through the BUREAU. You will have to get the information before the public by a liberal use of the advertising columns.

J. H. J., Brownville, Neb.:
Please give me through the BLADE the name of some Republican paper published at the home of Benjamin Harrison.
Indianapolis *Journal.*

E. H., Pikeville, Tenn.:
Will you inform me if petroleum pays any duty? If so, how much?
Twelve million odd gallons imported in 1886 paid 2,000,000 odd dollars.

J. L. B., Palmer, Ill.:
Will you please furnish me the address of one of the strongest Democrat (or rebel) papers published in the South?
Courier Journal, Louisville.

B. M. D., Willis, Kan.:
The article you send us concerning the Republicans of Ohio and the Owen Sunday law is absurdly incorrect. There is no affiliation between the liquor interest and the Ohio Republicans.

A Subscriber, Bowen, Ills.:
Can you tell me where I can procure one of those silver dollar photograph cases you spoke of in last week's paper?
Probably some New York jeweler can supply you. We can give no address.

A. L. S.: Send your request to some chemist.
Why, at the closing of High or Union school, where one or more persons graduate, is it called Commencement Exercises? True, it is the closing of school life, but is the commencement of the more fruitful period of manhood and womanhood.

D. W. Townsend, Boswell, O.:
Can you tell me how many newspapers and magazines are published in the United States of all kinds?
Eleven thousand four hundred and three, with a circulation of 37,177,924.

G. C. Silliman, Carmi, Ill.:
1. How many naturalized Chinese are there in the United States? 2. When was the law passed which keeps them from becoming naturalized?
1. There are no statistics, but the number cannot be but a few hundred. 2. There is no such law.

G. E. B., Elizabethton, Tenn.:
I have a floor on which salt has been packed in sacks, and it becomes very damp and wet occasionally. Will you be so kind as to inform me through the columns of your paper what will remove the dampness?
Salt will become damp almost anywhere; the only remedy is to let in plenty of sunlight and air.

E. G. H., Sidney, Iowa:
What amount of pension does our present commissioner of Pensions draw, and for what disability?
He draws a pension of $100 per month, the highest granted. It was granted because of total disability, yet he holds the office of commissioner of Pensions, and advices received from him has caused most of Cleveland's vetoes.

L. P. Besler, Vermillion, Ill.:
1. Were there any ex-rebels in Garfield's cabinet? If so, who? 2. Give names of ex-rebels who are now, or have been, in Cleveland's cabinet.
1. No. 2. Attorney General Garland was in the Confederate Senate and ex-Secretary Lamar (now one of the supreme judges by grace of Grover Cleveland) was in the Confederate ranks.

L. B. B., Millwood, Kan.:
1. Whose place is it to choose a minister to officiate—the bride or groom? 2. Who are George Eliot, Bill Nye, Mark Twain, Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, Tom Sawyer and Josh Billings? 3. Will Dr. Talmage answer questions through the BLADE?
1. Should be a matter of mutual agreement. 2. "George Eliot" is the pen-name of the late Mrs. Marian Evans Lewes, a famous English novelist. Bill Nye is the real name of an American humorous writer. "Mark Twain" is the pen-name of Samuel M. Clemens, the noted humorist. "Petroleum V. Nasby" was the pseudonym of the late D. R. Locke, of the BLADE. "Tom Sawyer" is the name of one of Mark Twain's books. "Josh Billings" was the pen-name of an American humorist, now dead, named Shaw. 3. No.

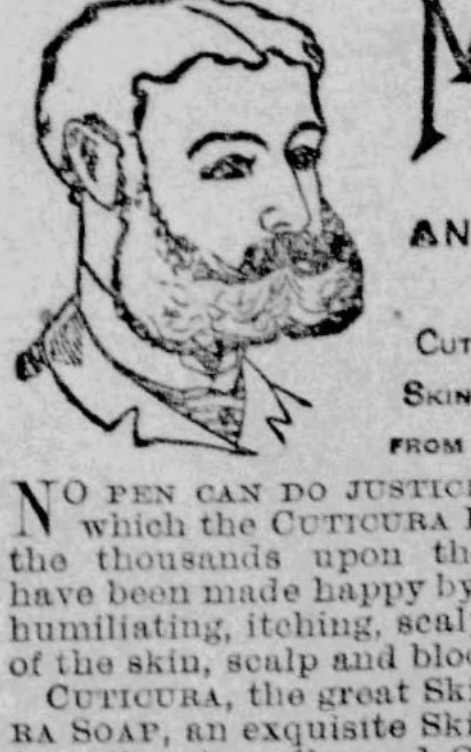
Kate Duncan, Dunnville, Ky.:
Are the inhabitants of the District of Columbia entitled to vote for President? If not, why not?
The inhabitants of the District of Columbia can not vote for a President for the reason that the district is not a state. Only citizens of states can cast a vote for President and Vice President. This is why the Democrats are keeping Dakota out of the Union; they fear it would be a Republican state if admitted.

M. H. B., Mark, Iowa.
Please answer in the BUREAU, can a person vote for President who is a candidate in one party, and for Vice President of another party at the same election? If it is possible give instructions how to arrange the ticket?
No. You vote for the electors, and the Republican electors cast the vote for both Republican candidates. You will have to vote for Harrison and Morton or Cleveland and Thurman. You can not vote for Harrison and Thurman or Cleveland and Morton.

E. J. Doud, ——:
Will you please answer the following question? A couple of weeks ago a Prohibition speaker at Fulton, stated that at the Brewers' convention held in 1885, the following resolution was passed: "We command all brewers and all men engaged in the liquor trade, whether Republican or Democrat, to vote the Republican ticket. I do not believe the assertion to be true.
We have no data to answer your question. The statement has not the true ring, however.

F. Fisher, St. Machide, Minn.:
What is the mad stone? Will it cure the bite of a dog?
The mad stone, it is claimed, when applied to the bite from a mad dog will extract the poison. The claim is wrong, however, as no such result will follow. There has not yet been any cure for hydophobia found. People bitten by mad dogs have undergone treatment and escaped the disease, but there is no way of telling whether they would have had it had they not taken the treatment, as all persons bitten by a mad dog do not take the disease. The mad stone whim is the worst kind of nonsense.

Roxy, Rich Hill:
1. What do the Democrats mean by "civil service reform" and "tariff for revenue only?" 2. Did the Mills bill pass?
Civil service reform was intended to make fitness the test when a person was appointed to certain offices under the government. But under Democratic rule it has been disregarded and political wire pulling is what counts. "Tariff for revenue only," is the cry, but ultimate free trade with its consequent competition with pauper labor is what it really means. 2. The Mills bill has not passed yet. It may pass the House very soon, but will never pass the Senate so long as that body is Republican, and has the interests of country and its people, especially the working people, at heart.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

RAILWAY CATECHISM.

Post Up on Railways—Distances, Fastest Time and Everything Else.

How many miles of railway in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles—about half the mileage of the world. How much have they cost? Nine billion dollars. How many people are employed by them? More than a million. Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper. How long does a steel rail last with average wear? About eighteen years. What is the cost of a palace sleeping car? About $15,000, or $17,000 if "vestibuled." What is the cost of a high-class eight wheel passenger locomotive? About $8,500. What is the longest American railway tunnel? Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg railway (4¾ miles.) What is the highest railroad in the United States? Denver and Rio Grande, Marshall Pass, 10,852 feet. What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States? Kinzua viaduct, on the Erie road, 305 feet high. What is the longest railway bridge span in the United States? Cantilever span in Poughkeepsie bridge, 548 feet. What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system, about 8,000 miles. What line of railway extends farthest east and west? Canadian Pacific railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific ocean. What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan Elevated railroad, New York, 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly. What is the fastest time made by a train? Ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes, one mile being made in forty-six seconds, on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad. What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days seven hours and thirty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds, Special theatrical train, 1886. What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in 10,000,000. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents.

The Bathing Girl.

"The methods of the bathing girl," says an eastern exchange, "are unique. After lying for a glad half-hour at full length in the soft, hot embrace of the sand, she gets up courage enough to go tottering down the slope of the beach for a look at the water. She pecks about for a few moments like a sand piper, and after many feints and backward jumps she touches a wasted wavelet with the tippy tip of her unwilling toe. Then she looks up quickly to see if any one at the pavilion caught her doing it. It takes fully fifteen minutes for the girl to get out as deep as her knees, and when the swells float up to where the pantalettes begin you can see the short gasps that she has to make for breath. After many trembling, wide-eyed moments of doubt the girl makes an important decision. She watches for a nice, gentle wave, and when she finds one that pleases her, she turns half round and sits on it. Oh! She jumps from off it as though it were red hot. Then she goes up on the bench and lies prone on the velvety sand for another delightful season.

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates, must be free from nervous debility and female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harmonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women, it is unequaled.

How the Meanest Man in New York Captured a Quarter.

The meanest man in New York came across the East River on a Roosevelt street ferryboat, says the New York *Sun.* He was well dressed and looked as if he had means. He probably had. At any rate he was chock full of meanness. He was standing on the after deck of the boat. Near him was a shabbily dressed man counting a few coins in the palm of his hand. The seedy man dropped a coin on the deck. The coin rolled against the well dressed man's boot. He saw the quarter, and, in a quiet, sneaking way, put his foot on it. Then he looked over across the water with a far away expression in his eyes.

The seedy man looked long and earnestly for his quarter. Several of the passengers assisted him. The poor fellow looked terribly worried, and anybody could see that the loss of a quarter was a very serious matter to him. The well-dressed man never moved.

When the slip was reached the well-dressed man waited until all the passengers had gone forward. Then he stooped down and picked up the quarter and put in his pocket with an air of great satisfaction.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

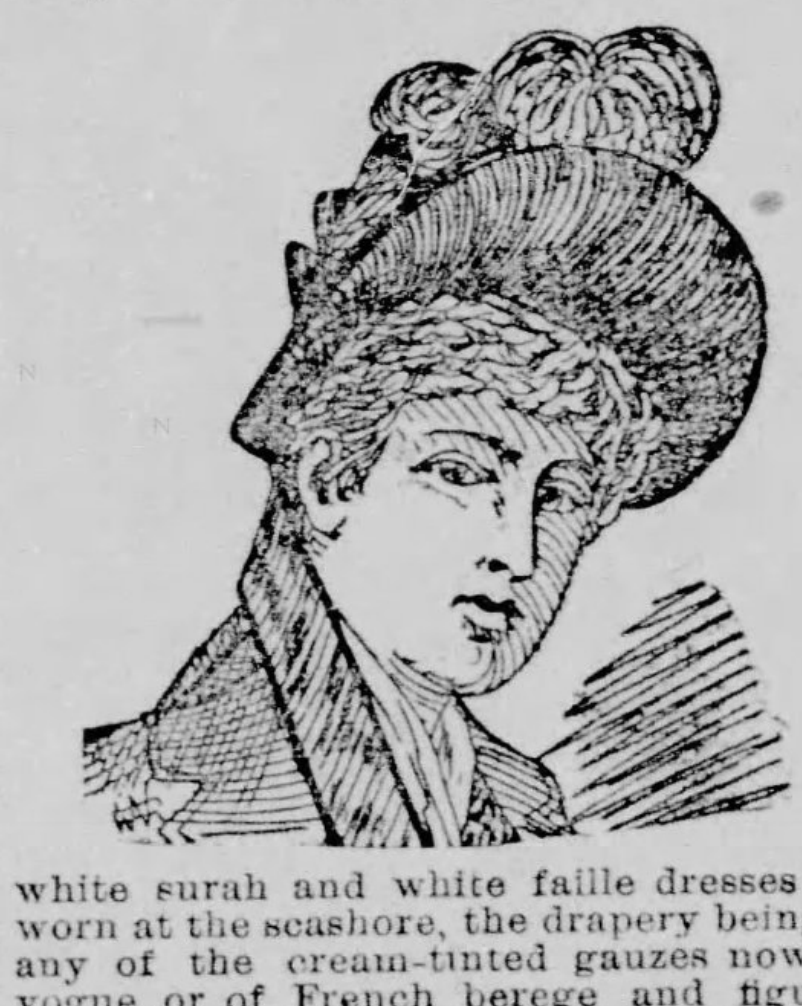
SUMMER AND FALL.

THE REIGN OF THE BUSTLE OVER.

Directoire Fashions Influencing the Autumn Styles—Coming Styles for All—The Toilets Worn at Out-Door Entertainments.

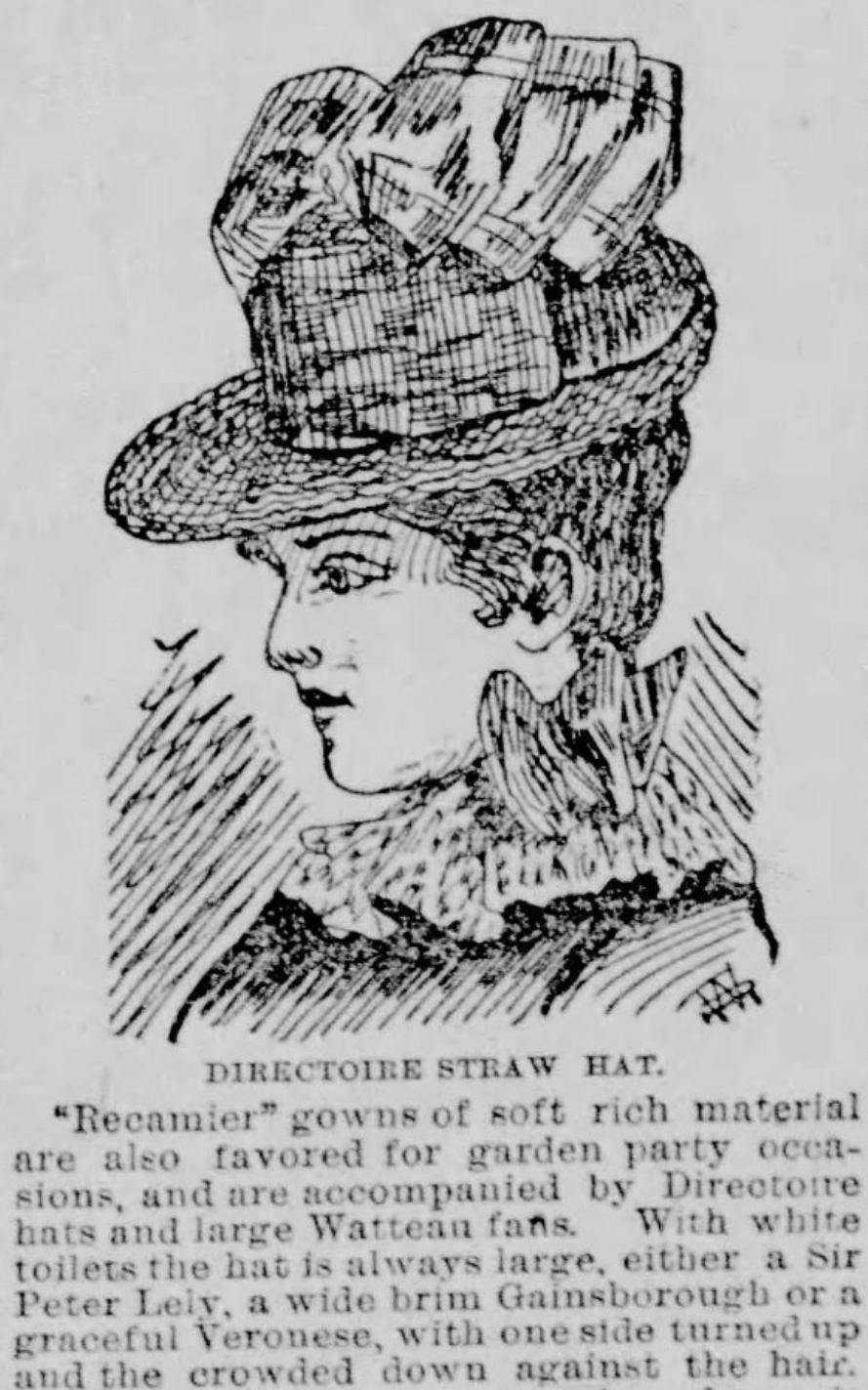
NEW YORK, July 20.—(Special letter.)—Now, at midsummer, when fashions of the season are well distributed, and designers are studying for the future, the results of good work are scattered all over the country in the form of toilets of perfect taste, artistic as to color, and well adapted to their wearers. The great desideratum of the costume during present weeks is coolness; batiste and lawn, lace and crepe are ruling fabrics, and the most fastidious do not disdain white mull, which they call "First Empire," and distinguished. Mme. Recamier, "vowed to white," installed a fashion followed ever since where elegance is aimed at, gowns of diaphanous muslin being enriched now, as in her day, with what she called "exquisite laces of Mechlin and Valenciennes."

Few days at the seashore are so dry as to make cotton dresses pleasant to wear, hence the most acceptable are of silk and wool combined, or of fine wool in French twills, which have fancy names. Black and white surah, from fine shepherd checks up to blocks an inch square make dressy skirts, accompanied at various times by blouses of both black and white surah. Other seashore gowns are of Indian tussore, made up in skirt and polonaise, or a basque and skirt with drapery, garnitures of dyed lace and appliques of kid. Bands of Turkish or Parisian embroidery in dull red, greens and tinsel thread on canvas are also used as trimmings for tussore dresses. A great many white surah and white faille dresses are worn at the seashore, the drapery being of any of the cream-tinted gauzes now in vogue, or of French berege and figured net. Creamy machine laces supply trimmings, sashes being of the silk material composing the skirt.



At fashionable watering places ladies dress in the morning as if ready to go in the street, in simple but handsome costumes, the princesse and loose gown being considered only suitable for the private apartment. Cream white flannel without any color in combination, made with full or plaited skirt, blouse waist and sash stitched in rows along the edge. For afternoon and evening wearing much more dressy toilets are demanded, and scarcely anything is too elaborate if the correct character is observed. The larger number of watering place toilets are now made with trains, except for the younger young ladies, and when dancing suggests a shorter skirt the train is held up by a loop of the fabric placed low down upon the skirt.

Toilets worn at outdoor entertainments held in private grounds are quite unlike those appropriate for public gatherings, although both may be equally dressy. The former are extremely showy and as suitable for indoors as for the so-called garden, which is usually a lawn. Some of the most distinguished garden party toilets are as complete a copy of the "little Trianon" as the figure will accommodate. There is the same panier effect, the short skirt, the snowy shoes and the same playing at simplicity with the most expensive materials to be found. Brilliant and soft colors are equally divided, and for oddity there are dresses of lotus blue, Persian rose and bright nasturtium, the latter softened by ruches of either black or white lace.



DIRECTOIRE STRAW HAT.

"Recamier" gowns of soft rich material are also favored for garden party occasions, and are accompanied by Directoire hats and large Watteau fans. With white toilets the hat is always large, either a Sir Peter Lely, a wide brim Gainsborough or a graceful Veronese, with one side turned up and the crowded down against the hair. The "Jacobin," a more regular shape, is trimmed with a wide scarf of silk mull arranged in graceful drapery, without other ornament than some odd looking pin thrust through the knot as if by accident. Many entirely white parasols are carried without outdoor toilets of this character, and frequently are made of costly lace.

COMING STYLES.

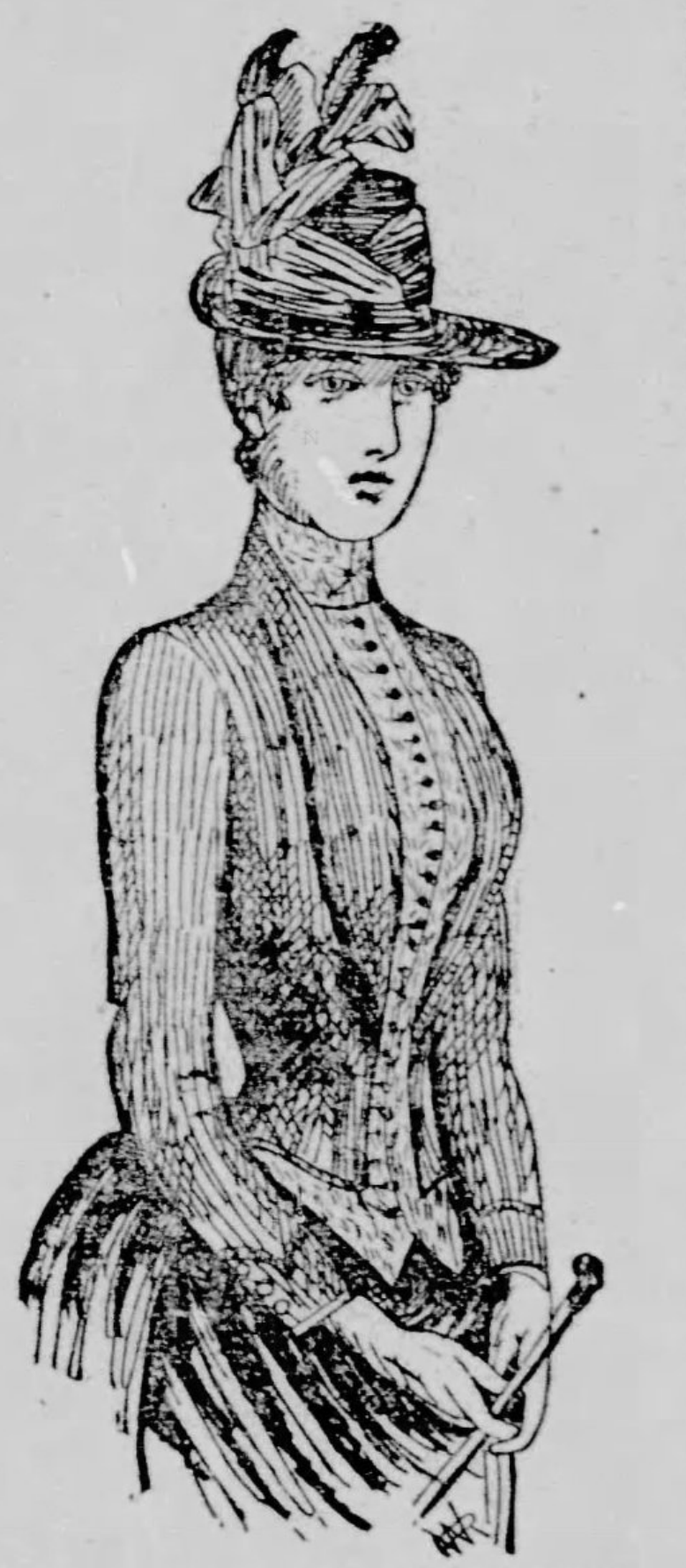
The first woollens worn on the street during the early fall will be camel's hairs, serges and other twilled cloths; and Henrietta cloths of various colors. The books of importers show few fancy mixtures or fancy figured goods. The majority of woollens thus far imported are what are termed by merchants "plain dyed cloths;" that is, cloths in surfaces which are unbroken by figure, or which are figured or striped in self-color. These woollens will be made up into stylish gowns with smoothly fitting bodices, and long, straight draperies, and which in many instances will be completed for street wear by short, graceful mantles of the same material.

A number of bordered woollens are shown for fall, but these goods will be more popular outside of New York than in the city, where they are no longer novelties. Persian borders in new effects are shown this season; and camel's-hairs of dark, soft hues are imported with wide and narrow woven borders in subdued Oriental figures and mingled colors like the pattern of a camel's-hair shawl. When these goods are made up the underskirt is edged with the wide half-yard Persian border, but is otherwise plain and straight around, and is nearly concealed by the long draperies which are frequently trimmed with bands at the side extending to the waist—a plan which is resorted to to give increased height to the figure, which the present style of dress aims always to do.

The gradual reduction of the tournure, which has been accomplished during the summer, leaves the skirt quite straight at the back, so that but the slightest possible bustle is needed.

Camel's-hairs in solid color, with bourette figures or stripes, are among the new cloths, and there are combinations of smooth and rough camel's-hair in stripes and crossbars of varied width. Rough goods, twills and serges will all be popular for general serviceable wear. These cloths are the natural mixtures used extensively by English tailors last season, but which were difficult to obtain at the shop counter. Some of the old houses are importing silk-warped Henrietta cloths in a variety of colors for fine wool costumes. The cheaper all-wool Henriettas will be little used, as experience has demonstrated that they are unserviceable. Manufacturers believe that the new colored Henriettas will wear as well as black, as every care has been taken to secure dyes that will act equally on the silk and wool.

Fewer silk and wool poplins or bengallines are shown so far, than last season. Satin berber is an old-time wool fabric with a satin lustre, which is revived under the name of satin-faced Henrietta cloth. Drap d'alma, an exquisitely soft wool goods, slightly heavier than cashmere, is imported in all colors. There are many cords like the pure wool Stephano cord, a goods with reps the size of an Ottoman silk, but which run lengthwise and do not catch the dust like a cross-over cord. Sebastopol cords and diagonal rep show the fancy or repped and corded effects. Cloths with fancy selvedges are often banded with a color in decided contrast, a band of fine lines of silk giving the effect of threads of gold, silver or copper separating the two colors. Thus a navy blue cloth is crossed by a three-inch band of chocolate-color or copper-brown, separated by a group of hair-line silk stripes of bright copper color. Dark green cloths are banded with steel gray, separated by silk lines of silver hue.



STREET COSTUME, WAISTCOAT BODICE.

The prevalence of the Directoire fashions is shown in the plain armor-fitting bodices whose outlines are unbroken, even by the wide Incroyable revers, which are turned back nearly to the arm-hole, but reveal the narrowest possible line of vest, and in which in some cases are turned back and fastened close together to the throat. A few draped waists, similar to those now seen, the fullness beginning at the shoulders and drawn down to a point in front, are shown on French plates for fall. The draperies in all fashion plates thus far imported are long, eccentric, quite different on the two sides, and usually display the front breadth of the gown in some cases to the waist-line. All effort at bouffant styles is done away with by the new draperies, which fitted quite plainly at the back, leave the hips smooth and plain.

Plain round skirts with flat trimming or skirts laid in large pleats will be the rule for street gowns. High collars, close-fitting sleeves and high shoulder-seams remain the features of bodices. The chief change this fall will be in the further reduction of the tournure and the close, long, clinging nature of drapery and the adoption of styles which will tend to metamorphose the paniered petite type of beauty of the Pompadour epoch into the willowy, slender, classically draped figure of Madame Recamier's day.

There are only a few patterns of the new silks for the coming season in market. Lyons manufacturers have been exceedingly reticent about their new designs. It has been the custom of certain manufacrurers of cheap, showy silks to reproduce these French patterns by machine as soon as they were shown. Patterns have been guarded so carefully this season that even the workmen have been given their work much later than usual to prevent any danger arising from their gossiping about the new designs.

Jackets in various lengths and long wraps are being preferred for fall and winter. There will be an effort next season to introduce the three quarter length in jackets. Mantles of the material of the dress will be extensively worn. Matelasse silks in large tapestry patterns, plushes and velvets in large brocaded designs, trimmed with furs, are being prepared for winter. A feature of the new long cloaks for winter is the Russian collar of fur in shawl shape lapped over irregularly in front. Velour du Nord, a silken plush, lighter than ordinary plush and heavier than velvet, is one of the richest materials shown for elegant winter wraps. The matelasse goods, with a heavy back, is the material prepared for less expensive wraps.

Mrs. Dart's Triplets.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Hamburgh, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lactated Food is the best Food for bottle-fed babies. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1.00. At druggists. Cabinet photo. of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year.

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MR. TAYLOR'S LITTLE JOKE.

An Editor Rejects a Standard Poem Because He Thought a Boy Wrote It.

Mr. Robert Taylor, the proprietor of Chicago's most valued weekly paper, *America*, is still a very young man, yet he has already developed humorous traits of a subtle and pungent character. Last week he played a practical joke on his editor, Mr. Slason Thompson—a joke which will probably rankle and fester in Mr. Thompson's bosom for many a day. Mr. Taylor drummed a small boy into his service and got him to copy off one of Keats' prettiest poems; this copy of the poem he sent to "the editor of *America*," with a note saying that the author was a lad only 13 years old, who would like to see his work in *America*.

In about two days back came a real kind note from Editor Thompson. It was pleasantly worded, but it returned the poem. "My dear little friend," wrote Mr. Thompson, "your poem is very nice for a little boy only 13 years old, but it is hardly good enough for *America*. You must not be discouraged, however, for success in life can be accomplished only by patience and toil. You would do well to keep on writing poetry, and I doubt not that by and by you will do so well that *America* will print what you write. Sincerely your friend," etc.—*Chicago News.*

The Final Doom.

Mrs. Cleveland has decided as peremptorily as Cromwell dismissed the rump parliament that the bustle must go. It will be as defunct presently as the crinoline, the tilting hoop or the sky-scraping bonnet. In Mrs. Cleveland's fresh invoice of dresses the bustle has no place, and the influence of her example is to be felt speedily through all the land. So the bustle is supposed to be doomed. The bustle maker must soon go out of business, for the place that once knew the bustle will know it no more forever, and the manufacturer will write over his doorway, "Done to death by a Democratic administration bent on destroying American manufactures."

As a wire-puller Mrs. Cleveland has exhausted the supply and forbids further production.—*Times.*

When They Leave Us,

The exodus of our bodily troubles is doubly welcome if their departure is unaccompanied by pain. It is the fault of the best of commendable cathartics, which act solely upon the bowels, that in operating they gripe and weaken these organs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters produce a laxative effect, but neither causes pain nor weaken the abdominal region or the stomach. This is pre-eminently the alterative which a constipated, bilious or dyspeptic person should use, since a resort to it involves no bodily discomfort nor produces a violent reaction. The liver is aroused, the stomach benefitted, and the habit of body speedily and permanently improved by it. Fever and ague, rheumatism and kidney troubles are among the maladies for which recorded experience has proved it to be efficacious. It is a wholesome appetizer, and a far more reliable tranquillizer of the nerves than stomach-disturbing narcotics and sedatives.

FURNITURE FOR TODDLERS.

The Chinese Winter Cradles—Live Babies Buried in Snow and Sand.

The Chinese have a queer institution which they call the winter cradle. It is shaped somewhat like an hour glass and stands on end. There is an opening above and below, and the waist, which is contracted, serves to keep the celestial baby on his feet. Day after day little almond-shaped eyes peep over the top of this cradle, and little hands play with miniature dragons and other toys till the nurse puts in an appearance. Some of these winter cradles are made of wicker-work and are beautifully painted by Chinese women artists. It is almost impossible for one to be upset; but now and then, when two are placed close together, and the occupants declare war and measure arms, two cradles roll over the floor to noises that "bring down the house."

The Lapp baby very often has a snow cradle, for when the indulgent mother attends church she makes a hole in the snow outside, and deposits the young Laplander therein. It is no uncommon sight to see a circle of these snow cradles in front of a Lapp chapel, and now and then a lot of fierce-looking dogs are on guard to keep the wolves that might meditate a raid on the baby contingent. The Lapp cradle in material differs essentially from that used by the Bushman baby, whose mother digs a hole in the hot sand and chucks him therein in the shadow of some lonely bush. Sometimes the cradle is ready to hand in the shape of an ostrich nest, and now and then some feathers left by the mighty bird help to soften the nest of the future Bushman warrior.

There is a tribe in the palm region of the Amazon that cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up around the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bathtub. Strong cords are formed from the sinews of another species of palm, and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little tot to sleep. Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave a baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkey delighted to drop nuts downward with an unerring precision. An older child is stationed near by to watch the baby during his siestas, and the chatter of the monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy migration.

Patagonian babies are kept in cradles made of flat pieces of board. Two pieces of guanaco skin are so arranged across the cradle that the child is firmly fastened inside and can be carried thus suspended from a saddle-bow without danger. In the rude huts of this people these cradles are hung hammockwise to the rafters, and amid the smoke that darkens everything, including his very nature, as it seems, the Patagonian infant passes the first stages of babyhood. When the village migrates the cradle is swung from the saddle, and in swimming a stream it floats like a canoe on the surface, while the horse is almost entirely submerged. Sir Francis Head, who saw a good deal of Patagonian life years ago, leaves on record the statement that the Patagonian baby in his queer cradle is one of the best natured representatives of the infant world.

One would hardly go to Kaffirland for a fantastic cradle, and one almost as queer as it is fantastic at that. Yet he would find such a one there. The Kaffir baby, when he comes into the world, is put into a cradle or bag, made of antelope skin, with the hair on. This baby castle, narrow toward the bottom, widens within a few inches of the opening, when it again suddenly contracts. The skin is turned inward, giving the young Kaffir as soft a bed as some found in the cradles of royalty. Four long strips of antelope skin are attached to the cradle, and enable the mother to swing it on her back after a peculiar fashion.—*Drake's Magazine.*

White Swelling.

Mr. M. S. Hamlin, one of the best known insurance men in North Carolina, writes from Winston, as follows: "Ever since I was seven years of age I have had what the doctors call hip disease, and which I call white swelling. My hip was drawn out of place. There was a swelling at the knee-joint, where there is a profuse running, which has been there for years. Of course this has greatly depleted my system, together with surgical operation on the leg bone. I tried every known blood purifier to build up my system, but none did me good until I took S. S. S. I use it every spring. It always builds me up, giving me appetite and digestion, and enables me to stand the long, trying, enervating, hot summer days. To me there is no such medicine for purifying the blood and building up the wasted system as S. S. S. On using it I soon became strong of body and easy of mind. My color changed from a pale, worn look to a healthy, robust complexion."

Mr. G. N. Frizzel, of Farmersville, Texas, writes: "About August 1st, 1865, an eruption appeared on my arms and legs, which pained me much and seemed to affect my physical condition generally. On the advice of a physician at this place, I finally commenced using Swift's Specific. I am glad to say that after using three large bottles the sores have all healed."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFC CO, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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Something to be Thankful For.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* gives its word that this story is true: An old auntie of a complexion rivaling the night for blackness came to do the weekly wash at the house of a friend of mine not long ago. The lady of the house asked how her health was, and Susie, the ebony mistress of the laundry, replied: "I'se pretty well, t'ank de Lawd; I'se got a lil misery in the lef' knee, but t'aint of no 'count. De ole man, miss, am pow'ful bad. He hab a pain hin de lef' side, a pow'ful big pain, an' de doctah he do say dat it ud be dangerous if 't ud ha' been in de right side, for den his heart ud ha' been 'fected—but t'ank de Lawd hit's in de lef'."

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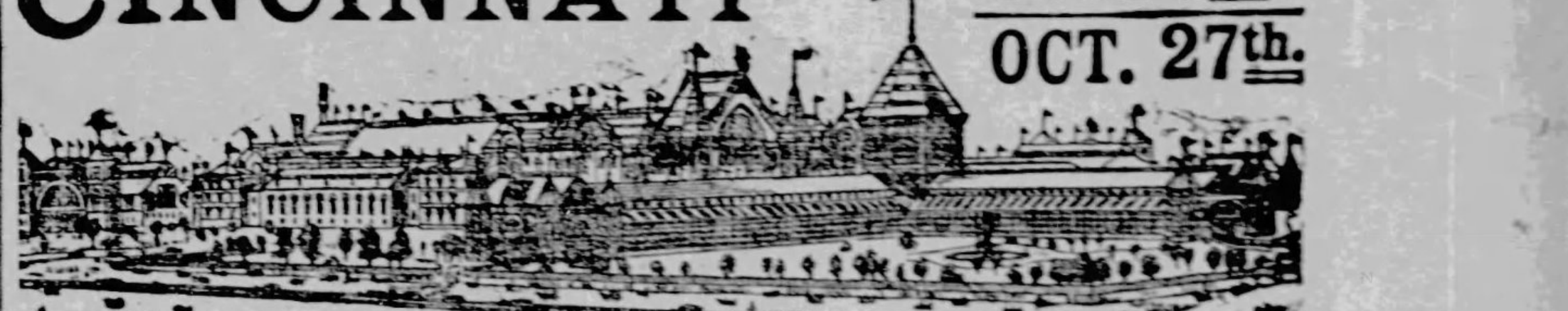

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THE PROHIBITION ISSUE AND THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN.

There are a great many interests and causes that demand work for their success or perpetuity. Each has its proper time for consideration. While intemperance is a giant evil, there are other evils which demand the efforts of the people for their suppression. While it is a burning question with thousands and tens of thousands of the citizens of the United States, it does not follow that all other questions are to be ignored till it is settled. There are other reforms to be supported beside the temperance reform. The proper time for each is when something tangible can be accomplished for it.

There are no less than seven Presidential tickets before the people of the United States for this campaign, and there will be one more added to it—the "American" ticket. Each of these eight tickets stands for some cause, some particular issue, whose supporters are endeavoring to enlist the attention of the voters of the country. The peculiarity of the present campaign is that there is one issue which must, from the very nature of things, be *decided* by the election. The fiscal policy of the government is either to be continued on protective lines, or it is to be changed to a purely revenue basis. The choice of members of the Fifty first Congress, which will enact the proper legislation, and of a President who will execute these laws, hinges entirely upon that one issue.

On the one hand stands the Republican party, declaring in favor of a continuance of this protective policy. On the other stands the Democratic party, urging that the governmental policy be changed, and placed on a mere revenue basis. Whatever form of words may be used be used by demagogues to cheat and confuse the people, and to veil the real point of the struggle, the plain facts is as above stated. The issue is on the tariff question, and the policy of the government, for the next four years, is to be decided at the polls next November.

The friends of the other six causes which have tickets in the field can not hope to accomplish anything this year. Not one of them has the slightest hope of electing even a single Congressman, and far less its Presidential candidate. All they can do is to prevent a full expression of the will of the people on the one overshadowing issue—the tariff question.

It is foolish in the last degree to say that any of these questions, represented by the other tickets in the field, is really of greater importance than the tariff issue. The masses of the people are more deeply interested in the tariff question than in any other, because its determination will, in one way or another, affect, favorably or unfavorably, the pocket of almost every man in the entire country. Then it is a question that is not up simply for debate, but for decision; and it matters little whether there is another question that is, in a higher sense, still more important. The man whose house is burning is apt to take more immediate interest in that matter than in the knowledge that a pestilence has broken out in somebody else's house.

We repeat, the proper time to work is when something definite can be accomplished. That is the case with the tariff matter. It is to be decided next November. Every voter in the United States owes it, as a duty to himself and his fellow-voters, that he shall aid, by his ballot, in that decision. To do that he must vote for the Presidential and Congressional tickets of either the Republican or of the Democratic party.

The most numerous of the smaller parties is of course the Prohibitionist. Their votes may decide between protection and free trade. We believe that a great majority of the voters of that party are protectionist in sentiment. They have the opportunity to do good work for that cause, without injuring their own; for, whichever way the coming national contest turns, it will not change the attitude of the people of the country toward the Prohibition cause.

The Prohibition question is a state question, in that the power to prohibit the Rum traffic inheres in the state as one of its police powers. It can not become national till three-fourths of the states are won for Prohibition, thus giving the necessary number of states to adopt an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of Rum within the nation. We believe it is the dictate of wisdom to do the thing necessary to be done when the opportunity is at hand—not to calmly stand by and let it pass, because the thing then up for settlement is not the thing you most desire to see settled. Again, a decisive vote in favor of protection—the election of a protectionist majority in the national House of Representatives, and of a Chief Executive in full accord with that majority on this issue—will settle the question, and take it out of the domain of active politics, leaving room for newer issues to come up. The election of a free trade House and President means a continuance of the agitation; for we are firmly convinced that the results of the legislation to which the Democratic party is pledged will be to so disturb the country that a reaction of public feeling will set in, and four years hence the question again be the all-absorbing one of the canvass.

It is a grievous thing that often very honest people, in their devotion to a right principle, take the path that leads them directly into the camp of the enemy. We believe, in view of the all-absorbing interest in the tariff issue, that this will be the practical result with those who, in their devotion to the principle of Prohibition, shirk the duty of aiding the cause of American industries and American labor. Every vote for the Prohibition candidate for President, every vote for that party's Congressional candidates, merely takes one vote from the cause of protection and gives the free trade cause that much advantage. The Blade opposes the Rum traffic most earnestly, but it is going to oppose the free trade cause with equal earnestness. That Rum will eventually be overthrown in this nation we thoroughly believe, but it will not accelerate this desirable result to allow free trade Democracy to enter on national control. We shall do battle with the latter, yet not intermit our efforts to arouse the people to the monster evils of the traffic in intoxicants and the necessity of their uniting in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

After some six months' silence, we shall insert, next week, an advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. There are two reasons why we have not been speaking of it in the Blade during this time:

First—We were selling, without advertising, all that we could fill orders for.

Second—We were reorganizing the factory, putting it in better working trim, and increasing its facilities.

The Machine itself has been somewhat improved, and is now, without doubt, the best machine in the market. After the advertisement appears, we shall be able to fill all orders for machines *at once.* They will be shipped within 24 hours of receipt of the order. We are arranging to be able to fill fifty orders daily, and anticipate that, as soon as harvest is over, we shall have that demand for them.

Next week we shall give full particulars in an extensive advertisement. In the meantime, if any subscribers wish to get in their orders promptly, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, and a Blade Sewing Machine, for $18. Send for a descriptive circular.

THE "DEADLY PARALLEL."

The Mills bill is a measure which is nominally intended to avoid the accumulation of a surplus in the United States Treasury by reducing the tariff.

In reality it is a measure which protects all important Southern industries, while removing protection from industries in which the North is largely interested.

It is a sectional measure, and should be defeated on that account alone, if on no other. Here are some of its items, arranged in parallel colums for illustration:

NORTHERN INDUSTRIES.	SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES.
Lumber—made free. Product, nearly $300,000,000 per year.	Sugar—no change in duty that affects raw sugars.
Wool—made free. Product, over 300,000,000 pounds per year.	Rice—no change in duty.
Salt—made free. Product, nearly 40,000,000 bushels per year.	Peanuts—no change in duty.
Iron and steel—duties reduced.	Marble—duty first stricken off, but restored on protest of Tennessee Representatives.
Other metals—duties reduced.	The reductions in iron and iron ore bear far less heavily on the few Southern iron masters, because they pay far lower wages than are paid at Pittsburg and other Northern iron centers.
Furniture—duties reduced.	
Fish—duties reduced.	
Woolen goods—duties reduced.	
Glassware—duties reduced.	
Earthenware—duties reduced.	
And an enormous list of other articles produced chiefly in the North.	

Mr. James Dunn, a sugar dealer of Glasgow, Scotland, passed through Pittsburg on last Monday, en route to his sugar plantations in the Sandwich Islands. He talked to a newspaper man there, and said some interesting things—among them that Andrew Carnegie is "greatly disliked" by iron-masters in the North of England, Scotland and Wales, "on account of his opposition to free trade." Mr. Dunn also remarked that "Blaine's position on this same question has caused him to lose a number of friends in Great Britain." On the present campaign, Mr. Dunn was good enough to say:

> We feel that this country and England could have such a pleasant commercial intercourse if it were not for this confounded high tariff, you know. I am a free trader, out-and-out, and I hope to see Cleveland re-elected, because the Democratic party does not believe in this beastly selfish practice of shutting out all foreign competition by placing such en exorbitant duty on importations.

Mr. Dunn does not appear to notice that he himself is "beastly selfish" is desiring free trade in order that his own profits may be increased.

The following Democrats, well known in their respective localities in Pennsylvania, have announced their intention to sustain Harrison and the cause of protection in this campaign:

Gen. A. L. Pearson, of Allegheny county.
Hon. Orange Noble, of Erie, once a Democratic candidate for state treasurer.
Judge Handly, of Lackawanna, a life-long Democrat.
Ex-Mayor Forwood, of Chester, Delaware county.
Hon. John Slingluff, of Montgomery county, president of the National Bank of Norristown, and former candidate for Congress.
Frank Heath, of Erie county, former candidate for the legislature.
J. W. Gephart, a leading lawyer of Bellefonte.
Frederick Stanford, of Corry, ex-Mayor of that city and a former candidate for the state senate.
H. C. Trexler, of Lehigh county, formerly president of the Allentown common council.
Charles F. McKenna, of Allegheny, formerly candidate for congress.
R. K. Martin, of Fayette county, late member of the Democratic central committee.
John W. Hindemarch, of Washington county, a leading Democrat of that county.
George H. Myers, of Northampton county, former Burgess of Bethlehem.

This is only a partial list of the large number of Democrats in Pennsylvania, of local reputation and influence, who have within the past two weeks been announcing themselves as Harrison men because they can not stand the free trade doctrines of the President; and each one of them means either scores or hundreds of followers.

HAVE you noticed how the BLADE'S circulation is booming? Help it along by sending us a list of campaign subscribers. Write for terms.

The Democratic papers are dropping the Chinese cry against Harrison, and the effort to make the people imagine he did something deeply and darkly terrible during the 1877 strike. But the party managers are keeping it by printing these lies in circulars, and sending them, sealed, all over the country. It won't avail, however. These charges are burnt powder.

The Irish Americans are not supporting England's candidate for the Presidency with any degree of enthusiasm. Several Irish-American members of Tammany have bolted Cleveland and declared their intention to vote for Harrison and protection. John C. McKenna, who opposed Blaine in 1884, says they are disgusted with Grover, and will endeavor to defeat him

A few days ago there passed through the New York custom house an invoice of 75,000 campaign buttons, made in England, to be used as Democratic badges. Each bears on its face the name of "Cleveland." It is eminently proper that the campaign badges of the free-trade Democracy should be made in England.

Representative Perkins, of Kansas, made good point in the House the other day when he said:

> When the Republican party came into power in the House it found calico at 15 cents a yard and whisky 20 cents a gallon, and when it went out of power it left calico at 5 cents a yard and whisky taxed nearly $1 a gallon.

No Democrat has yet dared to tackle the question now on the lips of the people, "How can American industries compete with foreign ones, on a free trade basis, without reducing wages here to the foreign standard?"

A RHETORICAL FREE TRADE FLOURISH.

A subscriber at Fagundus, Pennsylvania, sends in the following free trade screed, which he says is circulating among the Democrats of that locality as gospel truth. It is a funny production:

> The American workingman returns at night from his toil clad in a woolen suit taxed 55 per cent., stockings and undershirt taxed 75 per cent., a cotton shirt taxed 45 per cent., a woolen hat taxed 75 per cent., and, perchance, a pair of gloves in winter, taxed 75 per cent.
>
> He carries in his hand his tin dinner pail taxed 45 per cent., and greets his wife with a cheery smile as she looks at him through the window pane taxed 60 per cent., from which she has drawn aside the curtains taxed 40 per cent.
>
> After scraping his boots on the scraper taxed 45 per cent., he wipes them on a mat of bagging taxed 40 per cent., then lifts the door latch taxed 45 per cent., steps in on a carpet taxed 68 per cent, and gives a kiss to his wife in a woolen dress taxed 70 per cent. She has a needle taxed 25 per cent. in her hand with which she has been mending, with thread taxed 46 per cent. an alpaca umbrella taxed 50 per cent.
>
> It is a small brick house, which they have bought with their hard earnings of a building association. The bricks were taxed 20 per cent., the lumber taxed 16 per cent. and the paint 54 per cent. The wall paper taxed 25 per cent., makes the room brighter with its plain furniture taxed 35 per cent.
>
> Hanging his hat on a brass pin taxed 45 per cent., he hangs his pail on a steel pin taxed 45 per cent., and then proceeds to get ready for supper. He washes his hands with castile soap taxed 20 per cent. in a tin basin taxed 45 per cent., and wipes them on a cotton towel taxed 46 per cent. and fixes his hair with a brush and comb taxed 30 per cent.
>
> He is now ready for supper which his wife has cooked on a stove taxed 45 per cent., with pots and kettles taxed 53 per cent. The table is spread with the commonest crockery taxed 55 per cent., and he drinks his water out of a cheap glass tumbler taxed 45 per cent. The little sugar that he puts in his tea is taxed 82 per cent., and he stirs it with a spoon taxed 45 per cent. His meal is a frugal one, because hard times have cut his wages down, and he is saving every cent he can to pay the next installment due on his house.
>
> With an appetite worthy of an ampler meal he takes up his knife and fork taxed 45 per cent. and begins to eat a piece of salted fish taxed 25 per cent. He pours on it a little vinegar taxed 36 per cent. Upon his boiled potatoes taxed 40 per cent. he sprinkles salt taxed 80 per cent. and eats a small pickle taxed 35 per cent. He ends his meal with a pudding of rice taxed 112 per cent. and an orange taxed 20 per cent.
>
> After supper he smokes a pipe and enjoys the happiness of his wife who has this day bought a woolen shawl taxed 65 per cent., a black silk dress taxed 50 per cent. and a pair of scissors taxed 45 per cent.

We have not the time to examine the rates given to see whether they agree with the tariff schedule or not. But that is entirely unimportant. The whole article is untrue, from the fact that there is not an article of foreign production or manufacture mentioned in it, except an orange. Now, if these various article were all imported, very probably the duty was added to the selling price, and the man paid it. But they are of American manufacture, and pay no duty at all.

Here is the central fraud of this whole absurd free trade cry—that articles made in America are increased in price by the amount of the duty on imported goods of a like character. The absurdity of the free trade argument is clearly shown in the assumption that the bricks of the house are taxed 20 per cent. Were those bricks imported? Certainly not. How, then, were they taxed 20 per cent? By driving an intelligent free trader into a corner, he may be brought to admit the cold fact—that as labor gets better wages here than in Europe, the bricks probably cost a little more to make than bricks cost in England. But that difference is not 20 per cent, nor anything like it.

But the writer of the above precious screed fails to remember that the American workingman of whom he is speaking gets at least double the wages of an European workingman doing the same kind of work; that if he were on the other side of the ocean instead of on this, he would not be able to buy himself a house, for his wages would all be required to maintain his family; that he would have to live in a rented tenement; that he would not be able to indulge in carpets, nor could his wife indulge in a black silk dress. He pays a little more for some things than his European fellow, but by so doing he helps to keep up the wages of himself and his fellow workmen; and he receives wages so much higher than an European workman that he lives in better style, has a more comfortable home, has much better food, and consequently is happier; and if he is economical he can save money—all of which but few of his fellows on the other side of the Atlantic can do.

Allen G. Thurman was a delegate to the noted Democratic national convention of 1864, was a member of the platform committe, and was the author of the cowardly and traitorous plank concerning the war for the Union, which we reproduce herewith:

> *Resolved*, That this convention does explicitly declare as the sense of the American people that after four years of *failure* to restore the Union by experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity of a war power higher than the constitution, *the constitution has itself been disregarded in every part*, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that *immediate efforts be made for the cessation of hostilities*, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the states, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest possible moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the federal union of all the states.

The old soldiers have no reason to respect or to support Grover Cleveland, and even less to support the copperhead who is his running mate.

General Clinton B. Fisk, the nominee of the third party for the Presidency, recently said:

> If we could lift the prohibition cause to a plane where we could get people to look at it regardless of politics, I believe it would be the grandest culmination of our modern civilization, and I think that time is coming.

We believe every word of the above. But Fisk is the candidate of a party which insists on taking it into politics, and antagonizing the vast mass of honest voters who put other political issues paramount to it, and hence refuse to surrender their party affiliations to vote for it. The friends of Prohibition at the North should take the question out of politics, as their brethren of the South have done, and cease their senseless antagonism of the Republican party, the one which contains the bulk of the temperance sentiment. That is the only way in which Gen. Fisk's idea is practicable.

The harvest is late this year, and the farmer friends of the Blade are all busy as bees these summer days, and will be till August. But when their present rush is over, we hope to hear from them in the way of lending a helping hand to the Blade's boom. All of them understand how to get up campaign clubs, and we ask them to avail themselves of their knowledge. Already we are receiving clubs of from 20 to 200 names, and those of over 100 are very frequent every day. Remember that three months' clubs gotten up in August will run through the campaign and the Presidential election. Give us your aid, friends, and thus aid the cause of Harrison and protection.

SEND us lists of names of people who do not take the BLADE, that we may send them sample copies, and thus aid you in getting up a campaign club.

The Indianapolis *Journal's* offer of $1,000 for proof that Harrison ever said that "a dollar a day is enough for any workingman" remains unclaimed. A lie is not susceptible of proof.

Harrison has made quite a number of speeches since his nomination, but there is no flavor of the cyclopedia about them. He depends upon his own brains, not on those of other men.

Wonder whether, had George Brinski lived, and a bill had passed Congress to pension him, Cleveland would have vetoed it?

The tariff is not a "local issue" this year, whatever Hancock believed in 1880.

THAT "FREE WHISKY" PLANK.

The ridiculous cry that the Republican national platform is in favor of "free whisky" seems to be taken up from one end of the union to the other. We are in receipt of two letters—one from Madison Center, Maine, the other from Corning, Kansas—inquiring about the matter. Let us first quote the plank itself:

> The Republican party would effect all needed reduction of the national revenue by (1) repealing the taxes on tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and (2) the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes; and (3) by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives imployment to our labor, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the government (4) we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system at the joint behest of the whisky trusts and the agents of foreign manufacturers.

The figures we have inserted for convenience of reference. The plank above quoted follows the plank declaring in favor of a protection policy. Hence, taken in proper sequence, the declarations of the platform are:

First—In favor of the policy of protection to American industries and American workingmen.

Second—That all need reduction of the revenue can be made—

(1) By repealing the internal revenu tax on tobacco, which is simply a burden on the farmers who raise it;

(2) By repealing the internal revenue tax on alcohol used in the arts and for mechanical purposes;

(3) By revising the tariff.

Then, in the very improbable and remote case that the revenues should yet be too large, the declaration is made (4) that the whole internal revenue system had better be abolished than that the protective system shall be destroyed. It is easy to revise the tariff so as to reduce the revenue to the needs of the government, and the bill now preparing by the Senate subcommittee on Finance will do this. When the Mills bill goes to the Senate, the Republican bill will be substituted for it.

Hence it will be seen that the so-called "free whisky" plank is a statement, that, in a certain contingency, not probable, the Republican party would sooner sacrifice the internal revenue taxes than disturb the industrial system of the country—a declaration that no Republican will object to who understands the enormous evils to the people that would follow the adoption of a free trade policy.

The Blade has no hesitancy whatever in declaring its belief that the interests of Prohibition would be subserved by the total abolition of the whisky tax. The third-party Prohibitionists have long declared that the quasi-recognition given the traffic by the national government is a bulwark to it, and in their national platform they demand the abolition of this internal revenue tax. We should be glad to have the control of this liquor question left to the individual states, to prohibit, to tax, or to deal with in any manner the people thereof shall see fit.

The cry that the Republicans are in favor of "free whisky" is silly. Here in the North, all that has been done in the way of prohibiting the traffic has been done by the Republican party. The repeal of the whisky tax would have no effect in states which already have prohibition, while in the others it would enable the state to increase the taxation or the license rate to any degree that seemed necessary. The Democrats are welcome to all the campaign thunder they can get out of the "free whisky" issue. It is a fitting pendant to the Chinese canard about Harrison.

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the Blade. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to use at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

Congressman Scott, chairman of the Democratic campaign committee, a blatant free trader, and a leading member of the the coal ring, was not always a free trade advocate. Some eighteen years ago he was largely interested in iron manufacturing in the Shenango Valley, Pennsylvania, and at that time, joined in a circular letter to the Democratic members of Congress, protesting against a tariff reduction on iron. Here are some significant extracts from it:

> Should the alternative be presented to the manufacturer either to suspend operations or reduce the cost of manufacture by reducing wages to the European standard? Such must be the effect of withdrawing protection. Is it not better that our own resources be developed, and our own people employed, than that we should be dependent on foreign capital and labor for the supply of our wants, while our own remain undeveloped and unproductive?
>
> Experience teaches that the interests of consumers are best promoted by encouraging domestic production; for, whenever the manufacturing business of this country has been prostrated, as it has several times been, by unfriendly legislation, or from other adverse causes, the foreign manufacturer invariably takes advantage of the situation to inspire higher prices and reap a rich harvest at the expense of our country, until our manufacturers are again encouraged to resume operations.
>
> We should regret to see the Democratic party take a false position on this great American question by advocating a policy hostile to American industry.

Well, the Democratic party has taken that false position, and Mr. Scott is one of its strongest supporters. Why this change of views? Simply because Mr. Scott, not finding iron manufacturing as remunerative as he wished, went into coal mining, and also made large investments in Canadian iron mines. He owns there immense ore beds that would be enormously valuable by a reduction of the duty on iron ore. Hence he has changed his position on the tariff.

The wheat crop in the United States will show a falling off in quantity this year. Russia reports a very favorable outlook, the expectation being in favor of a still larger crop than the great yield of last year. France reports a probable deficiency of 10 per cent. Hungary will have a crop some 10 or 15 per cent. below the enormous product of a year ago. Italy also reports a shorter crop than last year. Great Britain, Turkey, Spain and Roumania's crops will about equal those of last year. India and Australia will show slight increases, while Chili's crop is about one-third short. Reasoning from the above showing, *Beerbohm's* has the following:

> The deduction is that decidedly less wheat will be grown this season than last; the exact extent of the deficiency will, of course, depend upon the weather during the next six or eight weeks, and its ultimate effect upon value is also naturally a question of time, seeing that present supplies are fully ample for our requirements, owing to the pressure of Russian wheat and the recent liberal shipments of Australian wheat. Altogether there is very little to encourage hopes of any material improvement in the immediate future, if the weather remain unfavorable; but on the legitimate score of supply and demand, the more distant future may present a more hopeful view.

Probably the real reason that Congressman Scott and his fellow-members of the anthracite coal ring (anthracite coal is on the free list) raised the price 25 cents a ton, was to "lift" boodle for the Democratic campaign. The sugar trust will doubtless aid in this good work, in return for Mills's complaisance in changing the schedule on refined sugars to meet its views, as expressed through Mr. Havemeyer.

Melville W. Fuller has been confirmed as Chief Justice of the United States. It is a matter of regret that the patriotic Morrison R. Waite is to be succeeded, at the head of the national court of last resort, by a man whose partisan feeling was greater than his loyalty and patriotism during the dark days of the war era, when armed treason sought the destruction of the federal union.

FUSION IN MICHIGAN.

The Michigan Democrats and Greenbackers have made a trade, by which the former placed their candidates on the fusion ticket for governor and five other positions, the Greenbackers filling the other three places and being given three out of the thirteen Presidential electors. The platform adopted by the Democratic convention at Detroit gives the President's free trade policy and the Mills bill an unqualified indorsement; but their candidate for governor, W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, is an opponent of the Mills bill, who declares he is not a Democrat "if to be one requires him to indorse that measure," in an open letter published shortly before the convention.

Words fail us in the endeavor to fitly characterize such a series of stupid and stultifying acts as these two conventions, the Democratic and the Greenback, have committed in Michigan. Principle is thrown to the winds, and cowardly, cringing policy takes its place.

So far as the Democratic party is concerned, it is an abject confession of its utter weakness in the state, caused by the free trade attitude of the federal administration. The people of Michigan are strongly protectionist. Her three great industries are lumbering, mining and salt manufacturing. The Mills bill strikes a deadly blow at all three of these, as well as at the wool industry, which is largely pursued by her farmers, for it places lumber, salt and wool on the free list, and cuts down the duties on ores. In their desperation, the Democrats declare that they give lip-service to Cleveland and free trade, but dare not head their ticket with a man who accepts the administration's policy.

The ticket is nominally "fusion," but the Greenbackers of the state are very largely protectionist in sentiment, and will not allow the goods to be delivered. Their leaders have made the trade, but the rank and file will not indorse it. The nomination of Burt was made solely on financial grounds—it being deemed a prime necessity that a "bar'l" should be at the disposal of the managers of the campaign. We, however, have an entirely too high opinion of the voters of Michigan to believe that they will endorse the shameful cowardice of the Democracy, displayed in their efforts to dodge the issue made by the President and affirmed by the national convention. A vote for the Cleveland electoral ticket is a vote for free trade, whether Burt belives in free trade or not.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. Locke, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

Speaking of the tariff campaign, the free trade Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:

> The monopolies are now in real danger, and will certainly spend money to save their enormous profits.

Will the *Courier-Journal* be kind enough to state what "monopolies" we have in this country, outside of the trusts and rings? The anthracite coal ring, of which Congressman Scott is a leading member, is in no danger from the Mills bill, as anthracite coal is on the free list already. The sugar trust is in no danger, for the Mills bill does not interfere with the only duty on the tariff schedule which is really revenue, and not protective. The Standard Oil trust, the biggest one of all, is in no danger. Petroleum pays no duty. The quotation above is a bit of blather, intended to convey the idea that protected industries are monopolies, making "enormous profits." This assumption won't hold water. Any one can go into manufacturing who chooses. If there are such enormous profits in manufacturing, why does not the unemployed capital of the country go into it? The field is open to all. If the *Courier-Journal* will interview the manufacturers of its own city, it will find that the "enormous profits" are mythical.

No tariff measure was ever debated so fully in the House of Representatives as the Mills bill has been. But the months spent in debate did not change the bill one iota. Every Republican amendment offered was voted down. No amendment has been made that was not first approved by the committee on Ways and Means; and those that were made were for the simple purpose of catching votes. Mills admitted at the start that the bill was a vote-catching measure. The way in which changes were made to secure votes of Representatives is thus shown by the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Vance of Connecticut had to be placated by striking wood screws from the free list. Lawler, of Illinois, was held in line by restoring glue to the dutiable list, and Stahlnecker, of New York, was induced to support the measure by restoring the duties on marble and building stone. A score of Southern members were induced to vote for the bill by leaving the duty on coal, iron ore, and rice, and the Louisiana members could only be held by making a trifling cut on sugar.

AID the cause of Protection to Home Industries by getting your neighbor to take the BLADE for the campaign. It is the best authority on the Tariff question in the country. Send for terms to agents.

A veteran Republican of Dakota, in sending his second campaign club for the Blade, adds the following significant postscript to his letter:

> Forty-eight years ago I helped to elect Wm. Henry Harrison, the grandfather of, I trust, our next President; but we of Dakota, through the offensive partisanship of these latter day Democrats, are prevented from voting for him. Home rule for Ireland, but none for Dakota, is the Democratic idea.—Thomas J. Cross, Wilmot, Dak.

Calvin S. Brice, the chairman of the Democratic campaign committee, says he owns stock in the United States Express company "and in ninety-nine other corporations." Nice sort of a man to run the campaign of a party that is howling against "corporate monopolies" and all that sort of thing.

When something like a thousand railway employes call in a body on General Harrison, the inference is that they, like all other good citizens, approve the modest part he took in 1877 to aid in preserving the peace and in preventing the malicious destruction of property. Railway men are not anarchists.

Havemeyer, of New York, the head of the sugar trust, is said to have contributed $20,000 to the Democratic campaign fund. This is probably a *quid pro quo* for Mr. Mills's complaisance in changing the sugar classification in the Mills bill to suit the ideas of the trust.

Intelligent Democrats seem to be taking the advice Watterson gave some time ago when he said "the Democrat who is not a free trader should go elsewhere." They are going over to Harrison with numerous promptitude.

There is a young stampede among the workingmen in New York manufacturing establishments to get out of the Democratic free trade party. Seventy-five cents a day wages has no charms for them.

In 1884, six of the Boston dailies supported Cleveland and two Blaine. Now Cleveland has three, and Harrison five of them. What is the logical inference?

The Daily *Press*, of Utica, N. Y., a labor paper, which supported Cleveland in 1884, now flies the Harrison flag. Free trade did it.

The Democratic national executive committee for this year seems to be selected on the principle of choosing none but millionaires.

HOW IT WILL WORK.

The Blade has permission to publish the following extract from a private letter, received by a business man of this city from a friend in Philadelphia. It is valuable not only as showing the wide disparity in wages in one line of industry between England and the United States, but also as an indication of what will happen to this country's manufactures should the free trade Democracy succeed in carrying out their ideas. The writer is speaking of a person who is largely interested in a certain line of patented goods, manufactured of iron wire in factories in Philadelphia and also in London:

> He said they had started a factory in London, England, where they employ from 150 to 200 hands. I thought he would be the man to tell me of the difference in wages of workmen in the two countries, so I asked him. He said they employ principally women in both countries, and that they have about the same number of hands in London and in Philadelphia. The wages paid are:
>
> | | England. | America. |
> |---|---|---|
> | Women, per week | $1.50 | $6.00 |
> | Men, per week | $6 to $7 | $12 to $15 |
>
> He also states that as soon as the duty on wire and wire work is reduced, they propose to remove all their machines to England, and ship only finished goods here. They are now bringing a large share of their wire from there, paying 35 per cent duty on it.
>
> Now, it looks to me as though the hands here will have to go without work after the duty is cut down, unless they are willing to work for the prices given on the other side—and just see the difference!

That is but one example out of a thousand. The Mills bill is but a forerunner of further reductions of the Democratic party is kept in power; and the alternative stated above will be presented to American workingmen—to be thrown out of work, or to accept wages at least one-half less. That is all there is in it.

THE BLADE'S HARRISON PORTRAIT.

Our portrait of Harrison is the best one yet published. We are mailing this week some 25,000 portraits to those of our subscribers who are entitled to them by reason of having paid for it in connection with their subscription to the Blade. After this date, any person remitting us 25 cents for the Weekly Blade three months, may have one of these portraits free if they will ask for it in their letter containing remittance.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of some of the more unscrupulous rural Democratic papers, in an account of Gen. Harrison's reception of the news of his nomination:

> Gen. Harrison was escorted from his elegantly furnished office to his handsome corriage, and driven by his liveried coachman behind blooded bays to his palatial home, where Mrs. Harrison heard the news in a white oriental silk, the product of Chinese cheap labor.

Harrison's law office is a plainly furnished one. The "handsome carriage" is a one-horse family phaeton; the "liveried coachman" does not exist; the "blooded bays" also are myths, the one animal the General owns being a gentle old horse that Mrs. Harrison can drive; his "palatial home" is a plain two-story residence, comfortably but not luxuriously furnished, and not answering the epithet "palatial" in any manner; the "white oriental silk" is also a figment. The whole paragraph is a malicious lie.

A statement prepared at the Pension office shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30, there were issued 113,087 pension certificates, of which 60,161 were original and 52,926 increase pensions. The number of original pensions granted exceeds that of any former year by nearly 5,000. This is because the number of applications increase steadily year by year. The hardships of the years of conflict are making themselves felt as the weight of years increases on the men who wore the blue, and the aggregate of new applicants becomes greater.

The New York *Sun*, although it is Democratic, is not free trade, and it strikes out in the following vigorous fashion, in talking to American wage-workers:

> England, indeed, is the commercial pirate of the world. She is now straining her utmost to rob the United States of its indusries and get control of our market. If she succeeds, every workingman and every workingwoman in this country will be brought to comparative poverty. You can't help losing the high wages you now receive. If you retain any work at all, against the competition of the pauper-paid labor of England, you will be compelled by that competition to accept as wages, precisely that pauper pay. Then perhaps you will love England more than you do now.

Once upon a time a man was offered an immense tract of land in Texas, in exchange for a pair of boots. "Why didn't you take it?" demanded a friend. "Because I hadn't the boots," was the reply. This aptly illustrates the condition of things to which the free trade theorists would bring the American workingman. "Cheap goods" is the cry. What will it benefit a laborer if goods are cheap when he has no money to buy?

Bradstreet's remarks that "in view of the possibility of wool being placed on the free list, no buying for future consumption is anticipated." The prices of wools have decreased from 7 to 10 cents per pound since the Mills bill was introduced, and the flockmasters are already feeling the evil of the free trade lunacy. The only remedy is to elect a Republican Congress and executive this fall.

Senator Sherman's resolution for an inquiry concerning trusts, combinations, etc., tending to prevent full and free competition in manufactures or in importations, outlines a wise policy. To ascertain the legal status of these rings, and then devise a method for their suppression, is certainly as important and necessary a task as the government can undertake.

While the physicians at Nonquitt are issuing favorable bulletins of Gen. Sheridan's condition, private advices to his friends in Washington are to the effect that he gets no better, and is very weak. His disease is one which is incurable—fatty degeneration of the heart—and death will be the inevitable result, sooner or later.

Secretary Bayard is on record as saying that Harrison's course in the Chinese question was consistent and intelligent, and can not hurt him now. And Mr. Bayard is good Democratic authority.

The Democrats seem to think that it is a crime for Harrison to have had a grandfather. Next thing they will berate him for having a grandchild, also—which cannot be said of Grover.

Rhode Island will be solidly Republican next November. The Chicago ticket meets general approval, and the element that opposed Blaine in 1884 will support it enthusiastically.

WE want to send the BLADE to every friend of Protection in the land. Send for terms to agents, and get us up a campaign club.

The Democrats are getting uneasy over the active protective sentiment manifesting itself in the two Virginias and Tennessee. The solidity of the South is menaced.

There are two Congressional elections to occur before the Presidential one in November—Vermont on September 4 and Maine on September 10.

Ohio will express her views on free wool next November; and the Democracy of the state will imagine that a first-class earthquake has arrived.

Hagerstown, Md., went Republican on July 10, for the first time since 1867, and the Bourbons down there are paralyzed over it.

A vote for Fisk and the Prohibition ticket is a half vote for Democratic control and English free trade.

The Republican Presidential candidate is proving very harassin' to the Democracy.

THE BLADE'S CAMPAIGN "BOOM."

The Presidential campaign this year is proving the truth of the prediction that this is to be a "boom" one for Harrison and Protection. The Republicans are wide awake, and "booming" the cause of American industries, American labor, good wages and national prosperity; and the workingmen, the farmers, the hardy toilers in field, and mill, and mine, and forge, are flocking to the Republican standard, in order to defeat, by their votes, the British free trade policy of the Democratic party.

The Blade is also experiencing a well-defined boom. We printed 125,000 copies last week, and the subscriptions still pour in. Every mail brings in clubs ranging from 20 to 200 names. The people desire to understand the tariff issue, and the Blade is the fearless and outspoken champion of the policy of the Protection of the people against pauper labor, pauper wages, and Democratic free trade folly.

Go on, friends! There is no better family paper printed than the Weekly Blade, and no stronger and more energetic advocate of Republican principles. It is the best campaign document which it is possible to put into the hands of voters. Let every reader who wishes to aid the cause of Republicanism and protection start out to help the campaign by getting up a club. Show the paper; it speaks for itself to every intelligent person. Send us the names of your neighbors, to whom we may send sample copies. The "Tariff Primer" is invaluable for campaign purposes. You aid the Republican cause, and you do good to your friends and to your community, by aiding in the circulation of the Blade. Send for agents' terms.

A CASE IN POINT.

The case of Scully, the alien landowner, points a moral for the people of the United States. Scully is a British subject who owns several thousand acres of land in different Western states, and who enjoys the notoriety of having introduced the Irish "rack-renting" system into this country. In Illinois he was the owner of 15,000 acres in Logan county, 4,000 acres in Sangamon, and 1,000 in McLean, all of which he rented out to small tenants, whose rent he raised regularly as the improvements they made caused the land to be more valuable. All these rents went across the sea to Scully, to be spent there. Under this system it was impossible that his tenants should ever better their condition materially; and on his farms a state of affairs existed similar to that in Ireland on the lands of "non-resident landlords"—one of the evils against which the Home Rulers are vigorously laboring.

The Illinois legislature, however, took the matter in hand, and last winter passed a law by which all landholders not citizens of the United States are compelled to dispose of all real estate within six years, with the penalty of forfeiture to the state at the expiration of that time of all lands yet held, unless in the meantime they become citizens of this country. Mr. Scully is, in consequence, disposing of his Illinois lands. But he still owns great tracts in Nebraska and Kansas, and will introduce the same system there unless the legislatures take the same stand as did that of Illinois.

All over the Far West, immense tracts are owned by foreign holders, generally Englishmen, in the cattle-raising and wheat-growing regions. The system is one that should be crushed out at once. The profits of these tracts go to Europe to maintain the owners in splendid affluence, while their tenants will live and die poor men. Each state should promptly prohibit alien landlords within their boundaries, while the federal government should put a stop to it in the territories. A Congressional committee has recently been appointed to report measures for the restriction and control of undesirable immigration; and while this is pressingly important, it is equally so to prevent the introduction of English landlordism here. "American land for American citizens" is a sound principle.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

Why is not West Virginia a doubtful tate? Look at the steady growth of Republicanism, as shown in the following: In 1876 West Virginia gave Tilden 14,564 majority, in 1880 Hancock 11,148, in 1884 Cleveland 4,221. In the congressional election of two years ago the otal Democratic vote was 65,184 and the Republican 64,279, the Democratic plurality being 95. Hon. Nathan Goff, Republican, was elected to Congress at that time. The Democrats had no majority in the total vote, the Prohibition ticket receiving 1,492. So close a state as West Virginia is well worth fighting for, and the Republicans are going to fight for it. They feel more confidence even than they felt in 1884, as since that time many manufacturing establishments have started, and they count on the growth of the protection sentiment. West Virginia has six electoral votes, and there is certainly a good chance to have them cast for Harrison and Morton.

The Montreal *Gazette* is jubilant over the Mills bill and the Democratic attitude in the present campaign, and is earnestly hoping for Cleveland's re-election, of which it says:

> Cleveland's success meaning the passage of the Mills bill, and the passage of the Mills bill meaning a free market in the United States for our lumber, wool, iron ore, salt and some other products.

The younger Thurman says his father will carry Indiana, but cannot carry Ohio. A Vice Presidential candidate who cannot carry his own state is not greatly to be feared in the state of the Presidential candidate on the other side. Political influence, like charity, should begin at home.

SEND us the name and address of the Secretaries of all the Republican Clubs in your neighborhood. We wish them as soon as possible. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A Canadian paper which expects the passage of the Mills bill by the United States Congress, urges the farmers of Canada to engage in sheep-raising, on the ground that there will be a splendid wool market here. A little too previous.

> Pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.
>
> Put in your best licks to down the Democracy and accomplish your purpose.—*Mansfield News.*

All right. The Democracy shall be downed. For further particulars see Blade of November 7.

The Pennsylvania Democratic farmers have concluded that the Mills bill, if passed, will diminish the value of their farms about 30 per cent, and are consequently rallying to Harrison and protection.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A woman has arrived at Long Branch, with 128 dresses.

A citizen of Canton, Miss., drives a pair of pet bears in a buggy.

A Lawrence, Kan., man is going through this world with the name of Toothaker.

Twenty-five bushels to the acre is about the average of Kansas wheat this year.

Rearing dogs for their skins is practiced in Manchuria and Mongolia just as sheep farming elsewhere.

Monsieur Carnot, President of the French, has picked out Fontainebleau as his place of summer resort.

The loss in transporting cattle across the ocean was in 1880 37 per cent. It has been reduced to 11 per cent.

Emperor William II. is the first Russian-speaking King of Prussia. Prince Bismarck speaks Russian fluently.

The cyclorama of Niagara has had enormous success in London. As the English say, it has "fetched" the town.

The first land grant to a Harrison in Virginia was for 260 acres in Isle of Wight county, in 1637, to Ben Harrison.

There is a restaurant in New York run entirely by women, which has a few seats reserved for men customers.

The authorities of Buffalo have taken legal steps to compel the Western Union company to take down its wires.

The oak planted by the Prince of Wales in Central Park is dying, though every effort has been made to save the tree.

Wagons bearing immense advertising signs are permitted to follow Chicago funeral processions through the streets.

Several large sharks have floated ashore near Stratford, Conn., in the last few days. How they met death is a mystery.

A new drink has come in at the Capitol. It is a compound of brandy and apollinaris and is called the "quick and the dead."

London omnibusses are to be illuminated with the electric light, the storage battery to be carried under the seat of the drivers.

Sir Morell Mackenzie has introduced a gondola on the Thames. German doctors say that this is distinctly unprofessional.

A Brooklyn man named Wardrobe is in a singularly appropriate business. He has set up a shop in Fulton street for the renovation of clothing.

There are some very curious records in the county clerk's office at St. Augustine, Fla., among which are some deeds from Indian chiefs to Spaniards.

Santa Armado, a lad about 16 years old, on Wednesday, a week ago, caught a 154-pound tarpon with a hook and line out in the river opposite Fort Myers, Fla.

There is a man living in Georgia eighty-one years old, who has never taken a chew of tobacco nor smoked a cigar, never was drunk, never swore and never married.

A Western man is selling large quantities of an ink which he calls "lovers' ink." Its peculiarity is that the writing in which it is used entirely disappears after twelve hours.

A strange new insect, somewhat on the lines of the lady bug, has appeared by millions in the oat fields of Dutchess county, New York, and threatens to make the harvest a light and chaffy one.

President Cleveland continues to receive curious presents. Two small, live red foxes have reached him from Dr. Frost, of Rolla, Mo. The animals are named respectively Cleveland and Thurman.

Farmers down in Jersey are about instituting "bug days" wherein a concerted effort will be made to exterminate the insects of that region which just now are playing havoc with fruit and vegetables.

The waltz enters upon its one hundred and first season with apparently customary favor. It is fortunate that the dancing teachers have decided that it should be danced slow during warm weather.

Talk of easy divorces in the United State, after what happened in Frankfort-on-Main last week, where a married woman was pronounced the party at fault and legally divorced because—she did not know how to cook.

John Toole, of New Haven, who for thirteen years has been mourned as one of the unidentified victims of the Ashtabula railroad horror, walked in upon his friends the other day alive, hearty and prosperous—out in California.

A dentist of alleged skill and reputation, a former president of a state detal association was recently sued by a New Bedford man for pulling the wrong tooth and a piece of jaw with it, and the jury gave the plaintiff $500 damages.

One of the quaint characters in Portland, Me., the other evening was Benjamin Fuller, a Pittston farmer, who has read books for two hours a day for 40 years, and has a bigger library in his head than any man in Maine.

Thirty years ago insanity was almost unknown among the Southern negroes, but now the number thus affected in North Carolina alone is estimated at 1,000, and the asylum for their treatment at Goldsboro' has just been enlarged.

Henry Price, "the father of Masonry in America," died in Townsend, Mass., in 1780. Now, rather tardily, a monument has been erected over his grave. The location is prominent and overlooks the farm where Price spent his last years.

In San Francisco suit has been brought against the estate of one Loewenthal, who committed suicide last winter upon the day set for his wedding, by the father of his fiance, for the $2,000 claimed to have been spent in preparation for the marriage.

Robbers rifled a grave at Carlisle, Pa., carrying off the silver plate on the coffin, on which was inscribed the deceased's name and age. The supposition is that they were actuated to the deed by a report that money has been buried with the corpse.

A Jamaica (N. Y.) young lady for some time past has placed her engagement ring in the toe of her shoe every night for safe keeping. A day or two ago she took the shoe to a cobbler for repairs, but did not miss her ring until the honest shoemaker restored it to her.

Two heavy brewing firms of Cincinnati are at war over exclusive privileges which each claims to have received to sell beer at the Centennial Exposition in that city. One firm paid $21,000 for this privilege, and the other secured the restaurant right to sell for $15,000.

A farmer of Vesta, Neb., has discovered a remedy for apple trees afflicted with blight. As soon as the top of a tree shows that blight has struck it he bores a small hole in the body of the tree and fills it with sulphur, after which the hole is securely sealed or plugged up.

Secretary of War Endicott is in fine spirits this year, and he seems to be in better physical condition than most public men in Washington at present. His eyes are bright and his complexion clear. He looks younger than many men who have not nearly reached his years.

A barn in Bronson, Mich., has thrice been struck by lightning in three years. About one week ago it received the third visit, which fortunately did not prove destructive, only one end of the building being wrecked. On both the other occasions the barn was entirely destroyed.

The skill with which dock rats board a vessel by running along her cables has long been a terror to ship owners. A protector has just been invented in the shape of a big tin funnel through which the cable runs. The big end of the funnel faces the shore, and the rats cannot surmount it.

Germany ought to have celebrated grandly the recent seventy-first anniversary of the birth of Duke Ernst, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha for he did much for German unity. "It is greatly to you that I owe this day," said old Kaiser William to him immediately after his imperial coronation at Versailles.

A few days ago a notice was sent from the Interior department calling upon a party in Bronson, Fla., to pay three cents for an excess of two-hundredths of an acre of land included in his homestead entry. As the notice was sent by registered mail, costing twelve cents, Uncle Sam is out on this collection.

"Walking Day" is the odd and appropriate term of a holiday in Warrington, England, when children and teachers march in procession and large numbers of the people take excursions to various points of interest. Many of our holidays are walking days, although they do not receive that designation.

Cretonne of the cheap sort, used for decorating rooms, turns out to be as arsenically poisonous as green wall paper. Out of 44 samples recently examined in London none were free from arsenic. The greens and blues were the least harmful, while the reds, browns and blacks were heavily loaded with poison.

An idea of the vast business done by the postal department can be had from the statement that 433,629,000 stamped envelopes were made in the United States envelope agency in Hartford, during the year ending June 30. In 1887, the whole number distributed from the agency was 381,609,100.

A registered letter arrived at the Saccarappa, Me., post-office the other day, addressed to Joseph Landry. There are three owners of that name in Saccarappa, each of whom was sure the letter was for him. The contest waxed warm. The letter was finally opened and found to contain a dollar bill, and the interest in the ownership died out.

The Duchess of Marlborough made her first appearance in English society, on Tuesday, at a ball given by Mr. Henry Oppenheim. Henry Oppenheim is a wealthy banker, and part proprietor of the London *Daily News*. The Duke of Marlborough's mother and sister accompanied the bride. The new duchess made a most satisfactory impression, her beauty and affability being much commented upon.

Brown's creek, L. I., is almost choked up with wild oats, planted, it is said, by Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York, so that he might have good rail shooting, marshes being a favorite resort of this bird. Mr. Roosevelt owns a great deal of land in the neighborhood, and it is thought by many that he should be compelled to remove the wild oats, which, it is said, have caused the water to overflow the roads and impede travel.

A new down-town cafe in New York, owned by E. S. Stokes, has a door of Italian mosaic which alone cost $12,000. The octagonal bar is of Mexican onyx and white mahogany, and cost as much more. The supporting pillars are also of white mahogany and onyx, and there are enough of them to make a man wish he were rich. Silver beer mugs and a collection of silver dishes are incidental to the general magnificence.

A TARIFF PRIMER.

VI.—High and Low Tariff in the United States.

The first law passed by the First Congress, after the present constitution went into operation, in 1789, was a tariff act, which declared, in its preamble, that it was necessary "for the support of the government, the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures," thus clearly enunciating the doctrine of protection. The next year the duties were largely increased. In 1791, President WASHINGTON wrote:

> In my tour I confirmed by observation the accounts which we had all along received of the happy effects of the general government upon our agriculture, commerce and industry. The same effects prevade the Middle and Eastern states, with the addition of vast progress in the most useful manufactures.

From the year 1796, when the protective tariff was in full operation, to 1801, a period of seven years, the exports of this country exceeded the imports by $89,374,316, leaving England in debt to America. In 1824, although the revenue was sufficient, a new tariff was adopted with higher duties in order to extend the benefits of protection. This measure had the active support of Presidents MONROE, JACKSON and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

In 1833, owing to the demands of South Carolina, then in almost open rebellion, a revised tariff law was passed, lowering the duties about twenty per cent.

By 1840 this "tariff revision" had so diminished the revenue, and manufactures were so prostrate that the government and the people were almost in bankruptcy. This caused a raising of customs duties, in 1842, to some degree—not to the point of full protection, but enough to preserve the government's credit, and trade somewhat revived.

In 1846 a reduction was made in tariff rates, and the next eleven years, while these reduced rates were in force, the revenues fell short of the expenditures by $21,790,805. Then followed the 15 per cent. reduction of 1857, which was followed by a panic. The imports increased over 100 per cent., and the drain of money into of foreign manufactures impoverished the people. The national debt rose from $15,750,000 to $64,000,000 in 1860. In that year the government had to borrow $20,000,000 to maintain its credit.

The duties were increased in March, 1861, and since then, while the war tariff has been reduced to natural proportions, the manufactures of America have flourished as never before.

The lesson of history is—under low tariff the United States has always had hard times, business stagnation, and lower wages. Under a protective tariff the country has always been more prosperous, with higher wages.

VII.—Who Pays the Duty?

The free trade argument rests upon the fallacy that "the consumer pays the duty." We even find, from the BLADE's correspondents, that some demagogues are endeavoring to make the people believe that they pay the duty, whether the article be imported or made at home. Now, the duty is only on *imported* goods—those made abroad and brought into this country. There is no tax imposed by the federal government upon goods manufactured in this country.

But here is a letter from a subscriber at Dakota, Minn., which treats of the point under discussion:

> If the American goods are equally as good as the English goods, will not the American manufacturer charge the price of the English goods, plus the duty, plus the cost of shipping, and does not the consumer have to pay this extra cost?
>
> If home competition renders the goods cheaper than English goods, then of what use is the protective tariff?—OLD HAYSEED.

No, the American manufacturer does not, for some other American manufacturer would at once undersell him. Our correspondent leaves out the matter of competition among American manufacturers. This free competition among them has brought all staple goods down to as low a figure as they can be manufactured for in America, considering the higher wages paid on this side of the Atlantic.

The duty on ordinary calico is 5 cents a yard. You can buy American calico, as good as the English, every bit—at 5 cents a yard. Does the buyer pay an increased price equal to the duty? If he does, the calico costs nothing to manufacture.

Let us take the case of Bessemer steel rails. Sixteen years ago none were made in the United States. All that were used were imported from England, and our railways paid $137 per ton for them—and they were purchased largely, for they were cheaper, even at that price, than iron rails, on account of their great durability. A protective duty was imposed by Congress. Plants were erected and the manufacture begun in America. The first thing was a heavy reduction in price by the English manufacturers. Then the competition among the American manufacturers kept the price going down, until it reached the lowest point at which the rails can be made with profit. On July 6 they were quoted at $30 per ton at Pittsburg.

To make one ton (2,240 pounds) of rails requires 2,812 pounds of pig iron and 5,624 pounds of ore yielding 50 per cent. of iron. Lumping all the details of all the departments, we have:

Labor	$14 85
Outlays for all purposes other than labor, including five per cent. per annum interest on all the investments	13 35
Cost of one ton of rails	$28 20

These figures represent a typical case at a definite period of the present year. Selling at $30 a ton, the profit is not enormous, to say the least! The duty is $17 a ton. It is certainly clear that the duty is not added by the American manufacturers.

Now let us compare prices of the lines of goods most largely consumed with prices in 1860. In the following table the figures represent the cost of the same quantities in 1860 and in 1870:

	Nov. 1870.	Nov. 1860.	Decr'se. per cent.
Cotton goods	$2 84	$2 13½	24.8
Woolen goods	3 05½	2 38	22.1
Leather	1 07½	97½	9.3
Boots and Shoes	3 49½	2 85	18.5
Silk and rubber	2 64	2 07½	21.4
Pig iron	3 41	3 00	13.7
Iron products	7 36½	5 36	27.2
Coal	7 70	6 02	21.8
Oil	4 40	34½	91.4
Tin and tin plates	2 18	1 59½	27.0
Lead and copper	1 10½	80	33.1
Linseed oil, turpentine and paint	1 05	95½	9.0
Soap, hemp and paper	2 50½	1 22½	51.2
Drugs and chemicals	2 87	2 11½	26.3

This table shows the inconsistency of Mr. CLEVELAND, in his message, when he claims that the tariff makes manufactured products more costly than they were under the revenue tariff of 1860. On the contrary, the lines of goods mentioned above show a decrease in price of 28 per cent. less than in 1860.

We note that our correspondent mentions the cost of transportation from Europe to this country. Ocean freights have become so low that they interpose no appreciable barrier. At the time the first tariff was imposed in 1789, the only means of freighting was by sailing vessels, which required weeks to cross the Atlantic, and rates were high. Now the ocean passage is but a matter of a few days by steamship, and rates are much lower.

VIII.—Some Queries.

We have some questions, the answers to which we will give here, and then proceed with the discussion of the tariff:

> Please give the entire Mills bill, as there are thousands who have never seen it. It will do a great deal of good, as the Democrats claim that it is not for free trade.—S. L. B., Cottageville, W. Va.

The Mills bill is being revised every day in committee of the whole in the House. As soon as they have it completed we shall get a copy with all the changes that have been made, and discuss it in the Primer, showing that it *is* a free trade measure.

J. P. S., Schochoh, Ky., will find his quinine question answered last week. The duties on calico are: Printed calico, not exceeding 100 threads to the square inch, counting warp and filling, 4½ cents per square yard; over 100 and not over 200 threads, 5 cents per square yard. These cover all ordinary grades—and they can be bought here in Toledo at 4½ to 5 cents a yard. Hence it is plain that the consumer does *not* pay the duty.—There is no Republican paper in Indiana that does not support HARRISON and MORTON enthusiastically.

> Please tell me what is meant by a high tariff, a low tariff, and a protective tariff. What class of people prospers, and what suffers, by each?—A. G. S., Sardis, Tex.

A "high" tariff is applied to a protective tariff, which was defined in the last number. A "low" tariff is a revenue tariff. All the people prosper under a protective tariff, and the opposite under a low tariff.

IX.—The Tariff Problem Squarely Stated.

Whatever may be said by the opponents of a protective policy, the policy outlined in the President's message and formulated in the Mills bill is intended to destroy the protective features of the tariff, chiefly with regard to certain great industries, and to be the first step toward a tariff for revenue only. Hence it is a "free trade" step, as that phrase is used even in England to designate a fiscal policy which excludes protection to the industries of a country.

There is no doubt that a great many classes of goods are manufactured in Europe cheaper than they can be made here, if we maintain our present scale of wages. To cut down the tariff means to allow the importation of these foreign goods, which can be sold cheaper here than American-manufactured ones of the same kind.

The question the American people must answer at the ballot-box is, "Shall we allow this?"

The free traders say "yes, because the people can buy cheaper."

The protectionists answer, "But they will not have so much money to buy with."

Which, then, shall we do: Cut down wages here to the English standard, and buy these articles cheaper, or keep the wages up, and pay a slightly higher price?

The free trade Democrats will argue and theorize on the logical beauties of free trade, but we do not believe the American laborer will stand idly by and see his bread and butter, the education of his children, the clothes on his back, given away to foreigners without a protest. And that protest should be a vote for protection to home manufactures.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, an English magazine of wide circulation and commanding ability, states the proposition in a short paragraph. It is as follows:

> The only advantage we have over the United States is, as I have said, that we have cheap labor, and because of our cheap labor, and that only, can we send into her markets raw materials and manufactured goods despite her heavy import duties. The import duties of the United States, however, are being gradually but surely lowered, and she is tending toward the adoption of free trade. When the United States adopts free trade, or anything approaching it, the price of labor in America will come down.

This frank writer says the United States is "tending towards free trade." In this we beg to differ from him. There is a determination on the part of a great majority of the American people to adhere to the "American System" of protection. It is true there are many import duties that do not protect. These will be abolished, and should be; but that does not mean that the "tendency" is to pull down the barriers and let in the floods of the productions of the cheaper labor of Europe, to undersell and destroy our own industries.

The above view is from the side of the British manufacturers. Now let us take an utterance from the British workingman's side. Mr. J. H. PETTIFER, secretary of a British trades union, visited this country about a year or so ago, for the third time, and returned home, entirely convinced that protection is a blessing to the working classes. He said:

> I have once more returned home from the United States, this being my third visit, and I must confess that if I had been there this time on my own hook, so to speak, or, in other words, on my own responsibility, and with my own money, I should have stayed there altogether, for it seems to me that we have got a very long and up-hill fight before we shall be able to obtain such alterations in our fiscal policy as will place the working people of this country in the advantageous position of their fellow toilers across the Atlantic—in fact, I have come to the conclusion that there are only two courses left open to the laboring classes of Great Britain. One is to get protection at home, the other is to go to some English-speaking country where they have got protection.

These words are full of significance to American workingmen as well as to the British workingmen to whom they are addressed. They will not be applauded by the English agitators for free trade in this country who want to kill off American industries and monopolize our markets, but they are words that warn the American people against any approach to a doctrine so pernicious as that which has placed the laboring classes of Great Britain on the pauper list.

But how do wages compare in Great Britain and the United States? We will give a few figures which are authoritative. In 1884, Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, labor commissioner of Massachusetts, embodied the following table in his annual report, of which he gives the following account:

> We started upon an original investigation through personal agents of the bureau, in Massachusetts and Great Britain, and through these agents we have gathered from original sources (meaning by original sources the pay rolls of great manufacturing establishments, the official wage lists agreed upon in England, so far as England is concerned, between trade societies and employers, and from other reliable sources) the rate of wages paid in the following 24 industries, which are common to Massachusetts and Great Britain:

AVERAGE WAGES PAID ALL EMPLOYES.

INDUSTRIES, 1884.	Massachusetts	Great Britain.
Agricultural implements	$ 10 25	$ 8 85
Artisans' tools	11 80	4 89
Boots and shoes	11 63	4 37
Brick	8 63	4 16
Building trades	14 99	7 21
Carpetings	6 08	4 11
Carriages and wagons	13 80	4 89
Clothing	10 01	6 71
Cotton goods	6 45	4 66
Flax and jute goods	6 46	2 84
Food preparations	9 81	2 72
Furniture	11 04	7 96
Glass	12 28	6 94
Hats—fur, wool and silk	11 01	5 51
Hosiery	6 49	4 67
Liquors, malt and distilled	12 87	12 66
Machines and machinery	11 75	6 93
Metals and metalic goods	11 25	7 40
Printing and publishing	11 37	5 52
Printing, dyeing, bleaching and finishing cotton textiles	8 67	4 94
Stone	14 39	8 58
Wooden goods	12 19	5 67
Woolen goods	6 90	4 86
Worsted goods	7 32	3 60
All industries	$ 10 21	$ 5 86

We will add thereto the following, which are fairly representative employments:

Common laborers	$ 1.25	$ 0.62 per day.
Bookbinders	15.00	6.00 per week.
Boiler makers	16.00	7.75 per week.
Brickmakers	11.00	3.54 per week.
Bricklayers	21.00	8.00 per week.
Blacksmiths	12.00	6.00 per week.
Machinists	18.00	8.00 per week.
Wool sorters	9.50	5.76 per week.
R. R. engineers	85.10	45.00 per month.
Brakemen	45.10	29.00 per month.

Wages here it will be seen, average twice the rate in England. Free trade means a cut of one half.

To be continued.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, sometimes claimed as the father of the Democratic party, would disown his degenerate free trade offspring to-day. He said on one occasion:

> Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comfort, and if those who quote me as having a different opinion will keep pace with me in purchasing nothing foreign where an equivalent of domestic fabric can be obtained, without any regard to difference of price, it will not be our fault if we do not have a supply at home equl to our daemand.

THE RED BANDANA.

Oh where and oh where was your red bandana made?
Oh where and oh where was your red bandana made?
'Twas made in merrie England with the wages of free trade,
And oh, don't you think that it's just the Cleveland shade?

Oh how and oh how will you use this pretty wipe?
Oh how and oh how will you use this pretty wipe?
Oh I'll shake it and I'll wave it till November votes are ripe,
And I hope that the votes, they will be the proper stripe.

Suppose and suppose that the crop of votes should fail!
Suppose and suppose that the crop of votes should fail!
Then I'd drop my red bandana, and I'd weep my lonely wail,
And oh, in my boat up Salt river I would sail.

THEY WON'T BET.

When the Money is Produced, the Democrats are Not Ready.

Cleveland Leader.

The betting offers on Cleveland seem to have been all wind. A few New York Republicans made up a purse of $10,000, and sent a man around to find the fellows who wanted to bet two to one on Cleveland. They were *non est*. The individuals who were said to be ready to put up their money could not be found. A New York dispatch, speaking on the subject, says:

"H. M. Cooper, of Arkansas, who was here in attendance on the Republican National Committee meeting, said to-day: 'I have tried for a week to get some of that two-for-one money on Cleveland. The nearest I got to it was a fellow in the Hoffman House, who wanted to put up $50 forfeit on a bet of $1,000 to $500. My reply was that I was ready to 'put up or shut up,' and that I knew all about the forfeit scheme. Naturally in trying to get bets, I ran in among a number of old sporting men. One of the wiliest and shrewdest betting men in the lot said to me: 'A man would be a fool to lay odds seriously on Cleveland. The situation scarcely warrants even betting. The Republicans have played their cards so that they have only one state to carry, with New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, North Carolina, Florida, Virginia, West Virginia and Tennessee to make it from. Cleveland must carry every one of these, while Harrison needs only one.'"

VERMONT REPUBLICANS.

The Green Mountain State All Alive for Harrison and Protection.

CRAFTSBURY, VT., July 16.—EDITOR BLADE:—I see your valuable paper each week. Thought I would tell you how enthusiastic the Republicans of old Vermont are at this time. Every Republican is pleased with the grand outcome of the convention at Chicago. Our state convention was in session while our delegation was visiting Mr. Harrison at Indianapolis. Mr. Ballard, one of the delegates at large, came on from Chicago to tell the convention of the good work, and reached Montpelier in time to do it, and to see the happiest one thousand delegates assembled in state convention he had ever seen.

The state ticket nominated here is one of the best ever put up: Wm. P. Dillingham for governor, U. A. Woodbury for lieutenant governor. Mr. Dillingham is an able lawyer and one of the strongest temperance men in the state—one who makes friends wherever he goes. Mr. Woodbury is a one-armed soldier, and is also very popular.

Our delegates at Chicago pledged the state to give a Republican majority of 25,000 this fall. This is a gain of over 7,000 from four years ago. We shall redeem the promise, and have votes to spare.

I see by some of the Western papers they claim a larger Prohibition vote in Vermont this fall than ever before. They prophesy what they don't know. They won't poll 1,000 votes. I send you a sample of what they are doing, and you can use it for the good of the falsifiers. Our Republicans are Prohibitionists, but they know the work of temperance must be done, as it always has been, by the legislation of the Republican party.

GEO. T. HOWARD.

MISSISSIPPI REPUBLICAN,

If the Party Were Organized, and Would Make an Aggressive Campaign.

EDITOR BLADE:—We are almost out of the political world down here. I do not know of a half dozen white Republicans in this part of the country. The Good Book tells us that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. If the BLADE will furnish the "leaven" we will try and furnish the "lump."

I look forward to a better time when Mr. Harrison takes the seat his grandfather once held. If we had a fair chance in Mississippi, we would give him the full electoral vote of the state. I know the strength of the Republican party in the state.

And if we had the leaders, or, in other words, if the leading Republicans in our state would take hold and manfully make the fight, and organize the party, it would go Republican as sure as Oregon has done so.

The fight must be made by our own leading Republicans, and we have plenty of them, and are being reinforced every day by men of Republican ideas from the North and West. There are very few Republicans in this county, but the cause itself will build up friends. I will do all I can for the BLADE. "VERITAS."

Jones Co., Miss.

MINNESOTA ALL RIGHT.

She Is Good for 30,000 Majority for Harrison and Morton.

Mr. C. S. Eastwood, editor of the *News*, Heron Lake, Minnesota, writes thus of Minnesota politics to the BLADE, under date of July 17:

EDITOR BLADE:—The report that Minnesota is a doubtful state is the merest bosh. With a good, clean man at the head of our state ticket, the Republican majority will not be less than 30,000. The small majority two years ago is no evidence that Minnesota is in any danger of becoming even a doubtful state.

To be sure, the tariff cuts some figure; but it is safe to say that the free trade theory of the Democrats will not take 1,000 votes from the Republicans, while it will take an equal number from the Democratic party itself. C. S. EASTWOOD.

LOW TARIFF TIMES.

An 1840 Veteran Tells His Experience in the Years from 1837 to 1842.

EDITOR BLADE:—You call for the veterans who voted for William H. Harrison in 1840. I am one, and can give you some items that ought to influence every one to vote against the free trade teachings of the Democratic party. You hit the nail on the head in the BLADE in quoting the remark of J. H. Wade, of Cleveland, about the free trade Mills bill. What he says is all true, and much more, should the voters of this country fail to protect their own interests. I well remember the times from 1837 to 1843, the gold and silver all going out of the country to buy the pauper labor of other countries, all our mills, factories and workshops closed, as they could not compete in price with goods made for one-half, and less than one-half the expense for labor.

This was a two-edged sword, it not only ruined all our industrial pursuits, threw all wage-workers out of employment, but discouraged and made poor our farmers. They could not sell the products of their farm, as there was no market. Thus many a hard-working farmer could not get money to pay his taxes, and the interest on what he was owing, for most farmers in those early times were in debt. This state of things affected every kind of business, except that of the rich man, who could make money by taking advantage of those who were so unfortunate as to be obliged to sell property at a sacrifice. Such, emphatically, were times to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. It seems to me that the great object and mission of the Republican party this year should be to enlighten our farmers, mechanics and the employes in our mills, factories and all our varied industries. Yours truly,

Maumee, O. L. F. CLAFLIN.

John Bull to Irish Americans.

N. Y. Tribune.

Vote, lads, with the Democracies,
They're for free trade, and so are we;
Free trade to us, O children dear,
Is worth five million pun a year.

Our Appomattox is Coming.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The enemies of the Mills bill have had their Bull Run. They will have their Appomattox as soon as that measure is tackled by the Senate.

A Question That Answers Itself.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Why don't we hear something about a rush of delegations to call on Cleveland?

—Kallodyn cures pimples and all blemishes on the complexion; renders skin soft, clear and beautiful. 50 cents, by mail. Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, O.

NOV. 6, 1811--NOV. 6, 1888

THE BATTLES OF THE HARRISONS.

Anniversary of Tippecanoe Falls Practically on Presidential Election Day—The Battle.

In these days when the magic word "Tippecanoe" is on so many lips, a brief retrospect of the times which first brought that name to the public ear cannot fail to be of interest.

The symptoms of the trouble which culminated in the now famous battle made their first appearance in 1809, when William Henry Harrison was Governor of Indiana Territory, with headquarters at Vincennes. Tecumseh, the eloquent and warlike chief of the Shawnees, had grown weary of the constant encroachment of advancing civilization upon territory which the red men had possessed for generations, and exhorted his willing followers to a campaign of a somwhat different nature from that of the one which will soon agitate the hills and valleys over which the proud and powerful warrior then trod. With untiring energy the chief visited nearly all of the Western tribes, going as far south as Tennessee, repeating his vigorous appeal to arms. In this work he was assisted by his brother Elkswata, known as the Prophet, who directed his energies towards the superstitious side of Indian nature.

Governor Harrison remonstrated with Tecumseh and the Prophet, held several conferences with them, and warned them of the results that would surely follow their hostile actions. His words of counsel fell upon deaf ears, for the Indian leaders insisted that they must have back the lands which had been ceded by the treaty of Fort Wayne. Harrison was firm, and sent for a few companies of soldiers and mustered the militia of the territory. The Indians began to prowl around the Wabash Valley, murdering and stealing. In order to secure the country and enforce the terms of the treaty, Harrison advanced up the river to Terre Haute, built a fort which received his own name, passed on to Montezuma, where another blockhouse was built and then he hastened toward the town of the Prophet, at the mouth of the Tippecanoe. He arrived in this vicinity on November 6th, 1811—just 77 years ago next election day—and went into a temporary camp. Tecumseh was away among the far southern tribes, and his brother expressed a desire for a conference, to be held the next day. But the wily savage proved treacherous, and in place of a peaceful discussion of differences, precipitated a hot argument of bullets, arrows and tomahawks. The following account of the struggle is condensed from General Harrison's own official report:

"On the morning of the 7th, I had risen at a quarter after four o'clock, and the signal for calling out the men would have been given in two minutes, when the attack commenced. It began on the left flank, and the first notice which the troops had of the danger was the yells of the savages within a short distance from the line. Such of them as were awake or were easily awakened, seized their arms and took their stations; others which were more tardy had to contend with the enemy in the doors of their tents. The storm first fell upon Capt. Barton's company of the Fourth U. S. regiment and Capt. Geiger's company of mounted riflemen, which formed the left angle of the rear line. The fire upon these was exceedingly severe, and they suffered considerably before relief could be brought to them. Some few Indians passed into the encampment near the angle, and one or two penetrated to some distance before they were killed. I believe all the other companies were under arms and tolerably well formed, before they were fired on.

"The morning was dark and cloudy; our fires afforded a partial light, which, if it gave us some opportunity of taking our positions, was still more advantageous to the enemy, affording them the means of taking a surer aim. They were, therefore, extinguished. Under all these discouraging circumstances the troops (nineteen-twentieths of whom had never been in action before) behaved in a manner that can never be too much applauded. They took their places without noise and less confusion than could have been expected from veterans placed in the same position.

"As soon as I could mount my horse I rode to the angle which was attacked. In the course of a few minutes after the commencement of the attack the fire extended along the left flanks, the whole of the front, the right flanks and part of the rear line. My great object was to keep the lines entire and prevent the enemy from breaking into the camp until daylight, which would enable me to make a general and effectual charge. With this view I reinforced every part of the line which had suffered much. Major Wells, who commanded the left flank, not knowing my intentions precisely, had taken command of these companies and charged the enemy before I had formed the body of dragoons with which I meant to support the infantry. A small detachment of these were, however, ready, and proved amply sufficient for the purpose."

The report then gives the details of the gallant charges made by the different detachments, how the savages were routed in every direction and sought refuge in the swamps and marshes, and concludes as follows:

"I have thus, sir, given you the particulars of an action, which was certainly maintained with the greatest obstinacy and perseverance by both parties. The Indians manifested a ferocity uncommon even with them—to their savage fury our troops opposed that cool and deliberate valor, which is characteristic of the Christian soldier."

About seven hundred men were engaged on the side of the Americans in the battle of Tippecanoe, and the Indian force was estimated at upwards of one thousand. After the contest the Prophet's town was burned, and the savages completely dispersed. When Tecumseh returned he found the struggle over, and went to Canada and joined the standard of the British. During the war of 1812 he proved himself to be a dangerous enemy.

DEMOCRATIC MANAGERS.

A Remarkable Conclave of Railroad Magnates.

New York Sun.

The Democratic canvass this year is to be managed by railroad men. The four principal figures in the executive management will undoubtedly be Col. Calvin Stewart Brice, of Lima, Ohio, and New York city; the Hon. Arthur Sewall of Bath, Maine; the Hon. William L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, and the Hon. William H. Barnum of Lime Rock, Connecticut.

Mr. Barnum is president of the Housatonic, and a director of the Housatonic, the Danbury & Norwalk, the Hartford & Connecticut Western, the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West, the Richmond & Alleghany, and the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg—6.

Mr. Sewall was one of the greatest wooden shipbuilders of the United States until wooden shipbuilding played out in America, and then he turned his able attention to railroad matters. He is president of the Maine Central, president of the Eastern, president of the Portland, Saco & Portsmouth, president of the Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway, president of the Chelsea Beach railway, and director in those companies, besides the Portland & Rochester, and the St. John Bridge & Railway Extension company—7.

Col. Calvin S. Brice is vice president of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia, vice president of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic, vice president of the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon, and a director of all three companies, and also of the Richmond & Alleghany, the Richmond & West Point Terminal, the Kentucky Central and the Denver, Utah & Pacific—9.

The Hon. Bill Scott is president of the Erie & Pittsburg and a director in the Erie & Pittsburg, the Sharpville, the Newcastle & Beaver Valley, the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central, the Chicago & Canada Southern, the Michigan Midland & Canada, the Toledo, Canada Southern & Detroit, the Richmond & Alleghany and the Canadian Pacific—13.

It will be observed that while Mr. Scott leads both Mr. Sewall and Col. Brice in the number of railways which he helps to manage, and while Mr. Sewell is president of more railroad companies than the other two gentlemen together, Col. Brice is far ahead as a railroad vice president. He is vice president of not less than five railroad companies.

The railroad interests of these gentlemen network the United States. They extend north, south, west, northwest, southwest and southeast. They reach from the cantilever bridge of St. John, beyond the extreme northeastern corner of American sunrise, to the Florida everglades and the coral islands of the Gulf of Mexico. They stretch out to the Pacific, over mountains and across prairies, and in one case, that of Brother Scott, they transcend our national boundaries and include 3,000 miles of rail through British territory.

Reversionary Interest.

Women are now wearing undressed kid for their slippers, yet for ages they have been wearing their slippers on the undressed kid.

ORIGIN OF POTTERY WARE.

Tracing the Process Down From the Earliest Stages.

Every man, no doubt, used his gourd as a gourd alone. But as time went on he began at last, apparently, to employ it as a model for pottery, also. In all probability his earliest lessons in the fictile art were purely accidental. It is a common trick with savages to put water to warm on the camp fire in a calabash, or gourd, with wet clay smeared over the bottom to keep it from burning. Wherever the clay thus employed was fine enough to form a mould and bake hard in shape, it would cling to the gourd and be used time and again in the same way without renewal, till at last it came to be regarded almost as a component part of the compound vessel. Traces of this stage in the evolution of pottery still exist in various outlying corners of the world. Savages have been noted who smear their dishes with clay, and bowls may be found in various museums which still contain more or less intact the relics of the natural object on which they were modelled. In one case the thing imbedded in the clay bowl is a human skull, presumably an enemy's. In most cases, however, the inner gourd or calabash, in proportion as it was well coated up to the very top with a good protective layer of clay, would tend to get burned out by the heat of the fire in the course of time, until at last the idea would arise that the natural form was nothing more than a mere mould or model and that the earthenware dish which grew up around it was the substantive vessel. As soon as this stage of pot making was arrived at the process of firing would become deliberate, instead of accidental, and the vessel would only be considered complete as soon as it had been subjected to a great heat which would effectually burn out the gourd or calabash imbedded in the centre.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

INTELLECTUAL SHOP GIRLS.

An Athletic Forewoman and Her Cultivated Corps of Helpers.

Follow Miss Endicott to the big wooden shoe factory, where the heavy machines run by steam power make a humming noise audible for rods down the village street and you willl not find her by any means the only one of her kind. The foreman of the roomful of stitchers, irreverently known as Mat Learoyd, was the valedictorian of her class in the town high school a dozen years ago, a woman of quick tongue and splendid physique, who one day challenged a bevy of the shop girls to a go-as-you-please walking match to Boston, 25 miles away, and won the race in very creditable time.

Look around the room and you will find English girls, Irish girls, Nova Scotians, and a large minority, amounting to fully one-third the hundred or so employed, of genuine New England stock, as well educated and belonging to as substantial families as any in town. You can pick out the sister of the county clerk, the sister of a popular clergyman, the daughter of the owner of the factory, one or two retired school teachers who found factory work more profitable and less wearing than the young idea, and a bevy of girls in their teens, daughters of farmers or tradesmen, who have no thought of bemeaning themselves by sewing on buttons or pasting or stitching for the wherewithal to buy the pretty gowns that make youth beautiful. America is still very democratic in these regions. The shop girls maintain a magazine club, and are very constant visitors at the public library.—*Eliza Putnam Heaton.*

Fortune Enters a Tailor Shop.

Had shoemakers always followed the old adage "stick to your last," and had tailors likewise "stuck to the Goose," the world would have lost many a statesman, philosopher, inventor, author and poet. The unsatisfied mind of man has, however, in every age and country, caused them to break away from their arduous and often ill-paid toil, to successfully embark in trade and speculation and sometimes in science, art and literature. F. W. Lebin, a Swedish tailor, of Chicago, is one of these. Some six weeks ago he was told by a friend of the great drawing soon to take place in The Louisiana State Lottery and invested in a small way. His venture proved successful, his name being attached to one of the capital prizes. To confirm the report that Mr. Lebin held a winning ticket in the June drawing of this enterprise, a *Traveler* representative called on him at his residence, 977 Northwestern avenue. He was found, surrounded by his wife and six bright, healthy-looking children, sitting upon his table in true tailor style, busy with his needle. In answer to an inquiry as to the truth of the report of his good fortune he replied: "Yes I held 1-20 of ticket No. 71,678 in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew on June 12 the second capital prize of $100,000. As soon as I learned of my good fortune I forwarded my ticket to the managers at New Orleans and the money came at once by express. I took it from the express office directly to the bank where it is still deposited. I am going to buy me a lot somewhere in the suburbs of the city where I can have a garden and a grass plot for the children to play on, build me a nice little home and try and enjoy life. I shall keep right along working at my trade and send my children to school. With a home of my own and no rent to pay I may soon save enough from my earnings to go into business for myself." Mr. Lebin is but thirty years of age and the start his luck gives him, coupled with his own industry and good sense will doubtless make him one day a leading business man of Chicago.—*Chicago (Ills.) Arkansas Traveler, June 7.*

A Few of Them Recalled.

"Daniel!"

"Yes, sir."

"One of the opposition papers says I have commenced to tell fish stories. Now I haven't done anything of the kind."

"Sire forgets his declaration in opposition to a second term, his civil service reform pledges, his——"

"Hold on, Daniel! I have a dozen or so pension vetoes to write."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Free Trade and Coopers.

Warsaw New Yorker.

Coopers engaged in making salt barrels in the Warsaw salt fields receive from $1.50 to $2.50 per day for their work. In England the coopers are paid 52½ cents per day for making salt barrels. Some difference, isn't there?—more than there is in the cost of living.

A Great Economist.

New York Tribune.

Pan-Electric Garland has bought an $18,000 house at Washington. They say that he has paid for it out of his three and a half years' salary as attorney general at $8,000 a year. A great economist, Garland is.

The Aqueduct Job.

Chicago Journal.

And now it appears that Chairman Brice, the Democratic campaign manager, is "in" the scandalous New York aqueduct job. It is difficult to tell now what big job or monopoly Brice isn't "in."

Between Friends.

"How is Gaston?" (Gaston is made up of artificialities.)

"The poor fellow is in execrable health. He suffers from the gout in his wooden leg, he has a raging toothache in his false teeth, he has become far-sighted in his glass eye, and at the wedding last night his wig ached."

The Ohio Man Knows His Value.

Chicago Tribune.

Seventy-five thousand dollars is the sum demanded by a man in Akron, O., for the loss of a finger. Figures like these afford some idea of the enormous cash value of an Ohio man.

Marching to Victory.

New York Press.

A contemporary discusses "Where the Republican Party Stands." There is but one objection to this. The Republican party is not standing. It is on the march to the front.

General Apathy.

Boston Herald.

The real manager of the Democratic campaign is not Scott, nor Gorman, nor Brice, nor Jones. It is General Apathy, and he stills sits on the box and holds the reins.

The Pathfinder on Deck.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

There is a club of forty "old boys" who voted for General Harrison in 1840 organized at Los Angeles, Cal., with General J. C. Fremont as president.

A British Sentiment.

London, Eng., News.

Cleveland will find Harrison a much more formidable antagonist than the English have been led to believe.

So Much is Conceded.

Albany Times, Dem.

Certainly the best of the argument, the honest intelligent argument, is against the Mills bill.

How the South is Kept "Solid."

Birmingham (Ala.) Chronicle (Dem.)

Johnny, get your gun. The Republicans are tryin to carry Jefferson county.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over a Million Distributed.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard

J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, August 7, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000	is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000	is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000	is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000	is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000	are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000	are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000	are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500	are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300	are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200	are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $500	are	50,000
100 Prizes of 300	are	30,000
100 Prizes of 200	are	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 do. 100	are	99,900
999 do. 100	are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to		$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

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HOW THE PROVERB ORIGINATED.

There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

This proverb occurs in one form or other in the folk-sayings of most European countries, and dates back to classical antiquity. The Latin version, "Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra"—"Many things fall between the cup and the lip"—is found in Laberius, and the Greek in Lycophron, who tells this story of its origin.

Ancæus, son of Poseidon and Alta, was a king of the Leleges in Samos, who took especial pleasure in the cultivation of the grape, and prided himself upon his numerous vineyards. In his eagerness he unmercifully overtaxed the slaves who worked there. A seer announced that for his cruelty he would not live to taste the wine from his grapes. The harvest passed safely, and then the wine-making, and Ancæus, holding in his hand a cup containing the first ruby drops, mocked at the seer's prophecy. But the prophet replied "many things happen between the cup and the lip." Just then a cry was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard, and the king setting down his untasted cup, hurried off to direct the chase, but was himself slain by the boar.

Common Sense.

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Publishers' Column.

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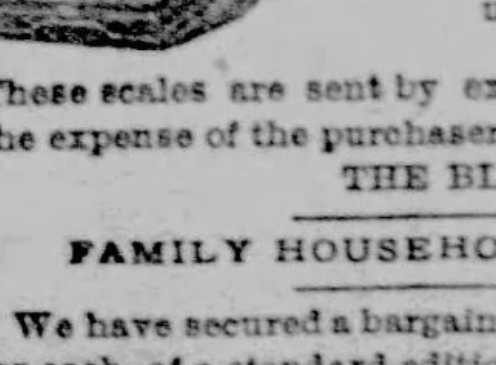

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We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

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These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

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Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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A SILENT PROTECTOR for Gents, only 25 cents, 3 for 50 cents, 7 for $1. Ladies' Shields 25 cents, 3 for $1. Silent Assistant 50 cents; one of each $1. French Rubber Co., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

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The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

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This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomers of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

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This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25; with Weekly BLADE one year, $2.10. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

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HOME TALKS.

CHAUTAUQUA PICTURES.

"CASTLES IN SPAIN."—I.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy,
And I have rare and curious things to show when you are there."

"Will you ride from Chicago to Chautauqua over my road?" said a pretty folder of the Lake Shore to the writer. "Chautauqua is a queen among her hills, and I have rare and valuable things to show you when you are there. Unlike the spider's evil invitation to the fly, my invitation will do you good and not evil all the days of your life."

So the writer privately said to the folder, If I can find in my pocketbook on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of August the $14.00 which you require for that round trip from Chicago to Chautauqua, I will gladly accept your invitation, for I know and love Chautauqua.

I know and love few other spots on earth, and nowhere else does the vesper song of the C. L. S. C.'s float so sweetly out on the still air telling me

"Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Thro' all the sky."

But if I cannot find the fourteen dollars on the 6th of August, its absence shall not prevent me from taking a phantom car over the Lake Shore road, and making the trip in fancy a few days later.

You, reader, shall be my companion.

Leaving Chicago in the darkness, very early morning of the next day finds us in Toledo, O. Toledo, as we last saw her the under the stars, wierd flame bursting up from the waters of her river, blazing torches of natural gas held heavenward, and much of her population in the gaily decorated streets, was coquettishly pretty. Toledo, as we see her now with honest sunlight floating through her broad streets and over her attractive homes and handsome business blocks, is a belle needing no gaslight or powder to enhance her natural charms.

Breakfast brings us to Cleveland, proud possessor of Euclid avenue and guardian of the dust of the nation's beloved martyr, James A. Garfield.

In the afternoon we reach Chautauqua and find ourselves settled for the season before we have had time to realize that we are 500 miles from home.

Perhaps no feature in this strange city in the woods is to the visitor so impressive and so abiding as his sense of a peculiar place, a restfulness, an intellectual uplift and outlook brooding in the air, and through it passing into his own being. Let him prolong his stay as much as he will, this feeling will not depart from him.

Yet Chautauqua without its magnificent programme is in itself lovely. The tall, straight trees, lifting green crowns to the deep blue sky, the trees burdened by nature's virgin turf, the homes ranging all the way from tent and log cabin to cottage and mansion, the dying light resting in golden glory over the lightly swaying leaves, the lake with the sunset throwing gleams of gold, and rose, and blue, and grey over the still waters—these would woo you to Chautauqua if all the orators and the singers and the hearers had left the amphitheater forever.

* * It is night, and the bright light shines out from leafy streets all over the city. Musically the 8 o'clock bell calls us to an already fast filling ampitheater.

The amphitheater is probably the largest, plainest, most comfortable audience room not wholly enclosed within walls in this country.

A ravine substantially roofed over and slightly changed from its ordinary aspect for seating purposes, ten great tiers of seats sweeping around the half circle of this ravine from the brow of the hill to the pit, aisles carpeted by hard bare earth on whose surface the feet of the entering throng fall noiselessly, a wide spacious platform plainly seated and innocent of ornamental chairs—these make up the Chautauqua amphitheater.

It has unique excellencies as an audience room.

The sweet winds of heaven sweeping freely through it make ventilation perfect and assure to every speaker not too stupid or too prolix a wide-awake audience. No reserved seats are necessary, though the direct line of a post is to be avoided. If the speaker's voice is at all good the man on the outside row of seats can hear and see quite as well as the man far down in the front.

The amphitheater is absolutely proof against crash or panic by fire or the falling of some part of the structure, and if it was possible for the impossible to happen, an audience of many thousands could leave the building in one or two minutes. Its breadth and plainness give it a dignity in keeping with the themes handled upon its platform, the forest trees and blue lake in the distance, a setting that carven ceilings and richly upholstered seats could not give. All in all it is the most ugly of beautiful buildings, and the most beautiful of ugly buildings.

To-night the great white sheet is down and the globes of electric light shine on the expectant faces of a full ampitheatre, for Mr. H. H. Rogan journeys to Spain, and Chautauqua people are to form his company.

We find seats half way down the middle aisle and devote a moment to the thought of how oddly appropriate to the coming trip are our musings. Half revealed, half in shadow, the grounds look like the dim shores of a receding land, the body of the amphitheater, with its wide circle of seats is the deck with all the passengers out for an airing, the smooth white curtain is a waveless sea under a brightly lit sky, the gentleman who stands beside it is our captain over the sea, our guide through "Castles in Spain."

He is something more than captain and guide. He is a traveler of wide experience, a pleasing orator, a gentleman who never dims the fine gold of his dignified sentenses with the alloy of tawdry joke or cheap wit. Those bright dark eyes have not looked in vain on the loveliest scenes in Europe, nor has the quick and sympathetic mind drank in their story and romance for naught. Beautiful as are the scenes which in a moment more will rise before us as living visions, they would lose half their charm if Mr. Rogan was not their interpreter.

Here the comparison between our voyage and the ordinary one ends. Our ocean tickets were purchased at the Chautauqua gate and there are no extras. We find no "swelling tide of the sea" and perhaps no company of equal number ever before all happily escaped sea sickness. Our time is unapproached. The fastest steamship has never made a run of less than five days. Five minutes from the time when the shores of the United States disappeared from our gaze straight before us out of the twilight was the olive slopes of Spain.

Almost as quickly our transit is made over the border and into the ancient city of Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, a grey old city dead alive in the blaze of the ninteenth century, a place of all others most fitting for "a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands." Burgas has a memory of days when her son, the Cid Campeador, Roderigo de Bivar, filled Europe with stories of his daring bravery, thus spreading far and wide the fame of his mother city. Her pride in his achievements and her devotion to his memory is shown by the curious way in which she has bottled up his remains for exhibition.

From the Cid to the glorious Cathedral of Burgos we follow Mr. Ragan. In its delicate spires, whose pinnacles like an airy dream spring upward into the sky, some master mind has left his life thought for all time.

Travel, like life, has its sudden changes, its sharp contrasts. At twilight, yesterday, we stood in "the dim religious light" of a sanctuary; this afternoon, doing "as the Romans do," we are seated in a great audience of many thousands, looking down fascinated, yet reluctant, on that brilliant, ghastly relic of utter barbarism, a bull fight. It is a strange scene. Innumerable fans are fluttering, there is a thrill of expectation through the throng, and the wide circle of faces is eagerly turned toward the gay cavalcade slowly passing into the arena; the alguazil sitting on his horse, all in black, fit emblem of his position as guardian of the bull gate; the mounted picadores in gorgeous jackets; the banderilleros, with their gayly ornamented sticks; the matadores, brave in exquisite embroidery of silver and gold. The procession stops, the president's white handkerchief falls, the trumpets sound, the bull rushes out to his doom, and the Spaniard, soothed by lemonade or something stronger, chatting with his neighbor, leans comfortably back to thoroughly enjoy a feast of brute, and, perhaps, human blood.

We shall travel much further with Mr. Rogan. We shall see and hear much not even indicated in the synopsis we hold in our hands; we shall linger with him among grey old ruins, and in historic temples, and glorious palaces; but none of these will change or dim the picture now before us. The speaker makes it so real, so dramatic, so terrible. We see, and shudder as we see, the scarlet cloak waving before the bull's eye, his mad charge on the foe, the point of the bandérillero's lance in the brute's shoulder. We watch excitedly his frantic charge upon a frightened, cowering horse, which falls beneath the furious thrust, a look of human agony in its eyes, as with a last effort it raises its dying head. We look again. There is a gleam of golden embroidery in the brute's track, a deep, dark, crimson stain on the sand, and beside the horse a dying matador lifts his glazing eyes to the eyes looking down on that cruel sacrifice laid on the altar of amusement. Oh, Rome, city of the seven hills, in your days of power, when the tens of thousands in your coliseum watched in savage exultation, and the Christian victim in silent agony for the upward or downward turn of an emperor's thumb, did you dream of a day when a Christian nation would, under the shadow of the Nazarene's cross, repeat in part your bloody programme for the entertainment of its children?

CONCLUDED NEPT WEEK.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

NATURE'S FALL DECORATIONS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.—These beautiful decorations are free to all who care to possess them. Every autumn comes to us laden with ornaments which no skilled workman can rival. The graceful golden-rod, so rich in color, sways and bends over the low stone walls, and in the fields wild flowers of all kinds grow in great profusion. White, spreading wild carrot, yellow and white daisies, light and dark purple asters, and sumach, with its varied hues, give color to the landscape on our fall days. There are also the queer-shaped pods and silky seeds peculiar to some wild plants; among others, the "vagabond thistle," which has donned its robe of glistening white, although some of its tribe still wear their faded purple gowns. The latter may be gathered for thistle-puffs, and all the objects mentioned can be used in home decorations.

We cannot pass by unnoticed the brown milk-weed pods, for within the shells, full well we know, are hidden the silvery, downy seeds which make the pretty milk-weed balls. Here, too, we notice the rich coloring of bark as well as foliage, the bright scarlet berries contrasting with the brown, yellow, and green leaves. The vine, once a fresh green, is now changed to deep crimson; even the tiny leaves of the wild strawberry and some grasses have touches of red on their edges.

How the rich coloring of autumn differs from the delicate tints of spring when the promise was made in bud and leaf, which is now realized in the bountiful harvests!

Having such a wealth to glean from, we scarcely know what to take first; but for decorations to last only a few hours it would be difficult to imagine anything more brilliantly appropriate than fresh autumn wild flowers and small branches of brilliant fall leaves. At the time of this writing wild flowers are very popular; one of our daily papers records a wedding which recently took place, where the display of wild flowers was beautiful in the extreme. Curtains of wood ferns were caught back with golden-rod, and a bower of holly and oak was fringed with clusters of scarlet bitter-sweet berries. Daisies were also used in abundance, while the beauty of the little church was enhanced by the masses of white blossoms and oak branches.

The idea can be used advantageously in decorating the house for evening parties and receptions, or afternoon teas and coffees. Having the flowers and foliage in masses, the effect is much better; and if you gather very large, hardy ferns with their roots attached, they will make exceedingly graceful decorations, and placed in water or wet sand they will remain fresh for days.

When golden-rod is gathered in its prime it will keep nearly all winter without fading. Do not put it in water; all that is necessary is to keep it dry. The rich brown cat-tails should be treated in the same manner; these must be gathered at their best, before they are too ripe. Bitter-sweet berries will last for months and retain a bright red. The old-fashioned honesty, with its white, satiny pods, keeps perfectly for any length of time. The wild rose-bush in the fall is decked with seed-coverings, which closely resemble scarlet berries; these will last for many weeks. The wild clematis, with its festoons of hazy fluff, will keep for a long time, and always looks well when thrown over and on the top corner of a portiere, and allowed to hang down a little on one side, or arranged in a similar manner over the tops of windows, doors, pictures, or wherever it will look graceful. It should be hung out of harm's way, as it is brittle and easily broken when dry.

For entertainments, the more elaborate and bountiful the decorations of fresh wild flowers, the more beautiful will the house appear; but for every-day life, during the cold weather, when we have only the dried fall plants, we may almost make up for the lack of fresh flowers by using judgment and taste in arranging the dried ones. Though wild flowers are beautiful, you must use taste in arrangement, and not mingle them together promiscuously, but make a judicious selection, for where a light bunch of golden-rod would be the very thing needed to give color to a particular spot, should the dark cat-tails be placed there the effect would be lost. There are places where some high, stiff decoration would look the best, and others where the soft, swaying clematis seems to belong. As with everything else, so with our decorations, we must seek to have harmony.

Who has not admired the dark-brown, glossy buckeyes and horse chestnuts, and wondered what use could be made of them? Children love to gather them and come home with their pockets and baskets full, only to play with them for awhile, and then the pretty dark balls, each marked with a spot of light cream-color, are thrown away or lost.

Now, the next time the buckeyes are collected, save every one and make a buckeye portiere.

The writer assures you that you will find it much easier to do this than she did to make a picture of the curtain, for it is difficult with a pen-and-ink drawing to give an idea of the richness of color in the handsome hangings these horse-chestnuts will make when properly fashioned into a portiere for hall or doorway. Two full bushels of buckeyes will be needed to make a curtain two yards and a half long and one yard and a quarter wide.

Take a very large, long needle and a strong waxed thread, a little longer than you desire to have your curtain, make a large knot at the end of the thread, and commence to string your buckeyes in the same way as stringing beads or buttons. Continue until the thread in the needle is exhausted, then tie the thread in a large knot close to the last buckeye, leaving a length of three inches of thread. Make your other strands in the same way. When all are finished, fasten as many small screw eyes in a straight line on a curtain pole, or a rustic pole, if desired, as there are strands of buckeyes, and tie securely to each screw-eye one string of buckeyes. When all are fastened on, your portiere is finished and ready to be hung. This is easily accomplished if the pole used is a curtain-pole, as they always come with brackets; but should your pole be rustic, it must be supported by bands of strong birch bark, or leather.—*The American Girls Handy Book.*

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together: n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet: ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot: r c, ribbed crochet: c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

A D'OYLEY IN CROCHET.—This very pretty and effective d'oyley is simply and quickly done. Commence with four chain and unite in a circle. In the 1st ch, work 12 ch, then a row of d ch down; in each of the next chains work the same, then a row of d ch up the 1st ch of 12 that was made, then 2 d ch on the top, and again 12 d ch down, taking 2 stitches together at the bottom and increasing on the top, when make an extra st at each corner to keep the work square.

When the center is completed, work round a row of 1 long, 2 ch, m 3 long in 1 l at each corner of the cross, and unite 3 st at the bottom, then a row of ch st all round; but make a double long and treble long, made by twisting the cotton twice over the hook, insert the hook in an arm of the cross, then draw the hook through each twist of the cotton; this will bring the d l st to the row of long stitches. For the treble long, twist the cotton 3 times over the hook, and proceed in similar manner.

In each ch make 1 long st, and 3 long st in each ch at each corner.

Then a row of 1 long—2 ch—1 long into 3d l and continue; make an extra long st at each corner.

FOR THE BORDER.—Commence by 1 d ch in the centre. Make 3 ch and miss 3 ch of last row—1 double long in 4th ch—3 ch—1 treble long in same l; 3 ch—1 double long in same l; 3 ch and d ch in 4th ch of last row; repeat.

This makes a pretty centre for a chair-back if framed in a square of plush, the latter cut away to show the work as transparent.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

KNITTED SPIDER STITCH.—This is a very simple and effective stitch; it is suitable for backs of silk or wool mittens, babies' caps, stockings or any fabric where an open stitch is desired. We give first, directions for the simple stitch which may be used for any article desired, following these with a pattern for knitted sleeves.

Cast on any number of stitches divisible by eight, as that number is required for the pattern, adding two for edge stitches if the pattern is knitted in rows; if rounds, these are not needed. These first directions are for rows. 1st row—sl 1 (a)—k 1—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 3—n—o. Repeat from (a) and knit last stitch plain; 2d row—purl; 3rd row—sl 1 (b)—k 2—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 1—n—o—k 1. Repeat from (b) and knit last stitch; 4th row—purl. 5th row—sl 1 (c)—k 3—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 2. Repeat from (c) and knit last stitch; 6th row—purl; 7th row—sl 1 (d)—k 2—n—o—k 1—o—sl 1—k 1—pass slipped stitch over—k 1. Repeat from (d)—and knit last stitch; 8th row—purl; 9th row—sl 1 (e)—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—sl 1—k 1 pass slipped stitch over. Repeat from (e) and knit last stitch; 10th row—purl; 11th row—sl 1—n (f)—o—k 5—o—sl 1—n—pass slipped stitch over. Repeat from (f) and knit last two stitches together; 12th row—purl. This completes the pattern; begin again with first row and continue till the desired length is knitted; bind off loosely.—*Dorcas.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CRY FOR PATIENCE.—Dear old BLADE:—Again I must cry for mercy through your columns. Again let me say that I am astonished at the number of people who read the BLADE, people of all classes and all conditions. I almost repent me in dust and ashes that ever I made that rash promise to the readers of this far-reaching paper, that I would write up our part of Alabama for those who addressed me. But, oh, dear! Think of that seven hundred letters piled up before one poor farmer's wife who has all her own work to do! Dear friends, be patient with me. I am answering your letters as fast as I can, for dearly I would love to see this fair land settled with thrifty, intelligent people who really think of settling among us. For all such there is a warm welcome. There is no bitterness of feeling toward northern people. We greatly desire them among us.

Now, I live on the rim of a wheel whose hub is Gadsden, the key or railway gate between Georgia and Northern Alabama, situated in the midst of the richest mineral section of the state, on the west bank of the Coosa river, on an elevated plateau, 45 feet above the highest water, with two rushing mountain streams on north and south side of the little city, furnishing as fine natural drainage as can elsewhere be found. In close proximity to Gadsden, both the brown and red hematite iron ore, in quantities inexhaustible lie side by side with coal and limestone. It is said that the soft red ores abounding in this section are unexcelled by any other in the United States. The exhibit from this county at Piedmont exhibition in 1888 was one of the most attractive in the building, consisting of five different varieties of iron ore, and a fine display of hardwoods: hickory, red and white oak, ash, poplar, elm, beech, birch, gum, walnut, linn, maple, long leaf yellow pine, etc. The immense forests that cover the mountains and plains, and all along the valley of the Coosa river, and the five railroads running to Gadsden, will furnish her charcoal for ages. The valley and table lands embrace an area of 40 miles square, with Gadsden as the central market. Our bottom lands on the Coosa river and the large creeks which flow into it in the immediate vicinity are rich alluvial lands, producing from 20 to 50 bushels of corn, or from 50 to 100 bushels of oats, 12 to 25 bushels of wheat per acre. Many of these lands make meadow and grow clover and grasses well. Our valley lands are mostly gray and mulatto lands, possessing a clay subsoil yielding fine crops of corn, all small grains, and grasses and clover, and are finely adapted to cotton. On the Coosa river bottoms and tributary streams there is always a heavy growth of cane that is green and tender through our coldest winters, and our farmers turn their stock in upon this where they fare well through the season. Here on the river on the line of any of our railroads, lands may be bought from $10 to $15 per acre, upon which all the staple products of the country can be grown as well as fruits and vegetables which can be shipped to Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago in a few hours' time. Unimproved lands can be bought from three to five dollars per acre, according to its nearness to market, railroad, etc. Our country is entirely free from malaria. We know nothing of blizzards only as we read of them. We have a little skim of snow every few winters, so we will not forget how it looks. Our river never freezes. We have cold snaps of three or four days duration, when our ground freezes, and water freezes in everything in which we happen to leave it, but out in the country wood is no object with us, and so we pile on our logs and enjoy the "snap."

One can buy anything here as cheap as anywhere in the United States. Furniture is made here, and consequently can be had at lowest figures. I am no land agent, and far be it from me to hold out any inducement to any one to come here, much as I would love to have our country settled with good thrifty farmers, who never more would have a fear of those terrible blizzards. You may not find all the conveniences you left behind, but you soon can gather them around you if you are thrifty—there are some disadvantages always to one thus breaking up and coming to a strange land, but the advantages greatly outweigh the disadvantages, and I do not think any one will ever regret exchanging those blizzard-stricken Western homes, with the long, hard, severe winters of snow and ice, for our fair land of mild winters, early springs, birds, sunshine and flowers—for truly ours is a land of beauty and of plenty. One can live so simply, and so cheaply here in North Alabama, and yet live well, and we know no county that offers better inducements to farmers of moderate means, or those just beginning life. Cows and horses are as cheap as can be found anywhere. The majority of farmers do not shelter their stock here during the winter, but those who do find it pays, for in this heavily timbered country it does not cost much to make stalls. Our native grasses afford excellent pasture for cattle from 8 to 9 months of the year. Energetic Northern farmers will be most kindly welcomed by our people and be assured that the same amount of taste, thrift and energy expended there preparing for your long, hard winter, will bring you luxury here. All kinds of industries are springing up here in our county and lands are cheaper than they will be another year. Many BLADE readers have inquired of me if I am a native of Alabama. Yes, I am now; I have lived here 12 years. I am from Virginia formerly; spent my youth on the dear old hills of Lynchburg, Va.; also spent several years on the Blue Ridge Mountains, so known all about snow-drifts and long cold winters. We used to fill our ice houses with blocks of ice from rivers and ice ponds, but here we manufacture ice, and so it is plentiful in our county. I know all about coasting down hill, and skating down the river, but here we skate on roller skates. I do not suffer from heat as I did farther north. The nights are always pleasant. Our climate is pleasant, not debilitating.

To all who have written to me inquiring the price of good farms I would say that farms can be bought on easy terms; one-half or one-third cash; balance on one, two and three years' time, price varying according to desirability, and to the many who have expressed themselves afraid of the reports given by land agents, I would say that we have some very reliable Christian gentlemen as agents, who perhaps could do more justice to our county, but, however, if you would prefer writing to me, I am more than willing to be of all the assistance I can to those who wish to settle with us. If I have not answered all the questions you have asked, write again and have patience with me. I am only one weak little woman, with just one pair of hands, but I am exceedingly anxious to bring all the good people I can into our fair land. Northern people are settling among us, and with our five railroads, and our fine line of steamboats, our county is fast growing in importance.

So hoping that this random talk may be a benefit to some, and with good wishes for all my unknown friends, I submit this to the kindness of the BLADE.—MRS. M. K. MILAN, Gadsden, Etowah Co., Ala.

INQUIRIES.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please tell how to can sweet corn without the use of acid; also how to can cabbage and string beans so they will keep for winter use?—E. B.

Will Adele M. Devering tell through the HOUSEHOLD how many wheels to make to one tidy, and how to join the wheels together? I have made one wheel and it is, as she says, very handsome and easy to make, and I am anxious to know how to join the wheel.—MARY HUNTER.

I will say to the HOUSEHOLD if any one has any reading matter they wish to dispose of please send it to my address as I am a little girl of 14 years and one of the Shut In. I will pay postage. Any thing sent me will be thankfully received. My address is BERTIE LILL, San Miguel, San Luis Obispo county, Cala.

Will you please give me the address of a nursing school or sanitarium where they train nurses?—K. L. B.

Will you please tell me through your columns if there is an antidote for tobacco chewing, also where I can send to get it if there is an antidote?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will you please ask the ladies through the HOUSEHOLD, how to clean millers' bolting cloth? Has little patches all over, flour paste or mucilage having been used. Have tried gasoline and benzine without success.—K.

Will Tom's wife please send the pattern of the shirt she mentioned in BLADE June 21st, to an inexperienced wife, as I have had a great deal of trouble trying to get one to fit. If she will send it I will pay postage.—MRS. ELSIE GILES, Chetopa, Labette Co., Kan.

I would like to inquire if any of the sisters can give directions for using geletine in the preparing of jellies.—S. H. F. W.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD readers tell me where I can get a book on crocheting? I mean one with printed patterns. Have any of you the pattern of the spider web lace to exchange for the fan lace? The fan pattern is wide and has a heading suitable for insertion.—Address BELLE C. LARSH, South Port, Ind.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

To Annie Bruce.—I prepare peas and beans for canning the same as I do for dinner, press them in the cans, seal them up tight, wrap each can in cloth, put in boiler, cover with cold water and let boil three hours. Put a little salt in the cans.—MRS. A. W. P.

Let me say to "Anxious Mother" that quinsy is not catching, but is the result of cold and poverty of the blood. If she will purify and enrich the blood, tone up the general system, (I took iron and cod liver oil), and gargle with salt water, with three drops of carbolic acid to a gobletful of water, the attacks will soon cease. A gargle of chlorate of potash and cayenne pepper will scatter it. I had the quinsy till it became chronic, and the above treatment has effected, I think, a permanent cure, as I have not had it for several years.

Seeing the "hickorynut oil" subject under discussion, allow me to say: One of our best druggists assured me that what was sold under that name was pure cotton seed oil, with perfumery added; that there was no hickorynut oil manufactured.—E. L. K.

To the sister that requested a cure for sore mouth.—I will send one that I know to be a sure cure. Take white oak bark, white elm bark, high blackberry root bark, bark of the root of sumach, nanyberry bark, black snake root. Bruise and boil all together and make a strong decoction, then add a piece of alum, sweeten with white sugar. Gargle the throat and mouth well. The complaint may grow a little worse, but persevere and it will cure.

Having a sure cure for all throat and lung trouble I will send the recipe to any one that will send a stamped envelope to my address.—MRS. M. M. COPE, Cassville, O., Harrison Co.

If Hattie Wheeler will try an application of carbolic acid for ringworm I think she will find a remedy that will not fail. Have tried it. I put white of an egg on so it would not burn too deep.—A READER.

L. K., in last week's BLADE, wishes a recipe for putting up grapes on the stem. Here is our way: Fill your cans as full as possible with grapes on the stem. Make a syrup with a teacupful of sugar to a pint of water. When nearly cold pour over the grapes and seal.—ANNIE.

To the young lady who wishes employment: If you have a home stay there, unless you are certain of doing better. Raise poultry, chickens, ducks and turkeys. I find they are profitable, besides giving plenty of out door exercise.—ANNIE.

As I am a constant reader of the BLADE, and get a great deal of information from it, I thought I would try and answer some of the inquiries in the HOUSEHOLD department. To Mrs. George B. Potter's inquiries to polish shirts, would say as follows: 1 oz. of white wax, 2 oz. of spermaceti wax and four grains of marine blue; put both of the wax in a cup and set the cup in boiling water and keep boiling until it is dissolved, then add the blueing by stirring thoroughly, then pour out into a mould for future use. Make your hot starch as you always do, then add a piece the size of a good sized hickory nut for five shirts. Dry the shirts before starching. Put the starch on the wrong side and rub till it comes through, and dry by the fire if possible. Make cold starch with water that is hot, but not so hot as to cook the starch, then roll up and let lay for one hour or so. Iron as you iron ordinary shirts. When through with all, take the first one, put on the bosom board. The board must be smooth with a cloth stretched tight, with no padding. Rub with a damp cloth and use the heel of your laundry iron. If you have none, you will have to have the heel of a smoothing iron made round.—MRS. E.

Fannie Redfern, get a large handful of the root of horse dock and wash it clean; cut it in small pieces, put it in a pint of cream, put it on the stove and let it simmer slowly until it is butter; grease the sore with it. I think it will cure it. Try and report, if good.—DAKOTA DAVIS.

Tell Mrs. R. to put a few crumbs of dry codfish in her mouth several times a day for nursing sore mouth.—A. MERVIN.

RECIPES.

TO MAKE CREAM RISE.—It is impossible for cream to rise through a great depth of milk. If you wish to free the milk almost entirely of cream, place it in a broad flat dish, not more than one inch deep; but if you wish it to retain the cream for a time, put it in a deep, narrow vessel.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM IN COFFEE.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth; put to it a small lump of butter, and turn the coffee to it gradually, so that it may not curdle. It is difficult to distinguish the taste from fresh cream.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—Ripe tomatos will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

TO REMOVE GRASS STAINS.—Rub the spot with pure lard before washing.

TO KEEP FLIES FROM MEAT.—It has been found that flies can be prevented from approaching meat exposed for sale by the use of laurel oil. The smell of this oil is not offensive, although a little strong, and it will prevent flies from coming near anything upon which it is rubbed.

INSECT-CATCHING DEVICE.—Having covered the inside of an old tub with liquid tar, put a lighted lantern in it at twilight, and leave it there over night. The bugs in trying to reach the lantern are caught and held by the tar.

TO KILL DOCKS AND DENDELIONS.—In the spring or summer cut off the tops and pour some gas-tar, or sprinkle some salt on the wound. These will kill the root, as they will eat to the very extremities.

The above recipes are taken from Old Dr. Carlin's recipes, sold by the Toledo Blade Company, Toledo, Ohio.

SARATOGA LEMONADE.—It is a lemonade made with Congress, Excelsior or Hathorn water, preferably the latter. The lemon juice and sugar are to be well mixed before the water is added, and then stirred—not shaken.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

MANHATTAN, KAN.
Willie P Dodge
Anna Dodge
Josie Dodge
Tommy Dodge
Lennie Day
Grace Day

GALESBURG, ILL.
Arthur C Palmer

VICTORIA, ILL.
George W Goff
Ina Goff
Roy Johnson
Willie Levallie
P T Gordon
Mary Foster
Arthur McDowell

Names this week, 14. Total 23,801.

The above embraces all names received up to July 19.

WHAT DAISY DID.

One day Miss Daisy with much skill
—I don't know where she learned it—
Snipped here and there her wreath until
Into a cap with plaited frill
And long white strings, she turned it.

"And now," she said, "I'll go and see,
As soon as it is shady,
My flower-friends—what fun 'twill be!
For they will all, I'm sure, think me
A little nice old lady."

But loud they laughed to her surprise,
As though they had gone crazy,
When she appeared in her disguise,
And greeted her with merry cries
Of "Oh! you *cunning* Daisy!"

—*Margaret Eytinge.*

THE PRICE OF A DINNER.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

One hot, dusty day in early May—it seemed like a midsummer day out of place—a lad with a weary, painfully lagging step toiled up the road that led to the hill-top overlooking the little town of Maple Centre.

Almost hidden under the lofty sugar-maples, with here and there a peaked roof or a gable window peeping out of the cool green, the town looked a paradise to the worn-out boy, who stopped in the hot sunshine and emitted under his breath a soft "Ah!" of thankfulness.

For a moment a happy smile brightened his dark face, and one seeing him then would have thought him handsome; but the next moment he could as well have been thought ugly, for a sullen scowl chased away the boyish smile, and left a prematurely old and almost vicious expression.

"Won't let me stay there neither, I s'pose!" he muttered. "Well, they can't stop me from going through the town, an' they can't lock me up if I don't beg."

Near the foot of the hill he passed the school house, and as he heard the hum of voices floating out of the open window, he wondered bitterly what it would be like to lead the comfortable, easy lives of the boys in there.

He was thirsty. A pump stood in the school yard. He cast a quick glance around, and seeing nobody, stole in at the gate and toward the pump, with a manner at once stealthy and defiant, as if willing to escape detection, but ready to brave the consequences of it.

No one saw him, and he greedily drank down two brimming dipperfuls of the cool water. Then he stole out of the yard again, and limped on toword the center of the town, until, unable to resist the tempting shade of one of the great maples, he dropped on the grass, and with a sigh stretched his numbed limbs.

The school doors had opened, and it was the buzz of eager young voices that had caused him to sink back, courting such obscurity as the grass and shade afforded. Laughing, shouting, running, throwing stones in the usual boy fashion, the boys came boisterously down the road. Furtively the little wayfarer watched their approach, hoping they would either not see or notice him, but preparing with dogged fierceness for the disappointment of his hopes.

There was a sudden hush as they drew nearer to him, and he knew he had been seen.

"It's a tramp," he heard one of them say; and though he did not stir, the angry blood rushed to his face, and turned the clear olive of his skin to a copper bonze.

When they drew nearer, and could distinguish more clearly, he heard the words, "It's only a boy."

Something in the tone of the voice impelled him to glance quickly around, and he did so just in time to see a stone leave the hand of one of the largest boys and come directly toward him.

To dodge the stone and spring to his feet seemed but one act, and in a second he stood, with scowling alertness, scanning the boys now crowding curiously together, and casting upon the one who had thrown the stone an angry look that in some subtle way seemed to contain an invitation to repeat his act of aggression if he dared.

The latter seemed to feel it so, for he laughed awkwardly and said: "You'd better get out of here; we keep a jail in this town for tramps."

Some of the boys laughed, but most of them moved uneasily to one side, and stood there as if too curious to be willing to lose the chance of seeing what might take place, and yet disinclined to endorse the action of their school-fellow.

With a sort of contemptuous fierceness the stranger glanced from the head to the feet of the boy, and back again to his head, and then said, tauntingly, "You kin throw stones at a feller behind his back an' you kin talk to his face, but you dassent lay a finger on me."

The girls had come up by this time, and were moving slowly by, waiting for something to happen at which they should scream and run.

"Leave him alone, Harry!" "Come on, Harry!" "What's the matter?" exclaimed several of the older girls; but Harry found himself unable to gracefully extricate himself from the quarrel, and therefore answered the boy with a sullen attempt at carelessness:

"I don't want to touch you. Why should I?"

"What did you want to throw the stone for, then?"

Harry might properly have answered that he had done it thoughtlessly, and was sorry for it; but it is not very often a boy's way to substitute moral courage for physical, and as Harry had plenty of the latter sort of courage, he met the taunting logic of the stranger's question by taking a menacing step forward and answering, angrily: "Because I wanted to. What of it?"

The prospect of a fight had a singular effect upon the strange lad. His eye lost its hunted, sullen look, and became brightly alert, his feet shifted position a little, and his hands clinched, though they hung carelessly by his side. His manner lost its excitement, and became quietly, almost pleasantly expectant. He answered Harry with an exasperating sneer. "Talk's cheap. Why don't you do it again if you dare?"

Harry could feel that his school-mates were wondering if he were afraid of the boy so much smaller than himself, and in a gust of anger he stooped, picked up a small stone, and threw it at his antagonist.

According to the boys' unwritten code of honor a fight was now necessary, and the two lads understood it so, for in a twinkling they stood facing each other.

Harry stood as he had seen pugilists in pictures stand; the stranger lad seemed, to the excited boys who watched him, to be a mere novice in the art of fighting, since he held one arm loosely by his side and had the other but slightly raised in front of him.

Harry hated to strike a boy so poorly prepared to guard himself, but he was angry enough to be willing to to teach him a lesson, so he said, as he struck at him, "Take that."

Just where Harry's fist went not even the lookers-on could see. Somehow the unguarded boy had evaded the blow, and had delivered in return a quick pat-pat that sent Harry reeling backward. And then, before he could recover himself, came another pat-pat that laid him flat upon his back.

The girls screamed, the boys crowded nearer, and the young pugilist stood alertly on guard, keeping his eye at once on Harry, struggling in a dazed way to his feet, and on the latters's friends, who were glancing at him with mingled curiosity and anger.

Nothing daunted, but seemingly stimulated by the prospect of more fighting to do, the stranger lad exclaimed, tauntingly, "Has he got enough yet, or does he want more?"

Harry, though his head was already aching and his eyes swelling from the telling blows he had received, had the courage to rush once more at his antagonist. Down he went again before the well-directed blows of the stranger; but this time, before he could recover again, his school fellows with one accord made a rush at the fighter, and hustled him this way and that, with very little regard for the rules of fair play.

The stranger lad fought the crowd fiercely, making no outcry and saying no word until, having been pushed headlong into the dust of the road, he arose, faced the crowd, and sobbing and hoarse with passian cried out, "I can whip any two of ye in a fair fight."

There seemed no disposition among the boys to put him to the test, but one small voice from the rear called out, "We'll have you arrested."

"You're afraid of me," he said, paying no heed to the threat. "Of me!" and there was a sort of pathetic self-pity in his taunt. "An' I've walked twenty miles since daylight, an' 'ain't had nothin' t' eat since yesterday morning."

He stood there definantly for a few seconds, as if waiting for another onslaught, and then, as the boys, now ashamed of themselves, did not move, he turned wearily away, more faint than before the excitement of the quarrel had lent him a false strength.

He paid no more attention to them, but, accepting their treatment of him as a perfectly natural episode in his miserable young life, he limped sullenly through the town, asking no help and expecting none. On the outskirts of the little town he stopped from sheer exhaustion, and leaning against a fence, watched listlessly the movements of a young horse grazing in the field.

As he stood there a young girl hurried past him. He looked up and caught a backward, scared glance from her. She ran on, and he followed slowly, resenting in an undefined way her fear of him.

"What had she to be afraid of?" he asked himself. Not of him, surely, for he was too weary now to hurt anybody—too weary, indeed, to drag his feet any further.

He dropped weakly under a tree, and crossing his arms on his bent knees, laid his head forward on them, wondering if his strength was going to give out before he could reach a place where he could get something to eat.

"If you will come home with me, I am sure I can get you something to eat."

He looked up with a start. The little girl whose fear of him he had resented stood near him, looking down at him in a pitying yet partly fearful way.

His scowling scrutiny of her alarmed her, and she retreated a pace or two as she timidly went on:

"I heard you say you were hungry. I am sure mamma will give you something to eat."

"Yes," he said, with an ugly sneer, "so's she can have me arrested for beggin'. No, you don't; you don't catch me so easy. Go on now, and leave me alone."

"Oh!" exclaimed the little girl, in a shocked tone, "how can you say such things? Mamma wouldn't do that for anything."

"No, of course not," he began, sarcastically. And then even his savage fortitude broke under his hunger and weariness, and with a quick, catching sob he wailed appealingly: "Why can't you leave me alone? What have I done to you?"

The brown head fell once more on the ragged arms, and with wide-open eyes the little girl saw the fierce fighter of a few minutes before crying bitterly.

Tears filled her own eyes, and after a moment of timid hesitation she stole up to the friendless lad and gently laid her little hand on his shoulder, and said, sympathetically: "Please don't cry. I'm so sorry for you!"

"G'way now, I tell you!" he snarled, jerking his shoulder from under the pitying hand. "Leave me alone."

She cast upon him a sorrowful look of wonder, and then turned and ran away.

The boy had rejected her offers of help and her sympathy with churlish distrust, but underneath the distrust an atom of hope had struggled for recognition, and therefore when the child accepted her repulse and ran away, a heavy despair smote the lad's heart, and he threw himself at length upon the grass, murmuring, as if it had but just come to him, "I'm so hungry!"

He had not lain there long when he heard approaching footsteps. He did not look up; he was reckless of the consequences of being seen there.

"Won't you please eat this? Indeed we wouldn' have you arrested for anything."

He looked up into the distressed face of the little girl, and then down at a heaped-up plate of food which she had placed beside him. Then without a word, but with frequent furtive glances at her as she leaned against the fence, he ate every morsel on the plate.

"What's your name?" he asked, abruptly, as she stooped to pick up the plate.

"Katie Morris."

There was an awkward pause, during which he seemed engaged in fixing her name in his memory. Presently to relieve her embarrassment, she asked, "What's yours?"

The lad's cheeks flushed and his brown eyes searched her blue ones as he answered slowly, "Dick."

"Dick what?"

Again he cast upon her a quick, searching glance, and then, hesitating a moment, said, "Won't you tell anybody if I tell you?"

"No—o," she answered in uneasy surprise.

"Dick Rodriguez," he said, lowering his voice, and yet showing signs of some pride in the name.

She repeated the name, and he was evidently surprised that she showed no emotion on hearing it.

"Champion boy bare-back, you know," he said in an explanatory tone.

"Oh," she ventured, doubtfully, "in a circus?"

He nodded his head proudly, and then with a sudden relapse into his ugly scowl, said: "He was allus a-lickin' me, an' I ran away. He ain't my father anyhow, an' he 'ain't no right to lick me. Don't you give me away if anybody comes around askin' for me, will you?"

"I won't," said Katie, at the same time frightened and pleased at being taken into the confidence of the runaway circus boy.

"Yes," said Dick, finding it pleasant to talk of his troubles and himself. "I've walked over a hundred miles. I'm going to New York. They don't let a feller beg, do they? I'm willing to work, but they call me a tramp and drive me away."

Katie looked shocked; and then, seeing Dick was silent, asked him, by way of drawing him out, if he could ride that horse, pointing to the one grazing near by.

"Of course," he said, carelessly.

"But he's awful. Nobody can drive him or do anything with him. They can't even get near him."

"So," said Dick, eying the horse with critical interest. "Is he yours?"

"No—o; he belongs to Squire Blodgett, the boy's father."

"The one that pelted me? the one I whipped?"

"Yes," responded Katie, uneasily; and then to change the subject, said, "He—the horse I mean—killed our cow last week."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, Daisy broke in somehow, and he just kicked her so that she died."

"Did he give you another cow?"

"No; he said Daisy had no business to break the fence."

"Has he ever tried to have the horse broken?"

"Yes, indeed; but nobody can. He feels bad about it too, for he says it's a splendid horse."

"Yes it's a nice horse. Do you live in that house there?"

"Yes, the green house there. It's the last house this end of town."

"Katie Morris, you said, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"All right. Is that Squire Blodgett's house?"

"Yes."

"Good-by, Katie."

"Good-by."

Dick turned back toward the town, and walked away, leaving Katie to wonder what he meant by his odd, quickly put questions, and by returning to town. In the midst of her wonderment she heard her mother calling her, and ran at once to tell what had happened.

Dick, glancing over his shoulder, saw her return home, whereupon he retraced his steps to the gate of Squire Blodgett's lane, and opening it, walked in with the utmost confidence.

Ten minutes later Squire Blodgett was saying to him: "Break my horse? What nonsense is this? What do you mean, you little jackanapes, by coming here with such a story? Who sent you?"

"I tell you I can break your horse to drive kind an' gentle. 'Tain't no nonsense, an' nobody sent me. Twon't hurt you to let me try, will it?"

"It won't hurt me, but it would you. Why, he would kick your brains out in two minutes. But see here," exclaimed the Squire, with sudden sharpness, "aren't you the little tramp that got into a fight with my boy?"

Dick's dark eyes flashed angrily, and a saucy retort rose to his lips, but he who had never controlled his temper for his own sake now subdued it for the sake of those who had been kind to him. With an effort he answered calmly: "I'm no tramp. Your boy pelted me with stones, and I whipped him; that's all."

"That's all, is it?" cried the Squire, angrily. "You little scoundrel!" He caught Dick by the collar, and lifted his hand to cuff him.

"It was my fault father." Dick turned quickly, and saw Harry, with both eyes black and blue, hurrying up to save him from the squire's wrath. "I hit him first," continued Harry.

"Oh, you did, eh?" growled the squire, loosing his hold of Dick and looking foolish. "Well, get out of here, and be thankful I don't lock you up."

"But Dick was not prepared to go yet. "About that horse, squire?"

"Why, you little imposter, d'you think I'd take the risk of your neck?"

"It's no risk at all, squire. I've broken hundreds, if I am only a boy. I was born in a stable, and spent my life there, an I know some things 'tain't many does know. Let me try."

"Well," said the Squire, impressed by Dick's earnestness, "I'll let you try; but mind, if you get killed, don't blame me."

"I won't. And about the pay for it?"

"Well, if you really do break the horse, I'll see you don't complain."

"No, sir, I want to make a fair, square bargain beforehand. I can break the horse, and I want fair pay."

"You do. What is your price, then, my young Rarey?"

"A cow?"

"What?"

"A cow. I'll agree to break your horse to drive safe an' gentle, and I want you to give an order for the choice of your cows when it's done."

"You're very modest."

"It's worth it, an' you know it. What d'ye say?"

"Have it your own way. If you break the horse—and I begin to have some confidence in you—you'll have earned the cow. Can you catch the horse? Nobody here can."

"I can catch him. Can you give me a long piece of strong clothes-line?"

It is unnecessary to tell by what means Dick subdued the Squire's horse, for subdue it he did, much to the Squire's amazement and delight. He employed a few simple devices well known to horse-tamers, and did not occupy over an hour in making the vicious colt as gentle as an old horse.

The Squire endeavored to discover who the young horse-tamer was, but without success, for Dick refused to answer any questions; but having obtained the order giving the choice of the Squire's cows, he drew Harry to one side, and said: "That was mighty square of you to own up to the old man. Will you shake hands?"

Harry took his hand, and shook it heartily. Dick flushed, and after hesitating a minute, said, awkwardly

"You can write, I s'pose? I can't."

"Yes," answered Harry, "I can write. Do you want me to write something for you?"

"Yes; I want you to please put down plain on a piece of paper, 'Dick Rodriguez is no tramp; he pays for what he eats.'"

Harry wonderingly wrote as dictated, and then looked at Dick.

"Anybody can read that, Mr.?

"Oh yes."

"Then just put both papers in a envelop, and let Mrs. Morris have 'em—Katie Morris's mother, you know."

"I will."

Maple Centre talks to this day of Dick Rodriguez and how he paid for his dinner, and Dick Rodriguez is the proprietor of a big circus now.

There is one thing he never allows in his circus—children can never be abused there.

PARIS FASHIONS

Revelling in the Sight of Pretty Things Just Now—Some Imitations.

Just now we are actually revelling in the sight of pretty things. These are democratic times, and there are not two sets of fashions, one for the rich and idle and one for the comparatively poor and busy. The principal difference between the habiliments of the upper ten and the middle classes is in the material employed. Costumes worn by the aristocratic occupants of the carriages which move to and fro beneath the acacia trees serve as models for the humbler pedestrians on the sidewalk, only that while those of the former are composed of costly silken tissues, the latter reproduce them in less expensive fabrics.

Fashion certainly favors such imitations. There is an affectation of simplicity in many of the productions of our best couturiers, and the same delicate and artistic patterns are applied to woolens and cottons as to silks. Any one of the many foulard dresses will look almost as well in sateen. The new frontal decorations of aerophane frills are equally suitable to either.

Since dressmakers are cutting the bodices for the new summer costumes only half high and sometimes quite low, and filling them up to the required height with fichus of some gossamer material—now put on underneath, now arranged over the bosom of the dress itself in soft folds—it is quite possible to transform gowns that have already done duty in the winter or early spring into pretty, smart toilets for garden parties and other similar functions.

Among the novelties of the season are the rather simply made surah dresses—white, blue or lilac. They are, like the Figured foulards and sateens, generally of one material all through. The skirt is gathered, and has often one or two tucks above the hem. Over this is draped a tunic, neither very wide nor very long. Pleated sleeves have ceased within the last few weeks to be the exception, and are almost the rule, save the thicker sorts of woolen and silk. About fourteen yards are required for these costumes, with an extra yard for each tuck.

Bows of gold braid may be applied to white surah as well as to white woolen. The narrowest gold braid is used, and six or eight rows are sewn closely together, so as to form a band of about two inches.

All sleeves are set very high on the shoulders, and, whether plain or pleated, form a slight puffing around the armhole. Puffed sleeves are worn, too, by a small minority. They are mostly applied to transparent materials.

Fewer dresses are to be seen made entirely of lace. Black lace is more frequently than not combined with a side breadth of silk. A very fashionable way of making the bodice is to have the back and one side of the front of silk and the other of lace. The silk portion is *ajuste*, the lace front is pleated to the shoulder seam and carried diagonally across the silk front to the waist. Of course the lace is lined, and the lining fastens to and completes the tight-fitting bodice. The directoire bodice is also affected by those who like novelties.—*London Telegraph.*

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a time no voice can teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands every year go untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by needful, timely care. For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

Our Southern Friends.

At Macon, Ga., a day or so ago a negro was standing near an empty whisky barrel, when he struck a match to light his pipe, and the gas from the bunghole of the barrel ignited, exploding and bursting the barrel into a thousand fragments and knocking down the negro without hurting him.

At Calhoun, Ga., recently, while James Hughey was on his back veranda washing his pedal appendages, a large panther came bounding down the mountain side and crouched, as if for a spring, just in front of him, but when he raised his chair as if to strike the animal it went flying back up the hill, leaping over the top of the corn and everything else in its way.

One morning last week Professor Parker, of Dawson, Ga., missed his horse from the stable. A search was instituted, and the animal was found in an old well on the premises, into which it had fallen during the night. The professor secured assistance, and with hoe and pick soon dug down and released his faithful animal from the unpleasant quarters, none the worse for the accident.

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Newly furnished. Brush electric lights, steam heating. The only Sanitarium East of the Rocky Mountains in which *Mud Baths* are given. Send for circulars.

JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't.,
Green Spring, Ohio.

Mr. Blaine's New Book.

So it turns out that we haven't heard the end of that coaching tour through Scotland. Mr. Blaine has contracted with the publishers of his "Twenty Years in Congress" to bring out an account of the trip from his own restive quill. A Scotch journalist who took the dust of the Carnegie coach had intended to print a brochure detailing the incidents of the journey, but the Pittsburg forge-master convinced him that such a pamphlet would fall flat in competition with the version written by Mr. Blaine. The story will be told in the form of letters, just now a popular manner of composition, and one to which Mr. Blaine is no stranger.—*New York Herald.*

Energetic Measures.

Pastor (dismissing congregation).—De membahs what am pervided wid umbrellahs will please wait till I take a look at 'em. Sence de mysterious disapperunce of my own umbrella last Sunday, dar am a dark cloud of suspicion floatin' over dis yer church, which hab got to be dispelled!—*Midsummer Puck.*

—Persons prematurely gray can have their hair restored to its youthful beauty by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best article in the market.

The Sunday School

Title: The Burnt Offering.

LESSON VI.—SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1888.

LESSON TEXT:

(Lev. 1:1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53:6.

1. And the Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying:
2. Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd, and of the flock.
3. If his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish; he shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord.
4. And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him.
5. And he shall kill the bullock before the Lord; and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall bring the blood, and sprinkle the blood round about upon the altar that is by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.
6. And he shall flay the burnt offering, and cut it into his pieces.
7. And the sons of Aaron the priest shall put fire upon the altar, and lay the wood in order upon the fire.
8. And the priests, Aaron's sons, shall lay the parts, the head, and the fat, in order upon the wood that is on the fire which is upon the altar.
9. But his inwards and his legs shall he wash in water; and the priest shall burn all on the altar, to be a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tent of meeting (v. 1). When Moses was in the back side of the desert the Lord spoke to him out of a thorny acacia bush. When the Lord had called Moses up into the cloud-capped mountain he spoke to him out of the clouds which capped the mountain. But when the Lord had arranged a tent of meeting with his people, he spoke to Moses out of the tent of meeting. It is all very well for the man who is in the wilderness or on the mountain top, in the line of duty, to listen for the sound of the Lord's voice there; but when a man can find his way into the sanctuary, there is where he may expect to be spoken to by the Lord. If he leaves the sanctuary to wander among the thorn-bushes, or to clamber the mountain peaks, with the idea that it is in nature's temples that he is to find the God of nature, he will miss a meeting with the covenant-making and covenant-keeping God in the place of meeting. There is no more likely place to find God than where God says he may be found; no more hopeful place for meeting God than in God's meeting-place. "Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary."

When any man of you offereth an oblation unto the Lord (v. 2). And is there any man of you who will not offer an oblation unto the Lord? Have you offered an oblation to him? When? What was it? You don't mean to call that trifle that you dropped into the contribution box—because you must keep up appearances in church, you know; you don't mean to call that your oblation unto the Lord! You don't mean to call your amount paid for pew-rent so that you could have your own independent sittings, and that in the very best place you could get for your money; you don't mean to call that your oblation to the Lord! Come, now, what has been your oblation unto the Lord,—an oblation that you could fairly point the Lord to, in comparison with what he has given to you, and could say, "There, Lord, that is my oblation to thee"? "When any man of you offereth an oblation unto the Lord"—Well, what is the oblation that you have offered? Let it be distinctly recognized. God would like to know what it is. Can you tell him?

He shall lay his hand upon the head of the burnt offering (v. 4.) If we want an offering of ours accepted of God, we must show it in some way. If we want a share in that which another offers, we must let that be manifest also. It is not for us to stand off, or to sit upright, while the minister prays, or the choir sings, ourselves having no part in the service of prayer or song. We must in some way put our hand on the head of that offering, and say amen, or join—feebly and unmelodiously though it may be—in the chorus. If we fail of this, we fail of any share in the offering and in its benefits. The Lord wants us to rest confidently on his provisions of grace for us. He wants us to lean hard on the Substitute offered and accepted in our behalf. We are not able to stand alone. God understands that very well. But we ought to be able to lean on a sure support. That support is provided. Do you rest on it?

An offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord (v. 9). If there is one thing that pleases God above another, it is to see a sinner coming to him, in a sense of need, with a full hand and a trusting heart, offering himself and his possessions to the Lord—against whom he has sinned so grievously. This is one of the wonders of grace; but there can be no question about the fact of it. Have you made such an offering to the Lord? It is not enough for you to say that Jesus Christ has made such an offering; for you can have no share in his offering except by resting right down on him with all your weight, including all your possessions. Have you done this? Have you offered yourself as a whole burnt offering, in faith in Him who is represented by that offering? If you have, or if you will do so, your offering will be of a sweet savor unto the Lord.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Latest Funny Efforts.

We were not surprised when the hotel waiter said he was for old Tip every time.—*Boston Transcript.*

We believe in encouraging classes for servants. What this country needs is hired education.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Young man," he said, "why do you make such an awfully wry face over the drink of whisky?" "I'm trying to make myself think I don't like it," replied the honest young man.—*New York Sun.*

Two old friends met. "Let me see," said one, "it must be two years since I saw you last, John. You were going into a jewelry store to buy a diamond ring." "Yes, I remember." "And where are you going now?" "I'm going into a grocery store to buy a codfish."—*Times.*

"You seem in great haste, young man," he said solemnly, "do you know that Sunday should be observed as a day of rest?" "Yes, sir," responded the young man, "and that's the reason I'm in such a hurry. I want to get a seat on the grand stand before they're all sold."—*Time.*

O'Flaherty—But there is one thing that you must admit, that Cleveland is better than his party. Brookson—Very likely; but I don't see as that is any especial credit. He couldn't be worse than his party if he tried ever so hard.—*Boston Transcript.*

Increased Use of Common Salt.

The use of common salt appears to be of increasing importance in connection with building materials. Among the carpenters the article is now found to be an aid in the heating of glue, and where, as has been usual in joiners' and cabinet makers' shops, the glue is melted in a jacket kettle, surrounded by water, it is said to be an improvement to place salt in the water in the outer kettle—that is, the addition of salt raises the boiling point, and therefore enables the glue in the kettle to be kept at a higher temperature than could be maintained with water alone, and this is advantageous to the work. Again, masons find their use for salt in adding it to cement mortar in cold weather to preserve it from the injurious effects of freezing. It is known that, in many cases, masonry has been laid in cement in cold weather, using a considerable proportion of salt in the mixture, which, after repeated freezings and thawings, has remained in perfect condition, while work near by laid in mortar of the same kind, but without any admixture of salt, became disintegrated by the frost.

Women Who Are Farmers.

Statistics show that the proportion of women engaged in agriculture to those earning money otherwise, is one to thirty, and of those engaged in agriculture about one-fourth are in Iowa. Great numbers of women take up government lands, more often unmarried women than unmarried men. Betrothed couples have been known to go from the east and after living on adjoining claims join the two by marriage, and possess together a farm of 480 acres or more. Tree claims are also taken by women, especially in Dakota.—*New York Sun.*

In a Church.

Judge.

It may be said of a hatter, however small may be his ambition, that he is generally making himself felt.

HACHETT, ARKANSAS, Aug. 20, 1887.

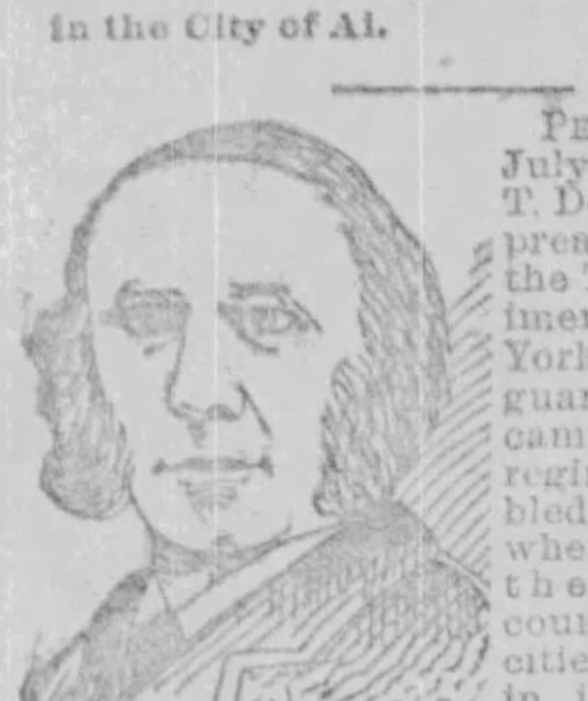
DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Rochester, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I wish you to send me a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria, which I see advertised in the *Methodist Advocate*, Chattanooga, Tenn., and which I cannot get here. Fifteen years ago my mother had third day chills, and after trying the doctors and other medicines without relief, a friend recommended your Antidote; she tried it, and *one dose* effected a permanent cure.

Truly yours, J. S. EDWARDS,
Pastor M. E. Church.

TALMAGE'S SERMON TO SOLDIERS.

He Preaches to the Thirteenth New York Regiment at Peekskill—Four Lessons Which He Learns From Joshua's Assault in the City of Ai.



PEEKSKILL, N. Y., July 22.—Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage preached to-day to the Thirteenth regiment of the New York state national guards, now encamped here. The regiment assembled at 3 p. m., when people from the neighboring country, towns and cities were present in immense numbers. A military band conducted the musical part of the service. Chaplain Talmage's sermon, which was on "Uses of Stratagem," was based on Josh. viii, 7: "Then ye shall rise up from the ambush, and seize upon the city." He said:

Men of the Thirteenth regiment, and their friends here gathered, of all occupations and professions, men of the city and men of the fields, here is a theme fit for all of us.

One Sabbath evening with my family around me, we were talking over the scene of the text. In the wide open eyes and the quick interrogations and blanched cheeks I realized what a thrilling drama it was. There is the old city, shorter by name than any other city in the ages, spelled with two letters—A, I—Ai. Joshua and his men want to take it. How to do this is the question. On a former occasion in a straightforward, face to face fight, they had been defeated; but now they are going to take it by ambuscade. General Joshua has two divisions in his army—the one division the battle worn commander will lead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of the city of Ai. No torches, no lanterns, no sound of heavy battalions, but 30,000 swarthy warriors moving in silence, speaking only in a whisper; no clicking of swords against shields, lest the watchmen of Ai discover it and the stratagem be a failure. If a roystering soldier in the Israelitish army forgets himself, all along the line the word is "Hush!" Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts its on the north side of the city of Ai, and then spends the night in reconnoitering in the valley. There he is, thinking over the fortunes of the coming day with something of the feelings of Wellington the night before Waterloo or of Meade and Lee the night before Gettysburg. There he stands in the night and says to himself: "Yonder is the division in ambush on the west side of Ai. Here is the division I have under my especial command on the north side of Ai. There is the old city slumbering in its sin. To-morrow will be the battle. Look! the morning already begins to tip the hills. The military officers of Ai look out in the morning very early, and while they do not see the division in ambush they behold the other division of Joshua, and the cry "To arms! To arms!" rings through all the streets of the old town, and every sword, whether hacked or bent or newly welded, is brought out, and all the inhabitants of the city of Ai pour through the gates, an infuriated torrent, and their cry is: "Come, we'll make quick work with Joshua and his troops." No sooner had these people of Ai come out against the troops of Joshua than Joshua gave such a command as he seldom gave, "Fall back!" Why, they could not believe their own ears. Is Joshua's courage failing him?

The retreat is beaten and the Israelites are flying, throwing blankets and canteens on every side under this worse than Bull Run defeat. And you ought to hear the soldiers of Ai cheer, and cheer, and cheer. But they huzzah too soon. The men, lying in ambush, are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glistening in the sun like a shaft of doom, and points it toward the city; and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it, with hawk like swoop they drop upon Ai, and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch. So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried "Halt!" One strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fated city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of Ai on the one side, and the troops under Joshua double up their enemies from the other side, and the men of Ai were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage, thrust before and behind, stabbed in breast and back, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of God's indignation. Woe to the city of Ai! Cheer for the triumph of Israel!

Lesson the first: There is such a thing as victorious retreat. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiegement. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life! Fall back! Fall back from the drinking saloon. Fall back from the wine party. Your flight is your advance. Your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street? Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your calamity? A spoonful of brandy taken for medicinal purposes by a man who twenty years before had been reformed from drunkenness, hurled into inebriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Your retreat is your victory. Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel he says he can read anything. What are you reading? Bolingbroke? Andrew Jackson Davis' tracts? Tyndall's Glasgow University address? Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die unless you quit that. These men of Ai will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins.

There are people who have been well nigh ruined because they risked a foolhardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations, and the men of Ai made a morning meal of them. So also there is such a thing as victorious retreat in the religious world. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the highlands; when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unchristian surrender; when on St. Bartholomew's day mounted assassins rode through the streets of Paris crying: "Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the executioner's block; when Calvin was imprisoned in the castle; when John Knox died for the truth; when John Bunyan lay rotting in Bedford jail, saying: "If God will help me, and my physical life continues, I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith," the days of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The Pilgrim fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshaling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The church of Christ, falling back from Piedmont, falling back from Rue St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurtemburg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the church of Christ suffers, what do we see to-day? Three thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen ground; 60,000 ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least 200,000,000 of Christians on earth. All nations to-day kindling in a blaze of revival. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

The Lion of Judah shall break the chain,
And give us the victory again and again!

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice him as a retreat. Falling back still further from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock, back down over the precipices of perdition until he walked amid the caverns of the eternal captives and drank of the wine of the wrath of Almighty God amid the Ahabs and the Jezebels and the Belshazzars. O, men of the pulpit and men of the pew, Christ's descent from heaven to earth does not measure half the distance. It was from glory to perdition. He descended into hell. All the records of earthly retreat are as nothing compared with this falling. Santa Anna, with the fragments of his army flying over the plateaux of Mexico, and Napoleon and his army retreating from Moscow in the awful snows of Russia are not worthy to be mentioned with this retreat, when all the powers of darkness seem to be pursuing Christ as he fell back, until the body of him who came to do such wonderful things lay pulseless and stripped. Methinks that the city of Ai was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ, and he fell back and back, down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until he seemed to strike the bottom of objurgation and scorn and torture. Oh! the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Arimathea? I hear the sheet rending! What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back! the dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor, nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On his head be all the crowns. In his hand be all the scepters. At his feet be all the human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: The triumph of the wicked is short. Did you ever see an army in a panic? There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long Bridge, Washington, during the opening of our sad civil war, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of Ai looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede, they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. O, the gleeful and jubilant descent of the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua! But their exhilaration was brief, for the tide of battle turned, and these quondam conquerers left their miserable carcasses in the wilderness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You make $20,000 at the gaming table. Do you expect to keep it? You will die in the poorhouse. You made a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you are dead. Call over the roll of bad men who prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For a while like the men of Ai they went from conquest to conquest but after a while disaster rolled back upon them and they were divided into three parts: misfortune took their property; the grave took their body, and the lost world took their soul. I am always interested in the building of theatres and the building of dissipating saloons. I like to have them built of the best granite and have the rooms made large, and to have the pillars made very firm. God is going to conquer them, and they will be turned into asylums and art galleries and churches. The stores in which fraudulent men do business, the splendid banking institutions, where the president and cashier put all their property in their wives' hands and then fail for $200,000—all these institutions are to become the places where honest Christian men do business.

How long will it take your boys to get through your ill gotten gains? The wicked do not live out half their days. For a while they swagger and strut and make a great splash in the newspapers, but after a while it all dwindles down into a brief paragraph: "Died suddenly, July 22, 1888, at 35 years of age. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence on Madison square. Interment at Greenwood." Some of them jumped off the docks. Some of them took prussic acid. Some of them fell under the snap of a Derringer pistol. Some of them spent their last days in a lunatic asylum. Where are William Tweed and his associates? Where are Ketcham and Swartwout, absconding swindlers? Where is James Fisk, the libertine? Where is John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and all the other misdemeanants? The wicked do not live out half their days. Disembogue, O world of darkness! Come up, Hildebrand and Henry II. and Robespierre, and with blistering and blaspheming and ashen lips hiss out: "The triumph of the wicked is short!" Alas for the men of Ai when Joshua stretches out his spear toward the city.

Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in ambush for opportunities. Are you hypercritical of Joshua's maneuver? Do you say that it was cheating for him to take that city by ambuscade? Was it wrong for Washington to kindle camp fires on New Jersey Heights, giving the impression to the opposing force that a great army was encamped there when there was none at all? I answer, if the war was right, then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce; he broke no treaty, but by a lawful ambuscade captured the city of Ai. Oh, that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God. The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted; by tact, by stratagem by Christian ambuscade, you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come up toward men with a regular besiegement of argument, and you will be defeated; but just wait until the door of their hearts is set ajar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambuscade. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scimiter flung into the heart of theological opponents, who, nevertheless, has been discomfited and captured for God by some little three-year-old child, who has got up and put her snowy arms around his sinewy neck and asked some simple question about God and heaven.

Oh, make a flank movement; steal a march on the devil; cheat that man into heaven. A five dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambuscade, not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes. Do not talk to a man about the vanity of this world on the day when he has bought something at "twelve" and is going to sell it at "fifteen." But talk to him about the vanity of the world on the day when he has bought something at "fifteen" and is compelled to sell at "twelve." Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way. Do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well. Do not talk in perfervid style to a phlegmatic, nor try to tickle a torrid temperament with an icicle. You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Do not send word to him that to-morrow at 10 o'clock you propose to open your batteries upon him, but come on him by a skillful, persevering, God directed ambuscade.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of taking good aim. There is Joshua, but how are those people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop upon the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua, with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it. Take it now. Roll down from the west. Surge up from the north. It is ours, the city of Ai." God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not know ourselves which point we want to take, when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do, and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday schools and prayer meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers; or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past; or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; and it strikes all points of the horizon, and you can make out of it whatever you please; while there is the old world, proud, rebellious and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, and lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till the redeemed of earth, marching up from one side and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emanuel. Oh, church of God, take aim and conquer.

I have heard it said: "Look out for a man who has only one idea; he is irresistible." I say: Look out for the man who has one idea, and that a determination for soul saving. I believe God would strike me dead if I dared to point the spear in any other direction. Oh, for some of the courage and enthusiasm of Joshua! He flung two armies from the tip of that spear. It is sinful for us to rest, unless it is to get stronger muscle and fresher brain and purer heart for God's work. I feel on my head the hands of Christ in a new ordination. Do you not feel the same omnipotent pressure? There is a work for all of us. Oh, that we might stand up side by side and point the spear toward the city! It ought to be taken. It will be taken. Our cities are drifting off toward loose religion or what is called "liberal Christianity," which is so liberal that it gives up all the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, so liberal that it surrenders the rectitude of the throne of the Almighty. That is liberality with a vengeance. Let us decide upon the work which we, as Christian men, have to do, and, in the strength of God, go to work and do it.

It is comparatively easy to keep on a parade amid a shower of bouquets and hand clapping, and the whole street full of enthusiastic huzzas; but it is not so easy to stand up in the day of battle, the face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered with the earth plowed up by whizzing bullets and bursting shells, half the regiment cut to pieces and yet the commander crying, "Forward, march!" Then it requires old fashioned valor. My friends, the great trouble of the kingdom of God in this day is the cowards. They do splendidly on a parade day, and at the communion, when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession; but put them out in the great battle of life, at the first sharpshooting of skepticism they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We confront the enemy, we open the battle against fraud, and, lo! we find on our side a great many people that do not try to pay their debts. And we open the battle against intemperance, and we find on our own side a great many people who drink too much. And we open the battle against profanity, and we find on our own side a great many men who make hard speeches. And we open the battle against infidelity, and, lo! we find on our own side a great many men who are not quite sure about the Book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops and bringing forth more than the united courage of Austerlitz and Waterloo and Gettysburg we have to be spending our time in hunting up ambuscades. There are a great many in the Lord's army who would like to go out on a campaign with satin slippers and holding umbrellas over their heads to keep off the heavy dew, and having rations of canvasback ducks and lemon custards. If they cannot have them they want to go home. They think it is unhealthy among so many bullets.

I believe that the next twelve months will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of successes for the men of Joshua, but of doom for the men of Ai. You put your ear to the rail-track and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground and I hear the thundering on of the ligtning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theaters, on the streets, everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel, and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with his judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money markets, and the fires will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments. Year of invitation and of warning. Year of jubilee and of woe. Which side are you going to be on? With the men of Ai or the men of Joshua? Pass over this Sabbath into the ranks of Israel. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You will have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You can not stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over. On this side is happiness and safety; on the other side is disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of Ai! Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

THE "CHARLESTON."

The First Government Vessel Launched on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20.—Thousands of people assembled in the vicinity of the ship yards of the Union Iron Works last evening to witness the launching Cruiser No. 5, the first government vessel ever launched on the Pacific coast. General Howard and Commodore Belknap, with a large number of army and navy officers, were on hand to witness the ceremonies. Governor Waterman, Mayor Pond, the board of supervisors, foreign consuls, and federal and state officials generally, with a number of newspaper men, also occupied a position on the platform.

Little time was lost in preparations and the ceremony was brief. The artillery band struck up an inspiriting strain as Mr. Scott, general manager of the Union iron works, gave the signal. Miss Alice Scott, his daughter, broke a bottle of wine over the side and christened the new cruiser "Charleston," and amid the booming of cannon, screeching of whistles, and shouts from thousands of throats the vessel glided slowly off the ways and out into the stream. The launch was pronounced successful in all respects.

The contract for the construction of the cruiser Charleston was signed December 28, 1886. Work was commenced at once upon numerous small fittings of the vessel, but the steel plates, which were to be rolled at Pittsburg, were greatly delayed, and it was not until August 27 last that the first steel plate was laid. The contract provided for the completion of the cruiser in eighteen months, which term expired June 28 last. Penalties are fixed for delay over this time, which by December next will amount to $3,900, by which time the contractors expect to have the vessel entirely completed and ready to hand over to the government.

The engines and boilers will be placed in position at once. No particular speed is stipulated for, but the engines are required to maintain a combined horse power of 7,000 for four hours, and it is expected that the new cruiser will be able to attain a speed of over 18 knots an hour. Following are the principal dimensions of the Charleston:

Length over all, 320 feet; length between perpendiculars, 300 feet; extreme breadth, 46 feet; depth, 34 feet; mean draft, 18½ feet; displacement, 3,730 tons. She is built entirely of steel and has twin screws. The ships armament will consist of two eight-inch breech loading rifles mounted on pivot carriages, fore and aft, having a train of 230, and an effective range of about eight miles; three six-inch guns mounted on each side; ten six-pound Hotchkiss guns and four Gatlings.

GEN. T. L. YOUNG DEAD.

One of the Best Governors the Buckeye State Ever Had—Lieutenant Under Hayes.

CINCINNATI, July 21.—Gen. Thomas L. Young died at his residence in Camp Washington at 3:15 p. m. yesterday.

[Gen. Thomas L. Young was born December 14, 1832, in Ireland, emigrating with his parents to this country at an early age. He received a common school education in the state of New York. When 16 years of age, he enlisted in the regular army, where he served for ten years. Upon leaving the army he retired to his father's country home in Pennsylvania, where he entered upon the life of a country merchant. In 1859 he came to Cincinnati, where he has resided ever since. In 1862 Gen. Young responded to the call of his country in distress and enlisted in the army, where he made a proud record as a gallant soldier, rapidly rising to the rank of brigadier general. Gen. Young's civil record has been as creditable to him as his military. Shortly after leaving the army he was admitted to the bar in 1865. During the time that elapsed from 1865 to 1875, he held important offices of trust and honor, and was elected in the latter year to Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, on the ticket with R. B. Hayes. When Hayes was elected President Young became Governor, making one of the best governors Ohio ever had. His administration was manly, courageous and straightforward, and won the admiration of friend and foe alike. In 1878 Governor Young was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress by a large majority from the Second district. In 1880 he was re-elected by a still larger majority. Two years ago he was appointed a member of the board of Public Affairs for a term of five years by Governor Foraker. It is well known how admirably he discharged the duties of that position, dragging himself to the meetings of that body when it was absolutely perilous for him to do so. In his death the city of Cincinnati has lost a faithful and efficient public servant and a good citizen.]

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED,

Advertising.

L. D. S., Portland, Mich.: You can get rates of advertising by writing to the business department of the BLADE.

Hoof-bound.

A. J. Harold, D. T.: For your mule that is hoof-bound, take off the shoes, open up the heels, and pare the feet down pretty well. Rasp the quarters down liberally. Do not cut the frog any. The quarters that have been rasped must be well smeared with hoof ointment. The oil of tar you are using as an ointment should be mixed with whale oil. Rub a little fly blister to the coronet of each foot affected. It would be well to soak the foot for two hours each day in a tub. If you can spare the animal from work, let him run on soft ground without shoes for at least two weeks. If not, shoe him with shoes without caulks, level on the bearing surface, and in order to keep them from bearing on the sole, they should be made beveled. To relax the cords of the front leg, take of biniodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, one ounce. Incorporate this well together and rub a little of this along the tendon each day.

Canning Corn.

H. D., Westerville, Ohio: Look in the Household department of the BLADE for such things as canning corn. You will find that which you want in last week's issue.

The Squash.

R. D., Richfield, Mich.: The squash belongs to the gourd family. The native country of many of the most useful of the squashes is unknown, although some botanists assign the East Indies as their home. It is more probable that they were indigenous to the tropics of America. From a small, wanted pumpkin, generally raised on the island of Nantucket, may have originated our present field pumpkins, frequently planted among the hills of corn. It is thought that the original came from the Indians. It is to this section of the gourds called pumpkins that the immensely growing fruit of the Valparaiso (said to have been introduced by Commodore Porter, of the United States navy) belongs; and from some hybridization with it originated the marrow or autumnal marrow squash, which is really a pumpkin, and can be kept for winter use. Somewhat similar is the Hubbard squash, also remarkable for its keeping qualities. The seeds of these differ from those of the true gourds. The true winter squash is represented in the bell-shaped species, the base being very broad and the neck very short. From this have come the crook-neck, and the Canada crook-neck. The latter is a small sub-variety induced by climate, and when planted where the heat is long continued, it grows to great magnitude. Champlin found the bell-shaped winter squash among the Northern Indians in 1605. New varieties of squashes have been brought out through hybridization. This hybridization is usually effected by bees and insects. To prevent the most esteemed varieties from becoming worthless, they should not be planted in the same field, or near to others of an inferior or coarser sort.

Proud Flesh—Swelling at Base of Colt's Ear.

W. C. H., Aughwic Mills, Pennsylvania: To remove the proud flesh in the sore on your mare's leg that will not heel, touch it with a stick of nitrate of silver. After this is done, take of lard, four ounces; beeswax, four ounces; rosin, two ounces; carbolic acid, one-fourth ounce. Mix the first three and melt; then add the carbolic acid, stirring until cold. This is an excellent salve for either man or beast. If this will not heal the sore, you may be sure that there is some irritating substance in the wound. In this case, the wound must be opened, the cause of irritation removed and the wound washed carefully with warm soapsuds water in which there is a very little alum. Then close the wound and apply the salve. For the enlargement at the base of your colt's ear rub a little of the following well in every day: Iodine, half an oz.; glycerine, two ozs.; murcurial ointment, two ozs.; olive oil, six ozs. Apply in the morning, wash off in the evening with tepid soapsuds water, and apply again. If this does not reduce the swelling, you will no doubt find that the part has been bruised deeply, and other measures must be taken. If it does not disappear, write again, giving as clear an idea as possible of the case. Your third question has been referred to tee Question Bureau.

Cough in Hogs.

P. H., Holmesville, Nebraska: For the cough in your hogs take equal parts in weight sulphur and charcoal and one-eighth part of saltpetre, and mix them well together. Give in bran slops a dessert spoonful to each hog once a day for three or four days. Then for a few days stir a little pine tree tar in their soft feed. A little of this is sufficient. Do not feed corn for a week or two. A good thing to give hogs is soft coal. Put it where the hogs may eat it and it will keep them healthy.

Rheumatism.

J. W., Southern Colorado: Your cow, we think, has rheumatism. Give her this: Colchicum, two drachms; nitrate of potash, two drachms. This much at one dose, morning and evening, in soft feed, for one week; omit for a week and repeat. Give generous diet, and see that she has a perfectly dry place to lie in, with ample bedding. The joints of the legs should be well rubbed with an ounce each of coal oil, laudanum, spirits of camphor and spirits of turpentine. If possible, wrap the joints with flannel.

Remedies for Curculios and Chinch Bugs.

Bulleitn No. 4 of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station discusses some elaborate experiments in preventing curculio injury to cherries; and treats in a practical way the best midsummer remedies for the chinch bug, which has lately appeared in destructive numbers in Ohio. In the cherry experiment, which was conducted by the station entomologist, Clarence M. Weed, 22,509 cherries were individually cut open and examined, and the conclusion reached that three-fourths of the cherries liable to injury by the curculio can be saved without danger to the user, by spraying with a solution of London purple soon after the blossoms fall.

This bulletin will be sent free to any Ohio farmer who will address Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, Columbus, O.

Received.

House of Representatives, Fiftieth Congress, first session. Before the committee on Agriculture, brief in support of House bill No. 6,138, to regulate the manufacture and sale of counterfeit or compound lard, J. P. Wyman, jr., W. W. Kimball, Shelabarger & Wilson for memorialists. A pamphlet of 74 pages. Also a brief in reply, with appendix. Pamphlet of 66 pages. Published by Thomas McGill & Co., law printers, Washington, D. C. In these pamphlets are given testimony and other matter regarding the adulterations, manufacture, explanation of names of different kinds of lard, and admixture of lard with cottonseed oil, etc. The pamphlets are interesting not only to those who sell lard, but to consumers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Swine Selections for Breeding.

There are two seasons of the year and two classes of food, the presence of which and the use of which, more thoroughly than any other tests, enables the farmer or breeder to choose intelligently from among the spring pigs, determining what ones among them will prove good as breeders. The two seasons referred to are the summer, on grass, and the winter, on dry feed. The pig has no value in him if he has no thrift. Modern practices and experiences have broken in upon the old-time mode of keeping swine in the pen the year round. The pasture grasses have been proven to be just as necessary to the healthy and profitable development of swine as they are to our success with cattle.

Hence the breed of swine—if there is any discoverable difference, showing any one breed to be a better grass hog than another—that will do best on grass, is, all things being equal, the best breed for the farmer to own.

But it is not the purpose in introducing this subject to raise the question as to difference in breeds, but as to the marked difference that daily observation will prove to be apparent among a lot of pigs turned upon the grass after weaning time. Is it the tendency to get fat, thick and chunky in the shortest possible time? No, not that. The tendency to eat and sleep, being found most of the time in the nest? No, not that, for referring to both questions we want a pig that will grow to be a fairly big hog at ten to twelve months, not one that we will be certain to find fat at the usual age for a "roaster." To be ready for the shambles as a hag, we must, from the start, have the elements of growth well defined. Many amateurs have erred in selecting pigs from a litter from which to breed, taking such as mature into the roaster at the outset. They are after easy fatteners, seeming not to know, or forgetting, that all well bred swine will fatten kindly and promptly when a year old. Some one is ready to ask, is that so? Yes, they are not well bred if they will not do this.

The pig that does well on grass from the start is sufficiently industrious to hunt the best feeding ground and go regularly to it; that develops a tendency to grow lengthy and widen out; in other words to become roomy, as a brood sow, and grow shapely and large, is the pig to select as one of the future mothers in the herd. This is the summer test. Then if she do equally well during the vicissitudes of winter in a cold climate, the selection has proved, so far as you can prove it prior to farrowing, a good one.—*G. S., in Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Care of the Driving Horse on the Road.

A horse may bear a sharp drive in cold weather without harm, provided he be placed under the shelter of a comfortable stable at the end of the drive. But as warm weater appears, while there is less call for the shelter there is more call for care in the matter of pushing the animal unduly while the temperature is up to summer heat. Old owners and drivers say of some horses, that they have no judgement as to their mode of going; or, in other words, that they will go till they drop, or get overheated and stiffened. Horses of this kind are not usually rated at their worth, for courage and willingness to move off on the road are rarely found in horses not possessed of a liberal dash of good blood. In the hands of men who appreciate a free goer such an animal is likely to last to a good old age; while under the lash of the average driver he may succumb early, and while yet in his prime be found at the auction stables to be put off at a very great reduction from his former value.

A considerate driver, if upon country roads, will select the ground, giving his horse the advantage of a good pathway, at the same time avoiding ruts and obstructing rocks. It shows want of tact in a driver to follow the beaten track regardless of its condition. During the hot months it is of more importance to stop now and then, giving the horse an opportunity to regain his wind and cool off, than if the trip be made in cold weather. Heat is enervating, while cold is an excellent tonic. For an extended drive no horse should be punished with a taut check-rein, but this should be either entirely let loose or slackened, as may be most conducive to the animal's comfort. No man should indulge in the use of a horse with high carriage forward unless he is bred from uphead parentage, and formed for carrying his head well up without the use of a check-rein. A road horse, bred as he should be for road use, needs no check rein and shows to best advantage when in motion without a check. But when driving on the road, for either a long or short distance, horses rendered uncomfortable, as most horses are, by the check, should have their heads released at suitable intervals and be driven in this form till rested from the fatigue of the strained position. Especially should all restraints by the check-rein be removed on ascending a hill, even though this be not a long one.—*G. S. in Rural New Yorker.*

Blood and Training.

The fair season will soon be at hand. Young men and maidens and "children of older growth" like to see noble, high strung horses driven at speed. To show the power of endurance at fast work or at a steady pull, tests are made. The fast work is done on the racing track, or turf, as it is called. Wealthy men pay immense prices sometimes for the best of the trotting horses, trained to drive kindly and for speeding on the road.

There is no harm in fast driving, if the animals are not overtaxed. It is the normal quality of the thoroughbred and the highbred trotting horse to travel at speed, and they enjoy the speed apparently fully as much as their masters. But to get high prices for any class of horses, first we must have blood, and second, careful training. The horse-raiser is not necessarily a trainer. This again is a special art, and often a fine art. Nevertheless the breeder of fine horses, whether for speed or draft, can get good prices for his stock untrained; and in this connection we may say, that the long price often paid for draft teams, is not only for the breeding but also for—and this most often—the training—by which the animals become perfect and intelligent machines—*Prairie Farmer.*

Farm Notes.

The sooner a system of mixed farming is adopted, the earlier we will be able to make the farm pay the best profit, and at the same time keep up the fertility of the soil.

Successful farmers, whether dairymen, fruit-growers or stock-raisers, are those who consult the requirements of the markets rather than their own inclinations in the matter.

Among the new grazing plants that appear to prove successful in Colorado, is mesquite grass. Some are quite confident that it will flourish on high hills, even without irrigation.

It is said that 35,000 tons of twine are annually used in this county by self-binding harvesters. This would be a string long enough, at five pounds to the mile, to reach more than six times around the earth.

The Southern farmer must seek for winter, spring and summer grasses if he would avoid the expense and trouble of hay, and get the largest return from the smallest possible quantity of land devoted to pasturage.

It is said that tile enough has been laid in Illinois to reach three times around the globe, costing between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000; and the experiments of the State University professors go to show that the best crops are found in the best-drained soil.

Every part of the farm must be made to yield its share of the profit. If not in a shape or condition to cultivate, at least a growth of good grass can be secured which, while adding to the profits, will also add very materially to the general appearance of the farm.

The Virginia potato crop is moving. The promise is only for a half crop. Shipments were large last week, running up to 6,000, 8,000 and 10,000 barrels daily. It was thought the crop would reach 75 per cent. of a crop, but 50 per cent. is about all it will turn out.

The *Science of Health* says: "If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertions, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not overheat when in that exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have little or no rheumatism."

There are portions of Colorado that can produce fine crops without irrigation. High up on the hills of the divide country, in Douglass county, on the Greenland stock farm, crops of grass and grain are growing big to-day, where irrigation is unknown. A thousand acres of better crops cannot be found anywhere in the state than on the Greenland.

HARD WORDS IN CHURCH.

The Closing Days of a Massachusetts Pastor's Service Marked by Some Rather Spirited Incidents.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Church troubles are of common occurrence in this section just now, but it is not often that a pastor is forcibly ejected from pulpit and church. This is what happened last evening at City Point, a little country village forming part of the town of Quincy. Rev. I. N. Allen has been pastor of the Baptist church there since last October. About five months ago the ladies of the church had a sociable, and a feature of the evening was the presentation to the pastor of a purse containing $10. Of course, the pastor made a speech, and in the course of his remarks he said that was as much money as he had received since he took charge of the generous flock.

To receive only $10 in the course of four months out of which to support himself, a wife and a horse, was something that needed investigation, and Deacon Bills, who had charge of the finances of the church, was called upon by the conference to give an account. Brother Bills maintained that he had paid the pastor $200, but he could not prove it and so handed in his resignation. For a time money poured in upon the pastor. His family lived in clover, and the horse's diet was changed from tracts to hay. But the pastor failed to give satisfaction, and his resignation was asked for time and again. He declined to take the hint, and contributions ceased. As it became a question of starvation Mr. Allen yesterday formally tendered his resignation, to take effect Sunday next.

Then he made a speech containing insinuations against two prominent members. Brothers Collier and Hardwick were meant, and these two gentlemen resented the attack. They started for the pulpit in a bellicose mood and shook their fists in the pastor's face, using language that was not strictly appropriate to the place. The parson dropped into a pugilistic attitude and a fight was imminent, when one stalwart member of the church seized the pastor by the coat-collar and unceremoniously hustled him down the aisle and out of the church. Mr. Allen's farewell sermon on Sunday next is awaited with interest by his congregation.

DUN'S WEEKLY.

Crop Prospects Continue Good—General Outlook Better.

NEW YORK, July 21.—R. G. Dun's weekly weekly review of trade says: The crop prospects, which are the basis of existing hopefulness in business continue good,

Reports from spring wheat regions are favorable, especially from St. Paul and Milwaukee, and the increase in yield promises to compensate for a good part of the injury to winter wheat.

Harvesting of winter wheat so far indicates results fully equal to the latter, and better for shadowings of the agricultural bureau.

Kansas reports excellent yield, and the state estimate for Michigan is 15,000,000 bushels, a decrease not greater than the annual review indicated.

Corn reports from all quarters are encouraging, and the yield of oats promises very large, though injury from rain is reported in Texas.

The same cause operates to balance the increase in the acreage of cotton in that state; but the prospect in the Mississippi valley is still fairly satisfactory. On the whole, prospects favor a large agricultural yield, though important crops are not yet beyond danger.

The manufacturing outlook is a little better, though the prevailing spirit is still one of uncertainty and waiting.

The great strike at Pittsburg has practically terminated, and the demand for iron there is better, without change in price, but it is not clear whether the cost of production can be readily adjusted to the state of the market. The termination of the strike weakens bar iron in the East, and Southern No. 1 pig iron is largely offered at $17.50. Rails are unchanged but the official statement shows sales by all mills for the first half of 1888 of 934,987 tons, against 907,141 tons last year.

The coal business is more active and schedule prices are realized.

The copper production for the half year is put at 40,860,000 lbs., a gain over last year of 3,000,000 lbs., but the visible supply abroad, now 77,000 tons, has increased 4,000 tons in June.

Lead is weaker, as are also cotton print cloths, the demand for cotton goods being irregular.

Wool does not improve, and 10-8 qualities average a shade lower than June 15.

Actual trade in progress, though a little smaller than a year ago, must be considered large for the season.

Clearings at all points still show some decrease, but for the last week only 4¼ per cent in the aggregate and 2 per cent outside of New York compared with a year ago, when transactions were very large for the season.

General improvement is noted at St. Paul; in manufactories at Pittsburg since the strike virtually ended; in real estate at Omaha, where $1,500 per foot front is paid in cash for a site for immediate improvement! and in lumber and iron business at Detroit, though flour milling there is depressed.

Kansas City business men complain that discrimination in freights may take many millions in trade at that point, but are working for its correction.

A strike in the Lake Erie Iron company at Cleveland is expected to be settled soon. Business appears dull at most points, however, Congressional uncertainties affecting many branches of trade, while in others the natural reaction from exceptional activity is felt.

The transportation business is not in good shape. Wars of rates do not cease and controversies about export rates and discriminations against particular cities multiply. The reported earnings but slightly exceed those of a year ago, on roads which report earliest, and have a considerable increase of mileage, and meanwhile operating expenses seem to have increased generally more than earnings.

Stocks were decidedly strong for some days, but with large realizings have grown dull and week again, though still averaging about $1.50 per share above prices of a week ago.

Nearly all branches of business are to some extent, disturbed by the transportation trouble and the negotiation of securities for new roads is not rendered easy.

Money is everywhere in abundant supply for legitimate business, and yet complaints of slow collections grow more frequent again, especially in regions about Kansas City, St. Paul and Detroit.

The treasury has taken in $1,900,000 more than it has paid out during the week, and the exportation of $2,000,000 gold still remains unexplained, foreign cables being below the shipping point.

Exports of merchandse for two weeks from New York have been 26 per cent below last year, which were exceptionally large, and imports still show a slight increase. The supply of money is so large, however, that the failure of the treasury to purchase any bonds of late excites no notice.

Business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 214 and for Canada 14; total, 228, as compared with 240 last week and 172 for the corresponding week last year.

Crop Summary.

CHICAGO, July 23.—The *Farmer's Review*, in its crop summary, says: Our reports show that Wisconsin has the largest estimated yield of winter wheat; next is Kansas with other states in the following order: Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. The number of counties reporting, and the estimated average yield of each state, is: Wisconsin, 25 counties, 21½ bu.; Kansas, 38 counties, 19 bu.; Missouri, 48 counties, 14 1-7 bu.; Illinois, 21 counties, 13 1-7 bu.; Kentucky, 27 counties, 12½ bu.; Michigan, 28 counties, 12 4-7 bu.; bu.; Indiana, 43 counties, 10½ bu.; Ohio, 50 counties, 10 1-5 bu. There is no change worthy of note in the condition of other crops. Hay is yielding somewhat better than anticipated. Oats promise heavy a crop, and potatoes promising well.

THE BATTLE ALMOST ON.

Another Rebellion for the Canadian Government to Handle.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 23.—The Skena river revolt continues to cause the greatest excitement. The local militia is prepared to start for the scene of the outbreak on short notice. A messenger arrived from Hazleton last night. He says when he escaped the Indians were still laying siege to the Hudson Bay company's fort, where all the white population is gathered. The garrison, he says, could not hold out much longer, and he fears the troops now on the way there will not arrive in time.

General Middleton, who commanded the troops during the last rebellion, has again been called upon to direct the troops in this revolt. He has wired the militia authorities in British Columbia as follows:

"I can put 5,000 men on the cars in 24 hours, enroute for the scene."

It is said that the Indian tribes in that region are pretty well divided against one another, and that probably some of them would side with the whites against their enemies.

A short distance above the mouth of Skena river lies Duncan island, where dwell the ferocious and blood-thirsty band of Indians known as the Metslakahtla tribe, which gave so much trouble to the government a few years ago, but afterward fled to some point in Alaska.

This tribe has signified its willingness to join the rebels, and is reported on its way to Hazelton.

A rebellion much more serious than that of two years ago is expected by those who know the character of the red skins now on the war path.

Orders were received from Ottawa last night, where, it is said, the most alarming intelligence has been received.

The government battalion, which was first at the front in the last rebellion, is notified to hold itself in readiness. The greatest excitement prevails here.

E. P. ROE DEAD.

One of America's Bright Men Passes to His Reward.

NEWBURG, N. Y., July 20.—E. P. Roe, the author, died early this morning.

[Edward Payson Roe was an American author born in New Windsor, New York, in 1838. His early home is described in his "Opening of a Chestnut Burr." He studied at Williams College and at Auburn Theological Seminary, and in 1862 became chaplain of the Second New York cavalry. He rode as a volunteer in Dahlgreen's raid within the defenses of Richmond in the spring of 1864. Subsequently he was a chaplain in the hospitals at Fortress Monroe. After the war he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y., near West Point, and delivered lectures on topics connected with the civil war. After walking through the smoking ruins of Chicago he began his novel "Barriers Burned Away." The great success of this book, together with failing health from pastoral work, induced him to give up preaching and settle at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson in 1874, where he has since given his time to literature and the cultivation of small fruits. His subsequent novels, all of which have a wide circulation are: "What Can She Do?" (1873); "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr" (1874); "Near to Nature's Heart" (1875); "From Jest to Earnest" (1876); "A Knight of the Ninteenth Century" (1877); and "A Face Illumined" (1878). He has also published a number of works on fruit culture. His novels have all been reproduced in England and are now in course of translation into German.]

THE BLAINE RECEPTION.

To be the Greatest Ever Tendered a Private Citizen of this Country.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Blaine representatives of the Republican clubs of Brooklyn came together on Monday night in a joint executive session to make arrangements for the reception to be given to Mr. Blaine on his return home. The Republican club of this city, had originally intended to go out on a single steamer to meet Mr. Blaine, this quiet reception to be followed by a dinner in the evening.

When their plans became known, however, applications from clubs all over the country began to pour in upon Mr. Pool, the chairman of the committe, asking for a place in the procession. This necessitated a change in all the plans. A committee of conference from the Brooklyn clubs met at the New York club, and it was decided that all clubs desiring to take part in the reception should be allowed to do so. The matter was placed in the hands of the campaign committee of the Republican general committee. Sub-committees were immediately appointed to complete arrangements for a reception on a grand scale.

The New York and Brooklyn clubs will have as many boats as are needed to accommodate their numbers. A boat will be provided for every organization or number of organizations combined, from the states intending to join in the reception. Besides these boats, there will be a large steamer for the grand marshal and assistant marshals. The grand marshal will be from the Republican club of this city, and the assistants from the clubs in the adjoining cities. On this boat there will also be representatives from each of the organizations taking part in the reception.

The fleet will go down the bay to meet the steamer City of New York, and Mr. Blaine will be taken on board of the marshal's boat. He will be landed at the barge office. The other boats will land their passengers at the piers along the west side that they may immediately fall into line and form a procession. It is feared that enough boats may not be secured to meet the demand. The committee on boats has already engaged all the boats of the Iron Steamboat company, and will secure all the other available boats to be had. The Cameron club of Philadelphia, which has sent word that it will bring 1,500 men, will come here on its own boats. The clubs from New Haven and New London will also provide their own boats. The procession will march up Broadway, either to Seventeenth street or to Twenty-third street, where the review will be held. Most of the clubs will appear in their new campaign uniforms, and several uniformed batteries and companies of cavalry will be in line. It is expected that not less than 75,000 men will march in the procession.

Col. I. W. Jones, of the committee of conference and arrangements, told a reporter last evening that he had never seen such enthusiasm in any previous campaign. The railroad men, without being asked, have resolved on half rates from all parts of the country, and several hundred thousand people will come to New York to see the greatest honor ever paid to a private citizen in the United States. He added:

"The welcome is a spontaneous movement of the people, showing the hold that Mr. Blaine has on the hearts of the people. It will be the real opening of the campaign, and give a final impetus to the great mass of the people already rising to defend protection. We are going to ask Mr. Blaine to speak before a mass meeting, if he can get any place that will begin to hold the thousands who would flock to hear him. The manner in which the words of our great exponent of protection will be received will indicate how the citizens of the United States will repudiate the free trade doctrine."

All Former Political Demonstrations Will be Surpassed.

NEW YORK, July 23.—James G. Blaine's reception on his return from Europe promises to be one of the greatest demonstrations ever witnessed in this country. From what is known, it is the belief that there will be over 50,000 people in line in the parade, which will march from Mr. Blaine's landing place to the Fifth Avenue Hotel the night of August 7. A grand water pageant will be represented on the arrival of the City of New York at quarantine. Every Republican organization in the city will have a special tug chartered to meet the man from Maine.

The Republican clubs will each take similar action, and it is believed that over 500 craft of all descriptions will take part in the welcome home. The New York club has already chartered the steamer Sam Sloan, which has a carrying capacity of 1,500. The Sam Sloan will be used to transport the members of the club, the national committee, the officers of the National league of Republican clubs, the members of the State committee, the county committee and many other guests.

The marshal's boat will lead the van, and Mr. Blaine will be transferred to it from the City of New York. Then the water procession will unfold itself in a dazzling string of boats reaching a distance of fully two miles. Every boat in the big fleet owned by the Iron Steamboat company has already been chartered, and steamboatmen say there is not an available tug along both fronts of the river in Brooklyn and New Jersey, which has not been hired for the great display.

Clubs from Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities along the eastern seaboard will have their boats in the parade, and the scene at quarantine and thence up the harbor will be one of unrivaled splendor.

THE LAND PARADE.

The land parade will be a monster one. Secretary J. W. Jones says there will be more than 1,000 clubs represented in the pageant, and that notifications from points as far inland as Ohio are daily pouring in, in which the writers say the delegations will be present from their cities to participate in the exercises.

So great is the influx of visitors expected to be that the hotel managers are making every effort to furnish temporary quarters for the out-of-town visitors who will be here. The regular Republican organizations in the various assembly districts in this city are putting forth extraordinary exertions to excel all previous displays made by the Republicans in campaign times. Every district will have uniformed companies in line carrying torches, and each preceded by a band.

Mr. Blaine will review the big parade from the balcony of the Fifth Avenue hotel, and it is expected that he will make a short address to the multitude; but it is said that this programme may yet be changed, so that instead of an open air address, a reception will be tendered to the Plumed Knight the evening of his arrival in the Metropolitan opera house.

Committees from New York and Brooklyn clubs have already perfected all arrangements so that everything will work as smoothly as possible.

A meeting of the joint committee will be held this week, at which further matters in connection with the welcome will be discussed.

The night following the reception a grand serenade will be tendered Mr. Blaine by the labor organizations who favor the perpetuation of the protective policy. Cappa's Seventh Regiment band has already been secured for that purpose, and a great showing of the exclusively labor element is expected.

OLD FORT DEARBORN.

Chicago Citizens Will Remove It to Beautiful South Park.

CHICAGO, July 21.—For many years a portion of old Fort Dearborn, the most ancient relic of which Chicago boasts, has stood at the corner of Thirty-third and State streets, having been removed there from a part of the city where real estate was more valuable. It is built of square hewn oak timbers, and was used as a protection from the Indians 85 years ago. Of late the lower floor has been occupied for a candy store and the upper floor as a tenement. Three generous and public-spirited citizens have purchased it and presented it to the South Park commissioners, on condition that they remove it to the park and have it properly cared for.

The Case of the Imported Minister in New York.

NEW YORK, July 21.—In the United States Circuit court, yesterday, Judge Wallace, on the application of United States Attorney Walker, signed the decree overruling the demurrer of the rector, church warden, etc., of the church of the Holy Trinity, in the action brought against them by the United States. The suit was brought by the United States, under the alien contract law, to exact the penalty for bringing the Rev. Walpole Warren from England, to preach under contract. Judgment for $1,000, the full penalty, and costs will be entered immediately on behalf of the United States. The case will probably be appealed to the United States Supreme court.

The striking firemen "Lean" Gerry, Frank and John Schell, Arthur Steiner and Henry Bowman, accused of disabling a "Q" engine at Quincy, Ill., have been bound over to the criminal court, as was also George Gebhardt, charged with placing ties across the rails of the Louisiana division, Wednesday night.

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SARSAPARILLA
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Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PERSONAL RIGHTS.

The Plank of Their Platform Referring to the Prohibition Party.

CHICAGO, July 21.—What is intended to be a National organization, designed to work in opposition to the Prohibition movement, was chartered under the state laws, in the name of the "Personal Rights League." The incorporators are well-known German-American citizens of Chicago. One of them explained to-night that the formation of the League began some time ago. Its membership is growing very rapidly, and, as soon as it is deemed sufficiently strong here, branches will be established in Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, St. Paul and other cities. The promoters design to have a popular National movement against Prohibition, though in favor of temperance.

At the same time, as parallel movements, the constitution declares against the adulterations of foods; the corruption of press and politics; the mismanagement of public moneys, and all trusts and analogous combinations. The closest attention to the instructions in public schools is demanded, in order that intolerance may be successfully resisted, and a true appreciation of true liberty inculcated in the people. The plank referring to prohibition reads as follows:

"The Prohibition party, as the supporter of intoleration, as the champion of legalized guardianship to one portion of the people over the other portion, and by systematically destroying the citizens' appreciation of their personal rights, is seeking to place itself at the head of the American nation. Prohibitionist agitations have assumed an attitude so threatening that it becomes the duty of the liberty-loving citizens to oppose them as harmful to public interest and reprehensible.

"Excessive indulgence in alcohol can only be prevented by rational and liberal laws, to be strictly enforced; by strict laws against the misuse of alcohol; by exercise on the part of the authorities of strict control over the manufacture and sale of beverages, and by means of institutions capable of improving the social conditions of the working classes; but it can never be prevented by prohibition."

The by-laws provide for a library bureau to disseminate the league's principles, and combat its opponents through the medium of the press. The incorporators of the league are very sanguine of its success and anticipate that it will cut something of a figure in a very short time.

PIT HOLE COMES IN.

A Big Sensation in the Pennsylvania Oil Fields—An Old Timer Recalled to Life.

PITTSBURG, July 21.—There is great excitement in the oil regions over the Pit Hole oil field.

Pit Hole has, for nearly a quarter of century, been considered a sucked orange, and the oil right of 100,000 acres around the old town would not have brought $100.

Now the excitement is greater there than in any other field in the region, not excepting Bakerstown.

Black Brothers have been pushing the drill around Pleasantville so successfully that they have been encouraged to test the old Pit Hole region, and the result is one of the surprising things of the oil region. In this old and long since abandoned territory they now have seven wells that are good for 8,000 barrels a month.

There is some difference of opinion regarding the sand, but it is probably a lower horizon than the rich sand of 1865, that made Pit Hole the most famous city in the world, and gave it a population of 15,000 to 20,000 in a few months. Great activity is reported among lease-hunters, and a large production in this old field is expected within the next few months.

FAVORS PROTECTION.

The Independent Labor Party Comes Out Squarely for Harrison and Morton.

DETROIT, July 19.—The Grand Council of the Independent Labor party of the United States met here to decide upon their policy for the coming campaign. The members present were President William H. Taylor and Secretary M. L. Stoddard, both of Cleveland; Peter Smith, West Virginia; W. W. Gilth, Chicago; Thomas King, Indiana; James Thompson, Georgia; William Springer, Wisconsin; J. Whitney, Pennsylvania; Samuel Sudosheoffer, South Carolina; Thomas Jones, New York, and Allen Mallory, East Saginaw, Mich. After discussing the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties, nominations were called for.

President Taylor moved that Harrison and Morton be indorsed as the candidates of the Independent Labor party for President and Vice-President of the United States. The motion was seconded by Mr. Stoddard and carried unanimously.

Resolutions were adopted declaring that the Independent Labor party does not approve of President Cleveland's veto of pension bills, that the interests of the workingmen can best be served by a protective tariff, and that every soldier ought to vote for Harrison, who served his country on the battlefield, instead of Cleveland, who sent a hired substitute. The council then re-elected its old officers and adjourned subject to call.

THEY WANT REVENGE.

Indians Threaten to Burn the Houses and Massacre the Inhabitants if An Offending Officer is Not Surrendered.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 21.—Mr. Borland, a well known resident, has arrived from Hazleton to confer with the Attorney General regarding the state of affairs at Hazleton, on the Skeena river, and tells the following story of the trouble:

Last year an Indian named Jim murdered an Indian doctor at the forks of the Skeena. A posse of specials arrested the murderer, and he was shot by one of the posse named Green.

The posse then returned to Hazleton, where they are at present, hemmed in by the hostile Indians. They can hold out for a month if the Indians can be prevented from burning the place. Among the whites in the locality where the shooting occurred are Mr. Clifford and wife, in charge of the Hudson Bay store; Rev. Mr. Fields and wife, and Mrs. Hankin and family. The Indians demand that Green be handed to them and $1,000 paid them. If the specials refuse they threaten to burn the houses and murder every white person in the locality.

SAVED BY PROVIDENCE.

One Hundred Timber Cutters in a Perilous Position in the Canadian Woods

OTTAWA, July 23.—(Special.)—One hundred timber cutters, working on Perley and Patters timber limits on Boucher river, recently had a miraculous escape from a terrible death. Last week bush fires started simultaneously at four points of the compass a short distance from the camp where the lumber men were at work. The flames swept down upon the men, who were not aware of their perilous situation until the fire was almost upon them, and all means of escape shut off.

They were forced to retreat from the lumber depot in which all their provisions, stock and implements were stored, only to see it doomed by the fiery element which was fast overtaking them.

Men who probably never prayed before, fell upon their knees and prayed to be saved from the dreadful fate that seemed to be inevitable.

Their prayers were answered. As the last ray of hope of deliverance had vanished, a black cloud was seen rapidly gathering in the west, and in a short time a heavy storm passed over the burning district in which the men were imprisoned, deadening the fires sufficiently to enable them to escape. A number of the men were suffering from the intense heat they had endured.

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HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE